

A PAIR OF EYES IN CLEVELAND

COMPLETE IN  
THIS ISSUE

# THE ARGOSY

With  
Sword and  
Strategy

A New Serial of  
Stirring Action  
and Many Thrills

MODEST STEIN

FEBRUARY

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY  
NEW YORK AND LONDON

TEN CENTS



**Page  
Missing**





Copyright  
Elliott & Fry

## Kubelik plays for the Victor

The strikingly original style and passionate warmth which characterize the playing of this gifted violinist are exhibited to perfection in the superb records he has made for the Victor.

Go to any Victor dealer's and hear Kubelik's exquisite renditions of "Pierrot's Serenade" (74256), "Zapateado" (74255), and "Perpetuum mobile" (74257)—the first satisfactory reproductions of the art of this famous virtuoso.

### And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—  
there is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

*In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention THE ARGOSY.*





**"And only one maid! How do you manage so nicely?"**

**H**OW does any woman with only one maid—or sometimes with no help at all—manage dainty little luncheons and other company affairs with perfect smoothness and ease?

She takes advantage of modern ideas. She avoids needless and useless labor. For one thing, the modern house-wife uses

## *Campbell's* SOUPS

By selecting the particular Campbell "kind" best suited to each occasion, she is sure at least of beginning the affair in a pleasing and satisfying way. And that is half the battle.

Why not find out *today* how much these excellent soups will simplify *your* household problems?



"My patrons wish this perfect dish To head their menu daily. Of course they've found this course is bound To start the dinner gaily."

**21 kinds 10c a can**

Asparagus  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Clam Bouillon

Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)

Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton Broth  
Ox Tail

Pea  
Pepper Pot  
Printanier  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable  
Vermicelli-Tomato

**Look for the red-and-white label**





# Deaf People Hear Whispers

With Common-Sense Ear Drums  
—"Wireless Phones for the Ears"

For twenty years the Common-Sense Ear Drums have been giving good hearing to hundreds of thousands of deaf people, and they will do the same for all who try them.



Every condition of deafness or defective hearing is being helped and cured, such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated or Partially Destroyed Drums, Drums Wholly Destroyed, Discharge from Ears—no matter what the cause or how long standing the case may be, there is hope of good hearing for all the afflicted deaf.

The Common-Sense Ear Drum is made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are out of sight when worn, and easily adjusted by the wearer.

Good hearing brings cheerfulness, comfort and sunshine into the life of the lonely deaf.

Our Free Book, which tells all, will be sent on application. Write for it today to

**WILSON EAR DRUM CO.** (18)

168 Todd Building

Louisville, Ky.

## LEARN MUSIC BY MAIL



By the wonderful Simplex copyrighted system anyone of ordinary intelligence can quickly learn to play piano or organ

### WITHOUT A TEACHER

You need not know the first principles of music. By no other method can you learn music so quickly and thoroughly as by the Simplex System. The study is easy and fascinating. By our system you can study during spare time in your home and quickly become a capable musician, playing popular, sacred or classical selections. Delighted students in every state and territory. Some of our students, after only a few lessons, begin playing piano or organ in church or Sunday school. Others write that after one lesson they are able to play a waltz from memory.

### Testimonials

"Your course would be a revelation to the best of musicians."

"Your system is far superior to local instruction."

"Anyone who can read can learn by your method."

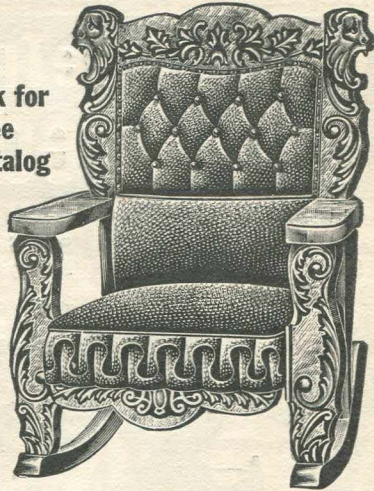
"Your course has taught me what I failed to learn from old-time methods."

If you wish to become a skilled musician, write to-day for free book. Address

**SIMPLEX SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
736 Conservatory  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

**THIS  
FREE  
BOOK  
TELLS HOW**

Ask for  
Free  
Catalog



**50c**

**and You Keep This  
Superb Rocker!**

Yes, only 50c and we ship you this magnificent

Rocker. Only 50c down and then 50c per month—\$3.95 in all for this handsome piece of furniture. **Positively the greatest bargain ever offered here or at any other place.** Write for free catalog and bargain list today. We defy any house in America to equal our stupendous offers. You can see for yourself what an elegant rocker this is. It is made of American Quarter-sawed oak finish. Large with high back. Handsomely upholstered. Profusely carved back, front posts and under-seat. Upholstering throughout in best grade Boston Leather, beautifully diamond tufted. Steel spring seat with ruffled edge. Shipped from factory. No. A1264. This rocker is only one of the special bargains we are now giving. **Send for this bargain list today.**

## Easy Payments

The great house of **Straus and Schram**, with a proud quarter century record, endorsed by the **greatest bank**, will trust you and allow you to buy any article on easiest monthly payments. If you want anything in rockers, chairs, bedsteads, carpets, rugs, curtains, washing machines, crockery, silverware, baby carriages, go-carts, stoves, ranges, or any other article of housefurnishings, don't fail to get our sensational easy terms.

## FREE Special Bargain List and Catalog

**Don't wait a minute** before sending for our great bargain catalog and special monthly bargain list.

Bargains which are positively astounding; bargains which simply cannot be met by our competitors because of our stupendous buying and manufacturing facilities.

### Write Today, Don't Wait

Send the free coupon, a postal or letter—but send right now.

Take advantage of these special offers while they last. **This month only.**

So hurry. Just your name and address on postal or letter and we will mail, free and postpaid, our catalog and bargain list.

**Straus and Schram,**

Dept. 3072

35th St.

CHICAGO

Name .....

Address .....

If you would like to have the rocker shipped at once, enclose 50c, stamps or silver.

### FREE COUPON

**STRAUS & SCHRAM**  
Dept. 1072, 35th Street  
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligations on me, please mail me, free and prepaid, your new catalog and special bargain list.



No Deposit No Obligations

**30 Days Free Trial**  
**Cash or Credit.**

Formerly  
Sold through dealers  
from  
**\$45.00 to \$65.00**

NOW  
Sold direct from  
Factory to you for

**\$23<sup>00</sup>**

No  
Money  
Down



Try it in your own home without paying us a cent or obligating yourself to keep it. If, after a thorough test, you are not perfectly satisfied that it is better than others that cost twice as much, we will take it back without any expense to you whatever.

## KING SEWING MACHINE

Formerly sold through dealers as high as \$65 now sold only direct from Factory to Family for \$23

We save you the jobber's, dealer's and agent's commission which you must pay when you buy other standard machines. Use the KING for 30 days doing your sewing work. Try all the up-to-date attachments and compare this machine with others that cost from \$45.00 to \$65.00—more than twice our price.

## Our 20-year Guarantee

protects you against any defective material or workmanship in the KING Sewing Machine. We guarantee to replace the machine or any of its parts or refund your money. This guarantee is backed by our half-million dollar factory. The only factory in America which really sells direct to family.

The judges at the last National Exposition, after carefully testing all the other standard sewing machines, officially declared the KING to be

## "The World's Best Sewing Machine"

awarding it the gold medal—first prize.

The cabinet is made of selected, quartered sawed golden oak with the richest piano finish. Strictly ball-bearing; has the newest drop-head automatic lift; is easy running and sews a perfect lock-stitch. Among the operations it performs are Adjustable Hemming, Hemming and Sewing on Lace, the French Seam, Frilling, Tucking, Binding, the French Fold, Braiding, Darning, Quilting, Ruffling, Plaiting, Ruffling between two bands, Edge Stitching, and Piping and Shirring. We positively guarantee that this marvelous variety and perfection of work cannot be duplicated by the attachments of any other family sewing machine in the world. The machine is complete and includes all the attachments. Try it 30 days FREE. Write to-day for our 56-page illustrated catalogue and full particulars of the most liberal sewing machine offer ever made.

**KING SEWING MACHINE CO.**  
312 Rano St., Buffalo, N. Y.



**I**GNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to

## A Happy Marriage

has been collected from the experience of the ages, in

## Sexology

(Illustrated)

By William H Walling A. M., M. D.

It contains in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed and is in the libraries of the heads of our government and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

All in one volume, illustrated, \$2, postpaid.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 750 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

## Rémoh Gems

### Not Imitations

A marvelously reconstructed gem—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. **Looks like a diamond**—wears like a diamond—will cut glass—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass.

Rémoh Gems have no paste, foil or artificial backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings. Sent on approval—your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. It will be well worth your while to get our De-Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking. Cut out and mail the coupon below—or write a postal. Address

**Rémoh Jewelry Co.,**  
415 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



**Rémoh Jewelry Co.,**  
415 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.  
Send your De-Luxe Jewel Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

**Sign  
And  
Mail This  
Coupon Today**





# The Argosy for February

## TWO COMPLETE NOVELS

- THE SILENT FOE. Matching treachery with craft among the Indians.....  
SEWARD W. HOPKINS 385
- A PAIR OF EYES IN CLEVELAND. A feud in high circles with a culmination on the lake-front.....GEORGE STILLWELL 432

## SIX SERIAL STORIES

- WITH SWORD AND STRATEGY. Part I. As to the White Bird of Pepin under Charlemagne.....FRANK WILLIAMS 413
- THE AMIABLE AROMA. Part II. A story in three parts, with a big surprise at the finish.....EDGAR FRANKLIN 468
- WRESTING A PITTSBURGH SECRET. Part II. A desperate battling for one's own.....GEORGE C. JENKS 490
- RUSSIA'S BLACK PAW. Part IV. A tale of intrigue and thrill under the Czar.....CASPER CARSON 510
- TREMBLING EARTH. Part III. Peril, secrecy and privation in Georgia's great swamp.....LOUIS GORHAM 527
- THE HOODOO FIGHTER. Part IV. A story of close calls in Texas' strike for freedom.....ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE 540

## ONE NOVELETTE

- ON THE FROZEN TRAIL. A tale of conflict and contrition in Alaska.....  
R. K. THOMPSON 554

## SEVEN SHORT STORIES

- THE TROUBLE MAN'S ADVENTURE..... F. RAYMOND BREWSTER 408
- THE CELTIC WAY..... RANDOLPH HAYES 427
- MR. SCALES BUYS A WEDDING PRESENT.....C. LANGTON CLARKE 460
- DESPERATE MEASURES.....LESLIE HAVERGAL BRADSHAW 485
- THE TAMENESS OF THE WILD WEST.....WILLIAM H. GREENE 506
- A PAJAMA PLIGHT.....H. E. TWINELLS 523
- THE WORTH OF COLUMBUS.....MARIE B. SCHRADER 536
- THE ARGOSY'S LOG-BOOK.....THE EDITOR 571



## A SERIAL AT A SITTING

In the March ARGOSY our readers may enjoy the unique experience of reading a whole continued story without waiting for the next number. This may sound like a contradiction in terms, but we have merely decided to print as a complete novel "A LONG WAY FROM HOME," by George M. A. Cain, purchased for use as a serial story. A new serial will start in the same issue, a tale of the West, by Marie B. Schrader, author of "The Swivel of Suspicion," and "SHIFTING SUSPECTS," will be found equally full of mystery. A notable feature of the number will be "THE MAN IN THE MASK," a good-length short story, by Charles T. Heaslip, to say nothing of the baseball yarn, covering several pages, by E. P. Campbell, entitled "THE FADEAWAY."



ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY  
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, and Temple House, Temple Avenue, E. C., London

FRANK A. MUNSEY, President,

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON, Secretary.

CHRISTOPHER H. POPE, Treasurer.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY. ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER



# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

IN THE MUNSEY MAGAZINES

|                        |        |                     |                                   |
|------------------------|--------|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Line Rate              |        | Special Combination | Line Rate                         |
| Munsey's Magazine..... | \$2.50 | Rate \$5.65         | The All-Story Magazine.....\$1.00 |
| The Argosy.....        | 1.50   | (Less 5% for Cash)  | Railroad Man's Magazine.....1.00  |

March Argosy Forms Close January 26th.

## AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED

**SALESMANAGERS AND AGENTS WANTED—ACTIVE MEN OR WOMEN** can have exclusive county selling rights on practical hand operated Vacuum Cleaner. You can build 100% profit getting business for yourself and employ other agents. Write for free selling plan and ads. Sample, express paid, \$2.50. Retail at \$5.00. If machine is not all you expected, return sample and get money back. S. & H. MFG. Co., 86 Church St., New York.

**GREAT SUIT OFFER.** Write us for *startling offer* on a suit for yourself, and *outfit* of samples, styles, etc. Only one suit offer in your town. We want *you* for agents so we can turn over all orders in territory to you. You get big business and easy money. Even new agents make \$40 a week. If you want *great suit offer* write *today* or someone may get in first. American Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 521, Chicago.

**GLIDING CASTERS! JUST OUT!** Great money-maker! Save carpets, floors, etc., in homes, hotels, restaurants and offices. Cost 2c set. Sell 12 to 100 sets at 5c or 10c set, first visit. So delighted they send you to neighbors. Send 4c for samples. Evergrip Casters, 16 Warren St., New York.

**WANTED—ONE GOOD MAN IN EACH TOWN** to take orders for men's tailoring. Beautiful styles, very low prices; *orders come easy*. High-class permanent business; fine profits; \$10 a day and up. No money or experience needed. We ship on approval, express prepaid, and *guarantee perfect fit*. Write for free sample outfit and *inside price on suit for yourself*. BANNER TAILORING Co., Dept. 369, Chicago.

**AGENTS—BIG PROFITS.** Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Stropper, automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Retail at \$2. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quickly for terms, prices and territory. G. BRANDT CUTLERY Co., 84 West B'way, New York City.

**TRAVELING SALESMEN EARN FROM \$2,000 TO \$5,000 A YEAR**, and are in great demand. If you want to become a Traveling Salesman and earn while you learn, write at once for particulars of our System. BRADSTREET SYSTEM, Dept. 4, Rochester, N. Y.

**BIG PROFITS—SELLING VULCAN FOUNTAIN AND STYLO PENS.** Well advertised, easy to sell. Write for catalog. Liberal discounts. J. S. ULLRICH & COMPANY, 27 Thames St., New York.

**LIVE AGENTS WANTED—HUSTLERS TO HANDLE** our attractive 1912 combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made \$65.00 in 47 hours; another \$21.00 in 8 hours; another \$22.50 in 10 hours. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 202 Davis Bldg., 1429 Carroll Ave., Chicago.

**ALCA \$6.00 HAND VACUUM CLEANER** wins first prize at all exhibitions. It is the finest agents' proposition in the land. Write for money doubling contract. ALCA VACUUM CLEANER Co., Dept. A, 366 W. 50th St., New York.

**AGENTS—\$50 Weekly:** we manufacture the best needle case made; a wonderful seller; 200% to 500% profit; talking unnecessary; our "Trust Scheme" Envelopes do the work; general agents can make \$100 weekly; particulars free or send 10c for a 25c sample containing 115 needles. PATY NEEDLE Co., 200 Union Sq., Somerville, Mass.

**AGENTS—WANTED, LADIES TO SELL ONE-YEAR-GUARANTEE PETTICOATS;** liberal arrangements; apply by letter only. THE QUALITY Co., Room 301, 37-39 East 28th Street, New York.

**LIVE AGENTS WANTED.** A permanent income selling Koeth Combination Kit. 15 tools in one. Finest Tool Steel. Guaranteed. Big Profits. Wonderful Seller. Exclusive Territory. Send for Free Sample Offer and Terms. CURRIER-KOETH MFG. Co., 56 West St., Coudersport, Pa.

**AGENTS—HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS GOODS.** Carleton made \$8.00 one afternoon; Mrs. Bosworth \$25.00 in two days. Free Samples. Credit. Stamp brings particulars. FREEPORT MFG. COMPANY, 38 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**GOOD PROFIT SELLING "CLEAN-PAW."** THE BEST hand soap known. Ten cents brings sample and particulars. Increase your income. Write now. CLEAN-PAW Co., 33 Newbury Street, Worcester, Mass.

**INCREASE YOUR INCOME SELLING POPULAR HANDBOOKS.** Very quick sellers at big profits, by mail. We supply books, electrots, circulars at low prices. Particulars stamp. "D" Distributing Co., 923 Alder St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**AGENTS—SIGNISTS.** 100% PROFIT. Beautiful window letters. Very low prices. Easy proposition. Business-getting guarantee-cards, glass sample, free. EMBOSSED Co., 2487 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago.

## AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED

**WIN NEXT \$1,200. WE TELL YOU HOW** \$40,000 already won by ten inexperienced people. Stoneman received \$1,200 one month, \$15,000 to date. Korstad \$2,200 in two weeks; Schleicher \$195 first twelve hours. Strange invention startles world. Gives every home a bathroom with hot and cold running water for \$6.50. Abolishes plumbing, waterworks. Self-heating. Little wonder Hart sold sixteen in three hours, \$5,000 to date; Lodewick seventeen first day. Credit given. Investigate to-day. Beat others to exclusive sale. Means fortune. ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 3383 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

**AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. QUICK PROFITS.** BEST Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Large manufacturer. Particulars for stamp. MARICOPA MFG. Co., 82 Water St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**LARGE PROFITS.** Manufacture "Barley Crisps," new confection, cost  $\frac{1}{2}$ c to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send 10c for sample and literature. BARLEY CRISP Co., 526 Natoma St., San Francisco, Calif.

**SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES; BIG PROFITS; NEW IRONING-WAX** perfumes clothes with violet perfume. Nothing like it. Four cents brings particulars for free goods. M. B. R. MANUFACTURERS, 13M Water Street, New York.

**AGENTS: \$30 A WEEK** selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Guaranteed to last four months without holes. Latest and best agents' proposition. THOMAS MFG. Co., 1007 Third St., Dayton, O.

**AGENTS, BOTH SEXES. WE MANUFACTURE** and control Climax, smokeless, odorless and never-burn Fry Pan. Entirely new. Exclusive territory. A. CONNOLLY MFG. Co., 123 Liberty St., New York.

Free sample goes with first letter. Something new. Every firm wants it. Orders from \$1 to \$100. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand everywhere. Write at once for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sales Co., 409 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**\$25 WEEKLY AND EXPENSES TO MEN AND WOMEN** to collect names, distribute samples, and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, MT, Chicago, Ill.

**RAINCOATS FROM MAKER TO WEARER—at manufacturer's prices.** Write for particulars and samples. Agents Wanted. REGAL RAINCOAT Co., Dept. 66, 1367 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY** to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Big commission paid. From \$75 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. NOVELTY CUTLERY Co., No. 277 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**PHOTO PILLOW TOPS, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures** and Photo Plates at very lowest prices. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments. Samples and cat. free. 30 days' credit. Experience unnecessary. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk 81, Chicago.

**AGENTS—WE MANUFACTURE OVER 500 NEWLY** patented household and office specialties; also cutlery. Big profits. Samples best sellers and catalog free. GEO. EDGREN Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

**AGENTS—PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, SHEET PICTURES 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c.** 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT Co., Dept. 1072, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

**GOLD MINE—A new safety gas-lighter,** made of platinum and aluminum. Guaranteed for 2 years. Sample 15c. No-Splash Water Filters, \$2.50 per gross; sample 10c. N. E. INC. LIGHT Co., 262 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS—SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND DETAILS.** Something new and good. Quick sales. Big profits. Easy, pleasant employment. F. H. MCGREGOR, Box B, West Enfield, Maine.

**AGENTS—Something new; non-alcoholic food flavors,** perfumes, toilet preparations; not sold in stores; exclusive territory, permanent position; salary or commission. Write today. American Products Co., 6074 Sycamore St., Cincinnati.

**LOCKS ANY DOOR INSTANTLY.** Size of ordinary key. Something new. Everybody needs one, especially those who travel. Sample 15 cents. Agents wanted. I. X. L. Co., 310 Rockwell St., Jackson, Michigan.

**AGENTS CAN EASILY MAKE \$10.00 A DAY** selling our Gold Window Letters, Novelty Signs, and Changeable Signs. Enormous demand. Merchants must have them. Catalogue free. SULLIVAN Co., 1233 W Van Buren St., Chicago.

**I WILL START YOU EARNING \$4 DAILY AT HOME** in spare time, silvering mirrors. No capital. Anyone can do the work. Send for free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. REDMOND, Dept. B, Boston, Mass.

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention THE ARGOSY.



## AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED

—Continued

**NEW SUIT OFFER.** Send name and address for wonderful suit offer and outfit to start, samples, styles, etc. We want live agents. Can make \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year. All business your territory turned over to you. *We pay all express charges.* Only one suit offer in your town. If you want a suit *write quick* before someone else gets the prize. **PARAGON TAILORING Co.,** Dept. 15, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS** make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write today for free sample and full particulars. **METALLIC SIGN LETTER Co.,** 409 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**AGENTS—\$300 EVERY MONTH** selling our wonderful 7-piece Kitchen Set. Send for sworn statement of \$12 daily profit. Outfit Free to workers. 1200 other fast sellers. **THOMAS MFG. Co.,** 207 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

**\$100 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES TO TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN** to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. **S. SCHEFFER, Treas.,** MY, Chicago.

**EARN MORE MONEY EASY.** Sell Guaranteed Photo Pocket Cutlery. Scientifically tempered. Take big orders from lodges, manufacturers, individuals. Big profits. Write quick. **CANTON CUTLERY Co.,** Dept. C-41, Canton, Ohio.

## HELP WANTED

**BE A DETECTIVE—**Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write **C. T. LUDWIG,** 1271 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## FOR THE DEAF

**THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY** with the Acousticon. For personal use, also for churches and theaters. Special instruments. You must hear before you purchase. Booklet free. **GENERAL ACOUSTIC COMPANY,** 204 Beaufort Street, Jamaica, New York City; Paris Branch, 6 Rue d'Hanovre.

## FOR THE LAME

**THE PERFECTION EXTENSION SHOE** for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. **HENRY R. LOTZ,** 313 Third Ave., N. Y.

## FOR WOMEN

**LADIES, MAKE SUPPORTERS, \$12 PER HUNDRED;** no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. **WABASH SUPPLY Co.,** Dept. A-354, Chicago.

## MOTORCYCLES

**MOTORCYCLES—EASY TERMS, EVERY MAKE—NEW** and second hand, \$20 up. Some exceptional bargains—1910 Twin Indian, \$85; 1911 M.M. Magneto, \$60. Every machine in perfect running order and guaranteed for one year. Shipments upon receipt of first payment. Free trial allowed. Write for price list of fifty machines. Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Will trade. **BOYD MOTOR Co.,** 228 Stanhope Street, Boston, Mass.

## RAZORS AND SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

**SAFETY RAZOR BLADES STERILIZED AND SHARPENED** better than new; 2 cts. each. Five years' success. Send for blade box and circular. **ELECTRO STROPPING Co.,** 124 Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

**DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR SAFETY RAZOR BLADES.** We sharpen them 2½c each. Money back if we don't satisfy. We have given seven years' satisfaction. **Carr's Safety Razor Dept.,** 90 Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.

## MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

**WANTED: MOTION PICTURE PLAY WRITERS.** You can write a picture play. Great demand. Big pay. Easy to learn. We'll teach you. Send address. **UNITED PICTURE PLAY ASSOCIATION,** San Francisco.

**MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED.** You can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. **ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS,** 611 Sheridana Rd., Chicago.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**DISTRICT MANAGERS WANTED FOR SELLING STAFF** of the new Kotten Suction Cleaner, the only practical one-person machine on the market. Only men who know how a \$25 article should be sold need apply. Splendid opportunity; exclusive territory. Write at once for full particulars. **H. G. KOTTEN Co.,** 30 Church St., New York City.

**MAKE BIG MONEY OPERATING A DAYDARK POSTCARD MACHINE.** Photo postal cards made and delivered on the spot in ten minutes in the open street. No dark room necessary—it does not require an experienced photographer to make first-class pictures. Pays a gross profit of 500%. Write to-day for free sample and catalogue. **DAYDARK SPECIALTY Co.,** Dept. 5N, St. Louis.

**CONDUCT A "CANDY KITCHEN"!** Clear \$10 to \$25 daily. Very limited capital required. We teach you the business. Send for particulars. **KENNON & Co.,** 148 W Ontario St., Dept. B, Chicago.

**DON'T SLAVE FOR WAGES—START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN,** and be your own boss. Earn \$5.00 to \$15.00 daily. We will show you how to start a paying business. **C. C. BROWN SPECIALTY Co.,** Readsboro, Vt.

## AUTHORS

**PLAYWRIGHTS, AUTHORS, SONGWRITERS,** let us dispose of your work. Do not fail to write for our proposition. It will interest you. **THE ASSOCIATED VAUDEVILLE AND PLAYWRIGHTS,** Dept. M, Ashland, Ohio.

**AUTHORS—**For 15 years I have edited, criticized and sold authors' manuscripts. I can dispose of salable work. Send 25 cents for Writer's Aid Leaflet 1. It will help you. Manuscripts typed. **HELEN NORWOOD HALSEY,** 110 West 34th St., New York City.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

**DON'T BUY THAT BOOK.** We loan standard books by mail. You can buy or return them. We plan short courses of reading for you free. Self-help; business; health; house, home and field; economic and social problems; books for writers and speakers; occultism; religion; science, etc. Lists and bi-weekly Library Critic on request. **ORIENTAL ESOTERIC LIBRARY,** 215, Washington, D. C.

## POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

**BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS** for anyone who can write successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. *Acceptance guaranteed if available.* Washington only place to secure copyright. **H. KIRKUS DUGDALE Co.,** Dept. 250, Washington, D. C.

**SONG WRITERS!** Send us your work. We will publish, if available. Write at once for offer. Remember, *New York* is the only place to have a song published properly. **MERISCH,** 1547 Broadway, New York.

**SONG-WRITERS—COMPARE OUR WORK AND SERVICE WITH OTHERS,** before placing your contract. We offer best practical publishing and exploitation plan. Finest quality work. Every patron pleased. **New York Sheet Music Clearing House,** 141 to 145 West 45th St., New York.

## PIANOS

**DO NOT PAY FANCY PRICES** for cheap new pianos; buy standard make slightly used. We have a large assortment of the best makes from \$125 up, delivery free anywhere, and very easy terms. For sixty-five years Pease Pianos have been a standard of durability. Write for complete list. **PEASE PIANOS,** Leggett Av. & Barry St., Bronx, N. Y.

## STAMPS AND RARE COINS

**COINS.** I pay from \$1 to \$600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. **VONBERGEN,** the Coin Dealer, Dept. A, Boston, Mass.

\$7.75 paid for rare date 1853 Quarters. \$20 for a \$12. Keep all money dated before 1884, and send 10c at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. **Clark & Co.,** Coin Dealers, Dept. 34, Le Roy, N. Y.

Stamps free—4 diff. Soudan (camel worth 15c), or 8 diff. Costa Rica worth 15c, stamp lists, premium lists, etc., for 2c postage. Finest 50% approvals out. Old collections and U.S. stamps bought. **W. C. PHILLIPS & Co.,** Glastonbury, Conn.

**OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD—**My new 50 page coin selling catalogue just out free. Buying coin catalogues sent on receipt of 10c in stamps. **WILLIAM HESSLEIN,** Malley Building, New Haven, Conn.

## UNITARIANISM

**THE TRUTH ABOUT UNITARIANISM,** the modern interpretation of religion. For *Free Literature* address, Headquarters "Associate Department," 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.



## BUSINESS & CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**ARE YOU THE MAN?** Here is your opportunity. No matter where you live—if you want to make big money and establish yourself in an independent business requiring no capital—we will teach you, by mail, all the secrets of the *Real Estate Business* including thorough *Commercial Law Course*, list with you readily salable properties, co-operate with and assist you to permanent success. Our 64-page free book fully explains our methods and tells what it means to be the local representative of oldest and largest Co-Operative Realty and Brokerage Corporation in the world. Write today to INTERNATIONAL REALTY CORPORATION, 2276 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

**LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. SPLENDID INCOME** assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address E. R. MARDEN, Pres. The National Co-Operative Real Estate Company, 1345 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

**THE SCHOOL OF RAILWAY SIGNALING, UTICA, N. Y.** offers by correspondence a complete course in *Signal Engineering* and special short courses. Send for catalog J.

**WANTED—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS**—Average \$1100. Every second week off—full pay. Spring examinations everywhere. Write for free sample questions. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. S1, Rochester, N. Y.

**BOOKKEEPERS:** Controlling Accounts eliminates Trial Balance troubles. System fully illustrated and with complete instructions, by mail for \$1, or particulars free. C. W. Deming, Expert Accountant, 156 5th Ave., Suite 1, N. Y.

**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, Departmental Clerk, examinations soon.** Citizens eligible. Get prepared by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. Free booklet. PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL, Box O, Rochester, N. Y.

**LEARN TO READ CHARACTER BY ASTROLOGY.** Our character book gives your lucky and unlucky days, moon's tables, how to plant by the signs, and other valuable astrological information. Send birth-date and 10c silver. SCHOOL OF ASTROLOGY, Box 1181, Boise, Idaho.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS ABOUT OVER 360,000 professions, vocations, and occupations.** There is a big chance for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A18. No obligation. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

## TRADE SCHOOLS

**ELECTRICITY, PLUMBING, BRICKLAYING, PAINTING and Decorating and Mechanical Drafting,** taught quickly by expert workmen. Actual work takes place of books. Tools and materials free. Splendid positions open. Oldest, largest and best equipped trade school. Write for catalog. COYNE NAT'L TRADE SCHOOLS, 87 E. Illinois St., Chicago.

## ART SCHOOLS

**ARTISTS:**—Fashion drawing pays big money. Complete training in 4 months. Low tuition rate. Easy terms to students. Good paying positions positively assured to all. The Thomas School of Arts, 142 W. 23rd St., N. Y. City.

## ELOCUTION & DRAMATIC ART

**BE AN ACTOR, Actress or Orator.** Most fascinating, best-paying profession in the world. We teach you *Dramatic Art, Elocution, Oratory*, at your home. A scientific and comprehensive method. Six years successful teaching! Write for particulars. *Book on Stage Life, Free!* CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION, 1234 Grand Opera House, Chicago.

## AUTOMOBILE SCHOOLS

**AUTOMOBILE INSTRUCTION,** four weeks' course covering actual practice in shop and road work—provision for out-of-town men. Send for booklet M. WEST SIDE Y. M. C. A. AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL, 318 W. 57th St., N. Y.

## TELEGRAPHY

**TELEGRAPHY—MORSE AND WIRELESS**—Railway Accounting (Station Agency) taught quickly. R. R. Dispatchers and Western Union Wires and complete Wireless Station in school. Splendid opportunities. Graduates assisted. Living expenses low—may be earned. Largest and oldest school established 37 years. Investment \$25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalog Free. Dodge's Telegraph & Ry. Institute, 9th St., Valparaiso, Ind.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

**PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY.** Books free. Highest references; best results. Send for list of Inventions Wanted. Patents advertised free. Send sketch or model for free search. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 622 F Street, Washington, D. C.

**PATENT SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.** SEND sketch for free report as to patentability. *Guide Book and What to Invent*, with valuable list of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention. Patents secured by us advertised free in *World's Progress*; sample free. VICTOR J. EVANS & Co., Washington, D. C.

**PATENT YOUR IDEAS.**—\$8,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. Address CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys., 915 F St., Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS. HOW TO GET EVERY DOLLAR** your invention is worth. Send 8c stamps for new 128-page book of vital interest to inventors. R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 65, Washington, D. C.

## REAL ESTATE

### CALIFORNIA

**CALIFORNIA'S Santa Clara Valley,** known as the "poor man's paradise," surrounds *Sunnyvale*, the manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. Ideal climate. Best soil for fruit, truck gardening, chicken ranching and diversified farming. Ample water. Write to-day for new fifty-page illustrated book, mailed free. Address SUNNYVALE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, 22 Crossman Building, Sunnyvale, California.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**THE LAND AND THE LAW.** Vacant Government Land located by counties. A billion acres open to Homestead Entry and Purchase. 25c postpaid. A. J. WOLBRINK, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

## SEEDS AND PLANTS

**A REMARKABLE OFFER of Henderson's Seeds:** Ponderosa Tomato, Scarlet Globe Radish, Big Boston Lettuce, Invincible Astors, Butterfly Parsies, Spencer Sweet Peas. On receipt of 10c to cover postage, etc., we will mail our Henderson Collection, consisting of one packet of each of above variety of all enclosed in a coupon envelope, which will be accepted for any order of \$1 or over. In addition we will mail our "Glossy Catalog." Everything for the Garden, the biggest and best yet have ever issued. PETER HENDERSON & COMPANY, 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York City.

**MAKE MONEY COLLECTING FERNS, LILIES, BULBS, PLANTS AND SEEDS.** I'm making money at this business. You may do the same. My booklet tells how. Price \$1.00. Send stamp for further information and fern price-list. L. A. Tuttle, R. F. D. No. 2, Grant's Pass, Ore.

## POULTRY

**GREIDER'S FAMOUS BOOK SHOWS HOW** to make big money in the poultry business. 200 pages. Profusely illustrated in colors—costs only 15 cents—worth \$1 easily. Write now. B. H. GREIDER, Box 95, Rheems, Pa.

## TYPEWRITERS

**CLEARANCE SALE—Remingtons, Densmores, Jewetts,** \$11.50 ea.; Franklins, Chicagos, Postals, \$9 ea. Bargains in Underwoods, Smiths and all others. All guaranteed supplies. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, N. Y.

Genuine typewriter bargains; no matter what make, will quote you lowest prices and easiest terms, or rent, allowing rental on price. Write for big bargain list and catalogue 16. L. J. Peabody, 278 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

## GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

**PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments, Make Up Goods.** Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 43, Chicago.

**SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE of Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Minstrel Jokes, Illustrated Pantomimes, Monologues, Recitations, Make-up Materials, etc.** DICK & FITZGERALD, 14 Ann St., New York.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**SCENES IN CALIFORNIA.** Actual photographs 4½x3¼ inches. Beautiful scenes of tropical foliage, parks, resorts, buildings, current events, etc. State preference, if any. 75c for 6. Cal. Scenic Co., 942 S. Georgia St., Los Angeles, Cal.



# Famous Quartette

## THE RESULT OF Free Music Lessons

Mandolin and Guitar, Two Difficult Instruments, Easily Learned in Their Own Homes

*Any Instrument Taught.*



Read what Mr. P. Gatz, in the above picture, wrote after finishing his course :

"Having completed your mandolin and guitar course, I think your school the finest in the country for correct playing. There is no doubt about one becoming an accomplished musician through correspondence."

(Signed) P GATZ,  
Leader of the Vienna Quartette.

**Just Fill In and Send the Coupon**

*Request by postal or letter will do*

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
225 Fifth Ave., Box 1, New York City.

Gentlemen—

Please send me particulars how I can learn the instrument after which I have marked X, with the aid of your FREE COURSE OF LESSONS. It is understood that this places me under no obligation and that my only expense while learning shall be for the necessary music, which amounts to about two cents a day.

|        |          |               |
|--------|----------|---------------|
| Piano  | Guitar   | Cornet        |
| Organ  | Mandolin | Cello or      |
| Violin | Banjo    | Sight Singing |

The illustrated booklet you will receive is very interesting and contains much useful information.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

.. ..  
Clip Coupon and Mail To-day.  
Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

# This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

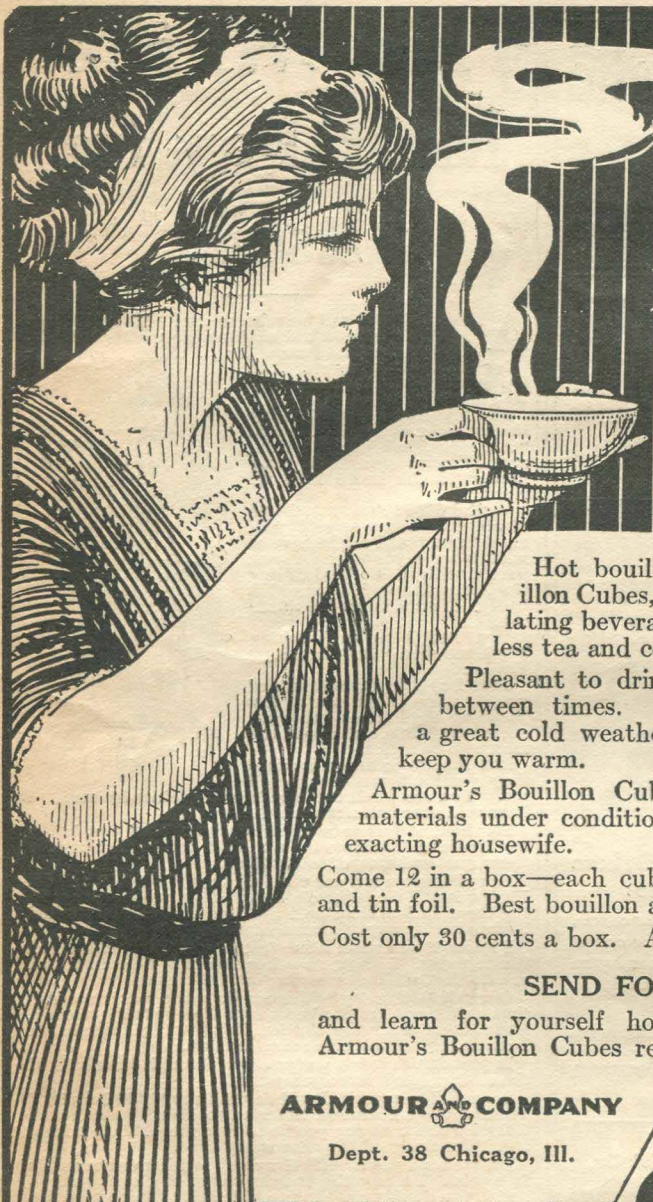
And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 524 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.







## Something Hot to Drink That Won't Hurt You

Hot bouillon, made with Armour's Bouillon Cubes, is a delicious, harmlessly stimulating beverage that will help you do with less tea and coffee.

Pleasant to drink with your meals—delightful between times. Two or three cups a day are a great cold weather comfort—nothing like it to keep you warm.

Armour's Bouillon Cubes are made from the finest materials under conditions that would satisfy the most exacting housewife.

Come 12 in a box—each cube wrapped in paraffined paper and tin foil. Best bouillon at lowest cost.

Cost only 30 cents a box. At grocers and druggists.

### SEND FOR SAMPLES

and learn for yourself how good and how convenient Armour's Bouillon Cubes really are.

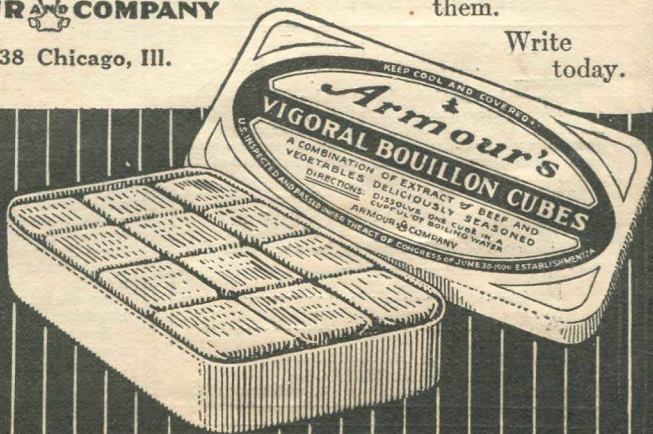
**ARMOUR & COMPANY**

Dept. 38 Chicago, Ill.

A postal will bring them.

Write today.

# Armour's BOUILLON CUBES







## Do You Want a Good Position as a Traveling Salesman or Saleswoman

Where You Can Earn From \$1,000 to \$5,000 a Year and Your Expenses?

We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in six to eight weeks and our **Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you learn.** We cannot begin to supply the demand of leading business houses in all parts of America for our students. If you want to enter the best paid, most independent profession in the world, **write today for our handsome free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip,"** also testimonial letters from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions; list of positions now open, and full particulars of the special offer we are now making new students. **Address our nearest office.**

Dept. 100 National Salesmen's Training Association  
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans Toronto

## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN \$25 to \$100 A WEEK

We can positively show you by mail HOW TO INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Prospectus mailed free.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., 2410 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill., or 150 Nassau St., New York.

## LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING

A high salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by mail. We will teach the beginner better engraving than he can gain in years of rigid apprenticeship. We will also improve the skill of any engraver. Send for our catalog. **The Engraving School, 41 Page Bldg., Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY.** Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. **School of Short-Story Writing, Dept. 41, Page Building, Chicago**

**BE AN ILLUSTRATOR**  
LEARN TO DRAW. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog.

**SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION**  
41 Page Bldg.  
Chicago, Ill.

# Government Positions

**43,970 Appointments** were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent

opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$340 to \$1,500 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

**COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D.C.**

## UNCLE SAM PAYS WELL

The salaries paid by Uncle Sam to Civil Service employees equal and exceed those paid in any branch of private commercial life. Thousands of appointments are made annually. To learn how you can secure a good Government position by qualifying at home to pass any Civil Service examination, write to-day for Civil Service Book.

**International Correspondence Schools,**  
Box 506 C Scranton, Pa.

"The Original Phonographic Method"



## CORTINA-PHONE

**GERMAN—FRENCH—ENGLISH  
ITALIAN—SPANISH**

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method **at home.** Write for **free** booklet today; **easy** payment plan.

**CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**  
604 Cortina Bldg., 44 W. 34th St., N. Y.

## CORNET FREE!

We guarantee to teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful Cornet or any Band Instrument absolutely **FREE.**

You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Graduates in every state. Hundreds of enthusiastic testimonials. Write to-day for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer.



**International Cornet School**  
805 Music Hall, - - Boston, Mass.

# LAW

## Study at Home

Graduate correspondence students most successful at bar examination. Write today for proof and our free 112-page catalog. We make your home a university. Leading home-study law course in America. Our own modern text—prepared by deans and professors from the big law colleges—Harvard, Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Stanford and others. Very low cost and easy terms. Also business law.

We guarantee to coach free a graduate failing to pass any bar exam.  
**LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, BOX 1072, CHICAGO, ILL.**

The Pathway

to Plenty



## HELP WANTED AVERAGE \$90.00 MONTH by U.S. "GOVERNMENT"

**Railway Mail Clerks  
Custom House Employees  
Internal Revenue Employees**

**Spring Examinations Everywhere**

*Over 9000 positions will be filled*

No "Lay-offs" without pay, because of strikes, financial flurries or the whims of some petty boss. Excellent opportunities for quick advancement to Higher

Government Positions. If you want immediate appointment, send **TODAY** for our schedule showing locations and dates of the Spring Examinations.

Any delay means the loss of just so much time in preparing yourself for examination.

**We Prepare  
Candidates  
Free**

**COUPON**

Dept. R 109, Rochester, N. Y.

The coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Obtain Them," Sample Questions, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

.. Railway Mail Clerk (\$300 to \$1400) .. Customs Positions (\$600 to \$1500)  
.. Postoffice Clerk (\$600 to \$1200) .. Internal Revenue (\$700 to \$1800)  
.. Postoffice Carrier (\$600 to \$1200) .. Stenographer (\$800 to \$1500)  
.. Rural Mail Carrier (\$500 to \$900) .. Clerk in the Department at Washington (\$800 to \$1500)  
.. Bookkeeper (\$900 to \$1800)

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... R 109

Use this before you lose it.

Write Plainly.



J. H. JOYCE, Pres.

## I Can Increase Your Earnings

No matter where you live, if you are honest, ambitious and determined to succeed in business—a business absolutely your own—send your name and address and I will mail you our **Big Free 64-Page Book**, showing how you may earn

## \$3,000 to \$10,000 a Year

in the Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business.

Our system is a positive success. We will teach you by mail, appoint you a

## Special Representative

in your town of the oldest and largest co-operative realty and brokerage company in the world, start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you to make money from the beginning.

**Exceptional Opportunity for  
Men Without Capital**

**Write Today**

**International Realty Corporation,**  
2249 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.



**"Try This Shot—  
It's Easy!"**



Fun! There's more of it in a good close game of Billiards or Pool than in any other home amusement. These fine, lively games inspire the keenest sort of friendly rivalry. They are expensive games if played in a public poolroom, but very inexpensive if you have in your own home a

## BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

It needs no special room—can be mounted on library or dining-room table, or on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Quickly put up or set aside. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard), each size exactly correct in proportions, and adapted to the most expert play. Some of the leading professionals use the Burrowes Table for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

**\$1.00 DOWN** Prices, \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, etc.; terms, \$1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. Full playing equipment free.

**FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE**—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Send today for illustrated catalog, giving full information as to prices, terms of payment, etc.

**THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 25 Spring Street, Portland, Me.**



## APPLIED ART PAYS

Study Applied Art at home. Personal Correspondence System. Eminent Instructors. More than twelve years successful teaching. Practical results guaranteed. Our students in demand by leading employers of artists. Applied Art Courses in Commercial Drawing, Illustrating, Teachers Normal, Fashion, Lettering and Design, Cartooning, Photo Retouching, Architectural Perspective, Etc. Endorsed by high authorities.

Residence Finishing School for Advanced Students. Artists' outfits furnished enrolled students. Year Book free. **SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART,**  
662 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.



## COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn \$20.00 to \$125.00 or more per week, as Illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Taft with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

**The Landon School** of Illustrating and Cartooning  
1429 SCHOFIELD BUILDING, CLEVELAND, O.

## RUN & REPAIR AUTOS



Only \$12 needed to start you in the Auto Business as Chauffeur or Repairman.

You can learn with my NEW system of WORKING MODELS, charts and instructions. BARNEY OLDFIELD endorses this system. I'll show you what hundreds say—whom we have started—**WRITE NOW!**

**DYKE'S CORSP SCHOOL OF MOTORING** Box 48 Roe Bldg. St. Louis Mo

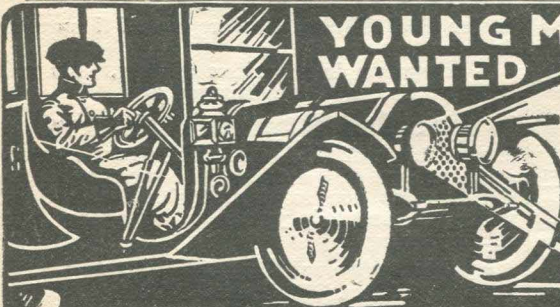


## WHITE VALLEY GEMS IMPORTED from FRANCE

**SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!**

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance.

Write today for Free Illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., B 702 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**



## YOUNG MEN WANTED

## You Can Easily Learn

to be an automobile salesman, chauffeur, demonstrator or repairman. Our home-study course of 10 weeks is simple, practical and interesting. No mechanical experience required. Our graduates are everywhere, earning \$25 to \$50 weekly in positions we obtained for them. Free model of automobile to every student. Highly endorsed and reasonable.

**SEND FOR FREE LESSON AT ONCE**

A postal will bring it. Chauffeurs and competent men supplied owners and garages.

## Empire Auto Institute

810 Empire Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

The Original Automobile School

**IN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS  
NICE WORK-BIG PAY-DANDY JOB**



# THE ARGOSY

Vol. LXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 3

## *The Silent Foe*



*by Seward W. Hopkins*

(COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.)

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SCOUT IN THE HILLS.

**T**HE sharp crack of a rifle recalled me from my reverie. The report was unquestionably that of Tom Dover's rifle, though so faint I knew he was some distance away. Nevertheless it cheered me, for it indicated fresh meat for dinner.

It would take Dover some time to reach our temporary camp over the narrow trails, through dark defiles, and along the stony paths that made travel in the Black Hills dangerous. I began leisurely to build a fire preparatory to cooking the deer meat, or bear, or what he should bring in.

Tom Dover and I had long been together in the Hills and on the plains. He was older than I, and, since the death of my parents, had been a second father to me. Learned in woodcraft, and skilled as an Indian hunter, he had taught me much.

We had been trappers and hunters, prospectors for gold, and about everything the great Northwest offered in the way of employment. We had been moderately successful, and in one of the gulches of the Hills we each had a valuable claim staked out and registered.

But the times were troublous. The Sioux, always a warlike nation, had resisted at frightful cost to human life all encroachment upon the domain they believed was their own hunting-ground, the Black Hills. They did not build their villages in the Hills, but on the plains. They were wise enough to know that the wild game in the pine forests would soon disappear if the habitations of man were brought close to them. So, in the belief that somewhere in the Hills there dwelt a Great Spirit who guarded their hunting-ground, they sought to preserve the Hills for their own use, and were bitter in their hatred of the whites when forced to abandon their wild life and take themselves to the reservation apportioned them by the government.

And now the Union Pacific was beginning the work of constructing a spur of the railroad north from its main line in northern Nebraska through the passes of the foothills to Deadwood, then a growing boom mining town at the northern end of the range.

There had been repeated outbreaks, and Tom Dover and I, because of our knowledge of the Hills, the plains, and the habits of



the Sioux, were employed as government scouts.

Word had come to Fort Taylor, situated at the junction of the North and South Forks of the Big Cheyenne, that Roaring Buffalo, the most bloodthirsty old miscreant left on earth at that time, was inciting all the tribes of the Sioux nation to open outbreak and the destruction of the new work they knew would put an end to the Black Hills as an Indian hunting-ground.

Dover and I had been sent out on a scouting expedition to ascertain what was going on among the Indians who, we had reason to believe, were off the reservation.

Dakota was at that time sparsely settled, and the Black Hills region one that called for the stoutest hearts among the whites to pave the way for future cities and mining towns.

We had left our horses at the end of saddle travel, on the plains below, and had penetrated thus far along the trails we knew so well, without seeing any Indians. We had pitched camp for a few days and Dover had gone on a hunting expedition to add something fresh to the rations. Fort Taylor was about a hundred miles away from the foot-hills where we were now encamped.

Having seen no Indians I was not particularly careful while preparing for the big feed I believed the shot from Dover's rifle had promised. I made a big fire, and got out the coffee, hardtack, pork and beans, or whatever the commissariat at the fort had provided. The water hung in a pot on an iron crane, and was boiling. I was ready to make the coffee. But Dover had not appeared.

The band of Sioux under Roaring Buffalo were the Shicaas, the most warlike of them all. An investigation had shown that Roaring Buffalo was not on the reservation. So Colonel Dennison, in command of Fort Taylor, had sent Dover and me on this expedition.

Notwithstanding the fact that we had seen no Indians, I began to grow anxious about Dover, as time passed and he did not appear. Noon came and went, but Dover did not come. I was hungry, and made some coffee for myself. My anxiety increased each moment. I tried to settle myself for a smoke, but the effort was useless. More and more it was borne in upon me that Dover had fallen into a snare.

At last I could stand it no longer.

"Well," I said to myself, half aloud, a habit that almost every hunter and trapper falls into after years of solitary wandering, "if Tom Dover is in trouble it is Barry Scott who will get him out."

I looked well to my rifle, and made sure that my service revolvers, of which I had two, were loaded. Then, leaving the fire to die out itself, I started. I judged the direction from my memory of the sound, not a difficult task for one accustomed to the wilds.

My way led along narrow and crooked trails made by long years of Indian travel in single file, down steep inclines, through thick bosks of pine, and along the beds of creeks. I was, except when clambering out of a gully, descending toward the plain.

I kept calling Dover's name, but no answer came save the gloomy sound of the wind sighing through the pines.

I had traveled thus for upward of an hour and a half, making side trips where I thought Dover might have gone after game, and at last came to a cliff overlooking a basin cut into the side of a hill, with the open face toward the southeast.

Cautiously peering over this, and downward, I saw that which caused my heart to beat faster, and my blood to chill. I had found Tom Dover, but apparently I had arrived just in time to see him butchered.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

WHAT I saw below me in the dry basin, where ages ago there might have been a waterfall, was this:

Seated in a ring around a little camp-fire were something like a score of Shicha Sioux. The most significant thing about them was that they wore war-bonnets of eagle feathers, a sure sign that they were out for the white man's blood.

And standing, engaged in a long harangue, was Roaring Buffalo himself. Much as I hated the rascal, I could not but admire the majesty of his figure, as he swayed with easy motions, and moved his arms in graceful gestures.

Just outside the ring of squatting warriors was Tom Dover, tied in an upright position to a sapling.

His hands and feet were bound, and, from his attitude, which was listless, with his



head hanging forward, I knew that he was seriously wounded, if, indeed, he was not already dead.

Then the truth of the whole matter burst upon me. The rifle-shot I had heard had not been fired at a deer or bear, but at an Indian. And following the shooting, of course, had come pursuit and capture.

But what was almost as bad as the captivity of Tom was the fact that among the ponies of this marauding, murderous band of Sioux I saw our own horses. They could easily be distinguished. They were from the best cavalry horses at the fort, famous for strength and endurance.

For several minutes I looked down at this fearsome scene, scarcely knowing what to do. That the Shicha Sioux were on the war-path there was no doubt.

It was my duty, as it would have been Tom's, had our positions been reversed, to hasten at once to the fort and report the Indians "out." But while I watched the scene, I did some rapid thinking.

I knew about what to expect. Tom had moved a little, which showed me he was alive. After the speechmaking there would be torture, burning at the stake, or some other devilment, ending with the butchery of my companion. I could not bring myself to go to the fort and leave him to such a horrible fate.

Moreover, I had no horse. The way was dangerous. I knew that this little band with Roaring Buffalo were not the only Indians his eloquence had roused to fury, and the plains might be dotted with other bands rushing to join him.

The nearest place where I could get a horse was Bill Stark's big ranch, and that was fifteen miles to the southeast, and farther away from the fort than I was that moment.

I resolved to save Tom. I did not know how I was going to do it, though I had had many a scrap with the Indians, and knew as many tricks of the trail and plains as they did.

I could, from my hiding-place, pick off any redskin who attempted to hurt Tom. But before I had shot more than five the other fifteen would be after me, and I knew I could not fight them all. If I saved Tom it must be by strategy. I must remain inactive till dark.

But in the mean time I could do some studying of the ground, if I succeeded in cutting out our horses from the picketed ponies

and get Tom astride his own saddle, I must take to the trail in the foot-hills, along the cliff, and not strike off across the plain. For this would give the Sioux an open chase, which Tom could probably not stand if he was severely wounded.

I gave a last lingering look below, and from indications Roaring Buffalo seemed wound up for a long speech. And I knew that others would follow, so dearly do the Sioux love the sound of their own eloquence.

Assuming an erect position I turned—and stopped—with an exclamation of surprise. Twenty feet away from me, creeping noiselessly along in his moccasined feet, with a tomahawk in his hand, was one of the ugliest specimens of Sioux manhood I had ever seen.

It would have been but the work of an instant to shoot him dead. But that shot, while it would save me from this fellow, would eventually result in my being killed outright, or tied to a tree near Tom, to add to the glory of the torture whenever it suited the Indians to kill us both.

I had leaned my rifle against a rock. The Indian made a spring for it. I was first, and with the rifle in my hand faced him.

Not a word was said, but we stood glaring at each other, knowing that one of us would never leave the spot alive.

The lips of my adversary writhed in scorn. My hesitation to shoot was pleasing to him, and well he knew the reason for it. He grinned with a triumphant ferociousness, and sprang forward. I leaped to one side, and grabbing my rifle at the muzzle swung the walnut butt and brought it down with a crashing blow on his head.

He staggered back, then rallied, and came for me again. Once more I swung my rifle, and with an agile leap getting out of his way, I banged the hard stock against his temple. He fell, and the attempt he made to call his fellow braves ended in a gurgle as I pressed my fingers to his throat.

He was half-stunned, and easily conquered then. To make things more certain I hit him again with the rifle, and then with a heavy stone. He lay quiet.

I gave another look at the scene below and saw the band still squatting, and Roaring Buffalo still talking. No sound of the little battle had reached them.

One learns to think and act quickly in the wilds. I divested myself of my outer clothing, and then I stripped the Indian.



I put my clothes carelessly on him, but dressed myself with care in his gaily ornamented war-shirt and leggings. I even changed my boots for his moccasins. Now, with a little paint on my face, I would pass for an Indian—in the dark.

But I had no paint. This fellow's face was grotesque in yellow and vermilion. Blood might take the place of the vermilion, but I needed yellow ocher to make the war-paint complete. But at any rate I could make a beginning.

I cut his wrist, and as the blood flowed I knew he was not dead. I daubed my face with the red fluid, then, shouldering my rifle, I left my foe lying on the ground. I hunted the borders of the gulley streams for yellow clay, and at last found some. My facial decorations were complete.

I found the pony trail I wanted, and by stealthily following a branch of this reached a point where a rough, stony path led down to the basin, ending near the spot where the ponies and our two horses were picketed. All I could do now was to wait for darkness.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A DUBIOUS RESCUE.

At last, after what seemed an interminable period, night fell. Fortunately there was little moon. I had been in constant dread lest the Indians murder Tom before I could make an attempt to rescue him. But they had got hold of some whisky somewhere, and by the time their eloquence was exhausted, they were too drunk, and went to sleep.

Everything was quiet. I crept down the path and reached a spot from which I could obtain a better view of the camp. Wound in their blankets, the Indians lay in a circle with their feet toward the fire, and Tom was still hanging in his bonds to the bending sapling.

I went on farther, and as I rounded a turn saw ahead of me a sentinel. He turned just as I had assumed an erect position. My Indian garb misled him, and with a grunt he came toward me. I understood the Sioux language, and grunted a reply.

He stood aside to let me pass, and when I was close to him I clutched him by the throat.

But, though he could not make a sound, he could fight like a demon. There was no

help for it. I had too much at stake to be merciful. I drew my hunting knife and left him at the side of the path—silent for at least time enough for me to get to Tom.

I was satisfied now that my disguise was a good one, and hurriedly made my way to the horses. I cut out Tom's and mine, and then severed the lariats that held the ponies.

I crept to Tom and shook him.

"Keep still, it is Barry," I whispered. Then with a few strokes of my hunting knife I set him free.

I spoke no more, nor did he utter a word. Taking him by the hand I led him at once behind some loosely piled rocks and toward the horses.

I could tell by the way he walked that he was very weak. I helped him to the back of his horse. We had no time to hunt for saddles. We were both expert bare-back riders, and with the lariats could make serviceable bridles for our well-trained animals.

Having got on my own horse, I took the end of Tom's lariat in my hand and started up the path leading to the pony trail. His horse followed willingly.

The hill path was stony, and the footing bad. When we were about half-way up Tom's horse slipped on a rolling stone and fell. He was soon on his feet again, but the noise he made had done its work. I heard the alarm sounded by one of the band, and then from the shouts I knew they had discovered the escape of their prisoner.

"Come," I said hurriedly to Tom. "We've got to ride like the deuce. Hang to his mane."

"Go on and leave me," murmured Tom weakly.

"I will not. Hang on now. Keep a stiff upper lip."

Giving my horse the word, we went at the fastest speed safe on so difficult a path. And we struck the pony trail not a moment too soon. I heard the unshod hoofs of the Indians ponies on the upward path, and the shouts of our pursuers.

After we had gone some distance I looked back. The nearest ponies had no riders. We had stampeded them when our own horses started up the path.

But we were not safe. A rifle-shot told me the band were in pursuit, and some would certainly catch their ponies. From that moment our ride became a race for life. The chances were all against us.

With only my own horse to manage, I



knew I could easily escape without firing a shot. But with Tom wounded, and his horse to lead, I was handicapped. A led horse can never make the speed of a free one. He is always afraid of the one ahead.

But my blood was up, and the trail was clear. I was determined that if Tom and I were captured Roaring Buffalo would pay dearly for the victory. The trail, as it wound its way through the thickly growing pines, led south. And, as we passed from the thick, difficult parts, to thinner bosage at a lower level, the way became straighter and broader. I increased our speed.

Still, if this proved to our advantage, it was no less an advantage to the Indians. And their ponies, being smaller and more accustomed to these mad gallops over mountain trails, were actually gaining.

Just how many there were in pursuit I could not tell. Certainly not the full score I had seen listening to Roaring Buffalo.

"Scott," groaned Dover, "I can't keep this up. I am dying, I think. And what difference does it make anyway? I ain't got no one to live for."

"As many as I have," I shouted back, urging my horse to greater speed.

"But we can't both get away. Leave me and they will take out their spite on me. You go on and tell them at the fort."

"I tell you I won't leave you. We'll run as long as we can. If we have to fight we'll fight. If we've got to die, we'll die together."

"Don't talk that way, Barry. You are young. The mines will make you rich. Find some nice girl to love. Marry her and get away from this life. They'll get you some time, the same as they got me."

"They haven't got you yet."

"But they have. I'm bleeding. I'll give you my claim. You'll be a millionaire. Leave me and—"

"Oh, shut up! I've answered that."

The pace was now furious. I swung down around a crescent hill, and then with a bound the two horses cleared a gully and we were going down an incline where there were no trees, and ahead I could see the narrow trail stretching out through the buffalo grass.

"Now for it," I cried. "Get a good grip. I know what these horses can do."

Away we went with a fresh spurt, and were down on the level when from behind there came the crack of a rifle and a ball sang past my head.

"That's too close for comfort," I said, and I reined my horse aside from the trail and held him in.

Three unriden horses galloped past us, and behind them came five of the Shicha Sioux.

I sent a ball into the foremost and he tumbled to the ground. The other four came on without slackening speed, and I took my revolvers from their holsters.

Then I began a fusillade that feezed them. The second shot took the fourth Indian from his saddle, the third sent a pony to his knees.

The two who remained stopped, looked behind, and seeing they were alone, galloped back for help.

Taking advantage of this respite, I swung my horse into the trail again, and a word sent him stretching his length low over the ground, and the hammering of his hoofs was like the reports of a modern rapid-fire gun.

"Barry, I can't go on," shouted Tom. "I tell you, you've got to leave me."

"Hang on," was all I answered. Yet I knew when I spoke that it was no easy matter for a wounded man to cling to a galloping horse, with neither bridle nor saddle.

Suddenly there was a groan behind me and I turned. Dover had relaxed his hold and fallen to the ground. He lay perfectly still, as though dead or stunned.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A SERIOUS MISHAP.

I TURNED my horse, rode back, and leaped down beside Dover.

"Are you much hurt, Tom?" I asked. A groan was my only answer.

I raised his head, and knowing that Dover usually had a flask with him, groped through his clothes to find it. It was not there. His captors had undoubtedly taken it. There was no water handy, and all I could do was to rub his wrists and temples with my hot, dry hands. This did little good.

"See if you can walk, Tom," I said. "I'll hold you."

"I can't walk. I tell you to save yourself."

"I'm going to, if I can, and you, too. There's no water here, but Big Bear Spring is only a quarter of a mile away. I'll get you there if I have to drag you."



I picked him up, and, with the end of my lariat in my hand, started with my burden, leading two horses instead of one. But I could make little headway like that.

"My horse has got to carry us both," I announced. "He can do it."

Dover demurred again, but I paid no attention. I got him on my horse, over the withers, and then got up behind him. We started again, but with a double load I did not push the animal to any great speed.

I had concluded that the Indians had given us up, afraid to come out in the open, and without any mishap we reached Big Bear Spring. This was a tiny stream of water coming from the rocks that formed the base of the first slope to the hills, and from the little waterfall it ran through the buffalo grass till it was lost farther on in the dry earth.

Here I helped Tom down from the horse to the ground near the spring.

He lay on his belly and quenched his thirst and I did the same. Farther down where there was a little pool the horses dried it up.

"Now for the wound," I said. "Bullet or knife?"

"Knife."

I soon had the hurt bathed and the bleeding checked.

"Now," he said, "I'll have something to say. I am not going on. You take the two horses, and I'll hide in the grass. It is tall enough to cover me, and when you make the fort somebody will come after me."

"I am not going straight to the fort. I am going to Stark's ranch, and you are coming with me. Now shut up about *that*."

"You are an obstinate kid. Well, I've got a piece of paper and an indelible pencil."

"Going to write a love-letter?"

"No, my will. I know I can't reach Stark's alive, so I'm going to leave you my claim. It is as payment for killing me taking me there."

"Fudge! Come on. We have nothing to fear now. Let's get on."

"Oh, the deuce take you and your stubbornness. Well, come along."

Bill Stark was a big man, and everything he had and everything he did were big things. His ranch was the second in size in Dakota. His house was large and comfortable. He had vast herds of cattle and employed a large number of men.

Surrounding the house was a stockade

built when the Sioux roamed at will over what is now South Dakota.

Dover and I reached the ranch without further adventure, but Tom was nearly done for. As we rode in through the gate of the stockade we were met by Stark himself. He stopped and looked at me suspiciously, and then at Tom.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Stark?" I asked with a laugh. "Scott my name is, when I wear my own clothes."

He looked startled.

"What does this mean, Scott?" he asked anxiously. "Dover hurt, and you dressed like an Indian, and in war-paint!"

"It means that the Shicha Sioux are out. They had Dover, but I got him away."

"The Shichas again? I heard rumors. What's the trouble?"

"The railroad through the hills to Deadwood. They don't want it."

"And they are on the war-path?"

"Yes, under old Roaring Buffalo, the worst of the lot. But I can't take time to talk. You may have to defend your place. Help me get Dover to bed. Then I want something to eat and a fresh horse."

"Where are you going?"

"Fort Taylor. Colonel Dennison must know this, and we must have some troops out here."

"You will not go alone?"

"Yes. I'll get through all right. And your fellows will have all they want to do if the Sioux come here."

"Do you think there will be trouble?"

"There will if something isn't done at once. If the Shichas are joined by the Mandans, Brules and Santee Sioux we'll have a lot of burning and murdering. I'll flop down for a wink of sleep while they are fixing me some grub. I haven't slept all night."

I was always at home in Stark's big house, and was soon asleep in a comfortable bed. I slept an hour. Then I had something to eat, and when I had finished I found one of Stark's best horses saddled ready for me to start.

Mounting, and cheered by the shouts of a dozen or more of the men of the ranch, I rode out of the stockade.

I knew every inch of the trails and cross trails between the ranch and the fort. My way led in a northeasterly direction, along, for the most part, the south fork of the Big Cheyenne, although at times the trail made a wide détour.



I rode like the deuce, and knew some short cuts where one horse could go, but where a troop of cavalry would have difficulty unless stretched out too much to be an effective force if attacked.

I was in no mood to spare either my mount or myself, and at the swiftest gallop to which I could force him, I covered much ground with Stark's horse.

But he was a young animal, accustomed to the good lanes on Stark's ranges, and not galloping like a mad thing over ground that was soft sand in one place, loose stones in another, and swamp in another. He got rattled when I plunged him into the clumps of cottonwood poplars that grew thickly along the streams, dangerous because of outcropping roots. He was not used to this, and I had crossed three streams, for I was on the northerly side of the South Fork, and was getting near Box Elder Creek when the horse stumbled and fell.

I was hurled to the ground but not severely injured. When I got to my feet, however, I was sadly grieved. The horse had broken his neck and was dead.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RENEGADE SCOUT.

THIS was a more serious mishap than I wished to acknowledge even to myself. Of course, I knew the trails on foot as well as on horseback. But it would take me a long time to walk to the fort, even from Box Elder Creek. And without a horse my chance of escape if overtaken by a band of marauding Indians was almost nil.

But there was no horse to be had. Stark's ranch was as far behind as the fort was ahead, and there was nothing for me to do but push on. I took the holsters from the saddle-pockets and fastened them to my belt. All else I had in the pockets amounted to little, and, leaving the horse lying on the trail, I went on through the cottonwoods.

These did not continue far, and I was soon in the buffalo grass and in plain view of anybody who might chance to ride that way. But I saw nobody and hurried on.

I reached Box Elder Creek, and stopped there for the night. There was, just where the creek emptied into the South Fork, a clump of white elms, and in the shelter of these I made my camp. This consisted of building a fire and cooking a wild turkey I had shot, and then going to sleep.

Crossing the creek to continue my journey in the morning, I got into a low thicket of small shrubs, and as I hugged the bank of the South Fork closely I was screened from observation from the plains.

I was going along almost noiselessly in my Indian moccasins, with my rifle ever ready for instantaneous use, when I suddenly stopped, as I fancied I heard a voice.

Listening intently, I heard another, the unmistakable guttural tongue of the Sioux. The man to whom he was talking was evidently a white man.

I crept cautiously through the brush to get a glimpse of the speakers. It was possible that a white man wanted assistance, although the voices sounded friendly enough.

I reached a spot where I could hear, and from which I could peer through an opening in the thickly growing branches.

I saw four Indians and a white man. Three Indians were standing with their arms folded, while the fourth, evidently a chief, was holding some sort of confab with the white man.

He was dressed much as I had been previous to my exchange with the Indian, and as Dover had been when I carried him to Stark's. In fact, he was, as Dover and I, a paid government scout.

It was Dave Rakely, a man I had never liked. He talked too much and drank too much, and was altogether of a kind that neither Dover nor I had much use for.

But what was he doing there, talking with a Sioux chief—either a Mandan or a Brule?

As I watched, I saw the chief's keen eyes reading him like a book.

"You say," said the Indian in the Sioux tongue, "that you have the plan of the fort? That you will tell us the best time to attack?"

"Yes," replied Rakely. "I'm through. The colonel gave me a cold deal, and I'm sick of it all. I'm going to get away from here, and I want the gold. Where is it?"

"The gold? I have the gold," was the chief's reply. "But the plan—the picture of the inside of the fort. Where is that?"

"Here," replied Rakely with a laugh. "It doesn't amount to much, after all. All Fort Taylor amounts to is this: It is a great big stockade, built a little better than most, with a big gate. Inside there are two or three log houses and rows of tents. In the rear is where the horses of the cavalry are kept. Now, you know as much about it as I do."



"Yes?"

"There is no use going too soon. Just as soon as Colonel Dennison learns that you are out, or that Roaring Buffalo has attacked that railroad construction-gang, he'll send a lot of men out. Then will be the time to assemble a lot of your tribesmen and attack the fort."

"Good!" grunted the Indian. "You have not told me much, but it will do us good. Here is the gold we promised."

I saw a leather bag pass from the chief's hand to that of Rakely's, scarcely lighter in color than the Indian's.

I was filled with contempt for the cowardly traitor, and felt almost like shooting him down in cold blood. But I realized I had not been appointed official executioner for the government, and I had important work to do. Some time, when I was not in a hurry, Mr. Rakely would walk into my trap and stand eventually before some United States military judges.

More important to me just then than the question of Rakely's treachery was the one as to how he and the Indians reached that spot. It was to be answered for me by themselves.

"Where do you go now?" asked Rakely.

"We go to join Roaring Buffalo. There is much to be done."

"And I've got to make some kind of a fool report to the colonel. I'll tell him that I had a talk with you, and that the Brules are not going out."

"Good! Where is your horse?"

"Down here a little way—near the river."

So he had a horse. Whatever happened to Dave Rakely, it was already determined in my own mind that it would be Barry Scott who rode that horse into Fort Taylor.

He left the chief and walked rapidly toward the spot where his horse was waiting, and I crept noiselessly after him.

The horse was a good one, for Dennison, who depended so much on his scouts, had insisted that we all should have the best horflesh under us.

The animal was standing idly, swinging his tail and head. There was little for him to eat except the green shoots of the stunted shrubs. Rakely walked straight toward him.

From cover, only a few feet behind him, I made a rush. He either heard or felt me coming, and turned.

At first, he thought from my dress I was an Indian, but I spoke.

"I'll relieve you of that horse," I said,

and I sent my fist crashing against his jaw. He went down like a log.

I suppose I should have arrested him then and there. But I had no witnesses to prove his treachery, and the possession of a bag of gold could be accounted for in many ways. I frequently had a bag of gold myself.

So, giving him a terrific kick in the side, I mounted his horse and once more started on a mad gallop for the fort.

The sentinel at the gate of the stockade saw me coming and raised his rifle. When I got near enough I spoke.

"I'm Scott," I said. "Who is the officer of the day?"

"Lieutenant Blackwell."

"Quick, then. I have news for the colonel only."

The word was passed, an officer came, and upon hearing my explanation conducted me at once to Colonel Dennison.

"You, Scott, and in war-paint and feathers? What does it mean?" he asked.

"I have to report, colonel, that the Shicha Sioux under Roaring Buffalo are on the war-path, the Brules are to join them, and perhaps the Mandan Sioux. Part of the Brules are to attack this fort, having received information from Dave Rakely in return for a bag of gold. Also, that Tom Dover is wounded and at Stark's ranch, and the railroad construction people need help. In short, unless the outbreak is put down at once there will be much bloodshed."

"Well," said the colonel in a very mild way, "we are coming to it. It's that spur of the railroad. I knew it would anger the Sioux. Well, if they want fight, we'll give it to them."

He called an orderly.

"Request Captain Norton of Troop M to come to me."

## CHAPTER VI.

### TROOP M IN THE SADDLE.

THE sound of the bugle, always pleasing music to me, was the signal for the beginning of a lively scene in the fort.

The officers of Troop M and their soldiers, for the most part young, the men being in their first enlistment, and the officers mostly young West Pointers, were soon saddling, buckling, and arming.

The harsh commands, the tramping of horses, the clanking of sabers, all made a



noise that sounded confusing in a scene where everything was as orderly as military precision and discipline could make it.

Norton himself was about thirty years old; but, young as he was, he had won for himself the name of being one of the most daring cavalry leaders in the West.

He was a good-looking fellow, clear-eyed, deep-chested; and his clothes, whether service or undress, or full dress, always fitted him well, and he looked every inch the soldier and the leader as he sat astride his big black horse.

Whether the fighting blood of Troop M was better than that of the other troops, I don't know. I don't believe it was, for all the men under Colonel Dennison were brave soldiers.

But it was a well-known fact that whenever there was a daredevil expedition ahead, a tough job, such as the trailing of Roaring Buffalo might prove to be, Norton and Troop M got it.

It was not long before Troop M was waiting.

Captain Norton had a last few words with the colonel, and then the bugle-call sent us scurrying out through the gate of the stockade, with Norton in the lead and me riding at his side.

"Where do you think we'll be most likely to meet the Sioux now?" asked the captain.

"To my mind a little northeast of Capron Peak."

"Why, there's no town there, is there?"

"Well, not a town exactly. There is a settlement. It is there one portion of the railroad is to be built. And the construction-gang has just come in, and the surveyors haven't gone. Then the miners have chosen the spot they call Kawkee for a town site, and you know what a new town of miners is. Some have women with them, and the divekeepers, and all. It must be a place of three hundred people."

"Fine chance for Roaring Buffalo's knives and tomahawks," commented Norton. "Heaven grant we may get there in time to save them!"

But what if Roaring Buffalo had been joined by the rest of the Shichas, which sub-tribe of the Sioux I knew numbered more than two thousand, and the Brules, and the Mandans, and perhaps the Santee Sioux? Although most of the Santees were in Nebraska, and not so likely to rise as the others. But the possibility was enough to disquiet me.

We spent but little time in camp. Just enough to rest the horses and give the men a chance to sleep a bit and eat.

The trail was left to me, and I led the troop as straight as I could to where I had seen the conclave at the foot of the cliff, and rescued Tom Dover.

There were no Indians there now, but the blackened, charred wood of the fires and other evidences of a camp proved that I had told the truth.

"They have gone," said Norton. "Now, which way do you think?"

"I still think toward Kawkee, but I'll make it a certainty."

The troop was dismounted while I made my search. I left the half-moon basin and walked northward some distance.

There was a clear trail, and one not easy to lose. I returned to Norton.

"If," he said when I had made my report, "Roaring Buffalo took away his men right after you and Dover escaped, this place you call Kawkee has probably been wiped out."

"I don't think they were in any hurry. I know the Shichas pretty well. They are a bloodthirsty lot, with the most cruel kinds of torture for their captives. But they are like a cat with a mouse. They love to procrastinate—talk, talk, and still talk. They are born orators and actors. They will gabble and gesticulate for hours at a time over some fool thing that is already practically settled.

"My own belief is that they have waited while a messenger was sent for reinforcements. You see, they lost some men. I left one on the cliff up there dead or dying. Another one I knocked out on that path leading to the cliff, and I shot two while getting away with Dover. If one man does that, they won't tackle a settlement where there are probably a hundred good shots."

"Well, we'll get on, anyway. The boys can eat when it is over."

Again we were in the saddle, going at a lope around the foot-hills, over ground then virgin, but where now there are iron rails and towns and farms. We had not gone five miles when I saw a man ahead coming toward us at a furious gallop.

"Something's up," said Norton.

This was evident. Suddenly we saw the fellow make a desperate clutch in the air, and then roll from his horse to the ground, where he lay motionless.

"Forward," ordered Norton, and we went ahead faster.



I leaped to the ground and knelt at the fallen man's side. He was young, with clear-cut features, and an intelligent face.

"I am Ferguson, of the surveyors," he said. "Everybody around is at Kawkee. The Indians have surrounded the place. Several white men have been killed. I guess I'm done for. Never mind me. Go and save the women."

Norton swung in his saddle and shouted:

"Sergeant Cooley, keep ten men with you and take care of this man. Get under cover of the hills. We'll be back soon."

The bugle blared his next command, and his sword glistened in the sunlight. Troop M leaped like a tiger in leash.

Roaring Buffalo had plenty of fun ahead.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CAPTAIN DOWN.

WE had a clear run through the buffalo grass on a dead level plain for several miles, which Troop M covered in short order. Then the way to the settlement of Kawkee led through stony country and across little streams from the hills and narrow defiles.

Whether somebody had intended Kawkee eventually to become a city I do not know. If this had been the purpose when the miners and prospectors flocked there seeking safety in numbers and shelter in the shacks the construction gang had set up, that purpose was badly shattered by Roaring Buffalo and his Shicha Sioux.

We had just made our exit from the north end of a narrow defile where we had to ride two abreast, Norton and I in the lead, when we came upon a small party of men who were in just as great a hurry to get as far away from Kawkee as we were to get there.

Some of them were wounded.

"You come from Kawkee settlement?" demanded the cavalry captain.

"Yes. Here is what is left of our crowd, and almost every man is wounded."

"Are the people all out of the settlement?"

"Good Lord, no. They can't get out. Why, the Indians have surrounded the place. Some of the houses are burning. Some of the women are there yet. Hurry up. Never mind us. We'll take care of one another."

"But can you?"

"Yes. Take all your men to fight. You'll need them."

"Back there about four miles," said Norton, pointing with his sword to the south, "you'll find ten of my men under a sergeant. They are probably under cover in the pines. They will take care of you."

At a word from him the bugle blared again and we started on. We had not far to go.

"It is burning, sure enough," said Norton.

Ahead we could see a great pall of smoke hanging low in the air. Behind us there was an ominous grumbling of human voices. Troop M had had several meetings with various tribes of the Sioux nation, and bore a hatred of their methods that nothing but fight could satisfy.

"Burning the women!" I heard a young officer behind me say. "I'll bet this is Roaring Buffalo's last raid."

"If we can get the old scoundrel," added another.

Suddenly, about half a mile ahead of us, we saw a group of Indians sitting on their ponies. There were probably fifty, so the remainder of the Shichas had probably risen and were joining Roaring Buffalo.

They sat contentedly watching the smoke and flames of the houses they had set on fire, and from their very quiet we knew there were more, and that any poor devil who ran from the burning town would be killed by a waiting band of savages.

Troop M was just in the mood for what was bound to happen. When it sailed into a lot of Indians there was no soft pedal, no pianissimo, about the matter.

The bugle blared. Sabers flashed in the sunlight. Spurs were driven into the flanks of gallant horses. Pistols were loosened in their holsters.

The half-mile was eaten up and Norton's horse almost crashed into the pony of the chief of this band, whose name was Red Wolf. He had a reputation second only to that of Roaring Buffalo.

The chief fired. The saber in Norton's hand almost severed his head from the rest of him, and Norton's voice rose above the tumult.

"Follow none! Kill those who stay to fight!"

The troop had spread out, the right and left wing extending beyond the lines of the band, and then drawing round it, till with shouts of vengeful victory the intrepid



riders closed in and the punishment began. But the fight was not to be won with such ease. From out of the smoke came a howling horde led by Roaring Buffalo himself. His waving feathers were in advance of his warriors, but the latter were coming as fast as their ponies could bring them.

The band that had been led by Red Wolf took courage, and stood their ground for a while, but the charge, the slashing, the revolver volleys of the cavalry boys sent so many to the ground that they broke from us and scurried to meet the big chief.

This gave Norton a chance to get his men in order again. Some were killed, some wounded and on the ground.

"We want none of these Shichas as prisoners," he said. "Now at them."

The troop met Roaring Buffalo with a shock that shook the earth. When horse and pony struck at terrific speed, the superior weight of the cavalry horse sent the pony to the ground, and he generally carried a dead or wounded Indian with him.

Twenty minutes of this kind of fighting bring results

Roaring Buffalo had been in fights before. The policy of the army had been to defeat the Sioux and conduct them to their lands.

But the massacre of Custer's command was yet fresh in the minds of the soldiers of Troop M, and Washington was far away.

"Remember the Little Big Horn!"

"Remember—Custer!"

Nobody knew who shouted that first. But it was taken up and rolled with swelling volume across the troop, and back again.

It was like "Remember the Alamo!" in its intensity and vigor and vengeful meaning.

Spurred by the slogan of deadly war, the troop swung into Roaring Buffalo's bands of braves and sabered a swath through them as a farmer goes through standing wheat with a scythe.

Roaring Buffalo had never shown mercy when he was victorious. He saw no mercy now in the faces of Troop M. The blood-curdling war-whoops that had made the onslaughts of the Sioux so horrible fell without effect on the ears of the fighting troopers. And the vim and courage of the Sioux began to flag.

There is no braver nor more cruel conqueror than a successful Sioux. There is no bigger coward than a beaten one.

The stoicism of the Indian is largely

poetical. He will bear pain with Spartan fortitude. But his courage consists in sneaking on a victim unawares. More whites have been killed by a blow from behind by Indians than in open fight. Ambush, treachery, lies—these are the bulwarks of Indian warfare.

Seeing that he would lose his whole band if he remained to fight the infuriated troopers, Roaring Buffalo sounded a loud call, and there was a stampede for cover on the hills.

I turned to Norton in wonder that he gave no command to follow. He was swaying in his saddle. I caught him just as he was about to fall.

"Hark—hark—" he murmured.

"I am here, captain," said the young lieutenant, not long out of West Point.

"Take—command—. Take—care—women—"

With these words the gallant captain fainted in my arms, and Troop M was in command of First Lieutenant Harkness, who looked like a boy and fought like a devil.

Men came to assist in lifting the captain from his horse, and Troop M gathered in the saddle, to await the orders from their new commander.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE WAY TO STARK'S RANCH.

For a moment the young lieutenant knelt at the side of his captain, feeling for a heart-beat. His handsome face clouded as he glanced toward the last of the retreating Indians disappearing on a trail that lost itself among the pines on the hills.

"Let them go," he said. "We'll get them all right. It's what to do about the captain that worries me now. We are far from the fort for a man so badly wounded."

"And there are others wounded, too, lieutenant," I added.

"Yes, I know. It has been a sanguinary fight."

He stood up, and his keen eyes roved over the plain. Scores of Sioux warriors, ponies either shot or with broken legs, and too many of Troop M, dotted the landscape.

"We've got to get these wounded men somewhere, and it will kill them all to try and make the fort."

"If I might advise, lieutenant," I put in.



"Advise! Man alive, it's what you are for! I can fight! I can lead the troop into battle. But I can't do that and take care of wounded men."

"No," I answered, "and you can't spare many men. Are you going to fight again?"

"You can bet your last round of ammunition I'm going to fight."

"Well, some of these fellows who are too badly wounded to do any fighting, are still able to take care of men worse off than themselves. To make any attempt to get all these fellows to the fort would require half your troop. You cannot afford that, for word must be got to Colonel Dennison before you can expect any reinforcements."

"I would suggest that you establish a refugee camp among the rocks, and gather in all you can who are still in Kawkee, or who have escaped, and place a guard there. You can recall Sergeant Cooley and his ten men, and leave him in command. There is plenty of game in the hills, and, of course, you will choose your camp where there is water. If you get some of the women they will prove good nurses."

"Your ideas are excellent."

"Then, as for Captain Norton, I would advise not trying to get him to the fort, nor keeping him here. I know how Colonel Dennison feels toward him, and I think it would be well to get him to Bill Stark's ranch as soon as possible. There will be a surgeon on hand, for I left Tom Dover there wounded."

"Yes."

"When the captain is patched up I will send the surgeon under escort to fix up the rest of the boys."

"Blamed if I don't think your advice is good, Scott. Anyway, it is good enough for me. And I know Stark will make the captain welcome."

"You may be sure of that."

"Well, I'll send our parties to bring in the fugitives from Kawkee, and Cooley's crowd. And I'll send—Morris! Sergeant Morris!"

"Sir?" said a grizzled veteran, saluting.

"Take six men, and escort, under the guidance of Scout Scott, Captain Norton to Stark's ranch."

"Yes, sir. And return to you, sir?"

"As to that you must be guided by circumstances and your own judgment. I shall meet the Sioux again, but they may divide and the ranch itself may be attacked. If there seems any danger of that, which

Scott will learn, then stay and defend the ranch."

Harkness had said all he wanted to say to me, and he had much to do. Sergeant Morris was an old plainsman, and needed no further instructions. We soon had a stretcher made to be swung from his horse and mine, in which the captain could be carried easily.

The sergeant knew something about field surgery, and my experience with Dover for years had taught me much. We gave the captain some whisky, bathed his wounds, trussed him up with bandages, and he soon returned to consciousness.

"Where is Harkness?" were the first words he uttered.

"He has gone to establish a refugee camp, and round up the people who ran from Kawkee, and those who are still there," I answered.

"Did the reds run?"

"Sure. They are running yet. What else did they ever do when an open fight went against them? They didn't furnish the surprise they did to Custer. We did that."

"What are these men doing here?"

"Harkness detailed Sergeant Morris with six men to escort you to Stark's ranch."

"Why Stark's?"

"Well, it isn't as far as the fort, and you'll get good care."

"But I don't need better care than the other fellows."

"Harkness is in command. We obey."

"All right, I'll be good. Harkness is all right."

"You bet he is."

"And there will be more fighting."

"Not for you. We have no time to lose. We've got a horse-litter rigged up here, two long pine poles and some blankets. We'd better move."

We were soon on the march. Straps held the front ends of the little poles, one on each side of my horse, the straps running over the saddle. The rear ends were held in the same manner over the sergeant's mount. On either side rode three troopers ready for a scrimmage.

In this way we marched five miles, perhaps more. I took no particular notice of distance, but knew we were on the right trail. We were going south. On our right were the pine-clad hills where hundreds of hiding places or ambushes were to be found. On our left lay the great stretch of plains covered with buffalo grass.



Suddenly I saw, some distance ahead of us, and making for the hills, a small party of whites. I counted three men, two women, and a little boy.

From their evident haste I judged they had fled from Indians, but as they were not coming from the direction of Kawkee I could not determine what band they were running away from. Of course the natural conclusion was that another company of Sioux had broken loose and was on the war-path with Roaring Buffalo.

"Sergeant," I said, "we've got to meet those people ahead there and learn where the trouble is. We can't risk a fight with the captain in this litter."

"No, the horses might stampede."

"Look!" I exclaimed. "See that cloud rolling up from the horizon? More Indians. We've got to get under cover. Let's hurry. There is a trail that gives some shelter."

We were near the half-moon basin, and I led the way up the stony path to the pony trail I knew so well. Again we turned to the south, always trending toward Bill Stark's big ranch.

## CHAPTER IX.

### MAKING A STAND.

A LITTLE to the right of the pass, and on higher ground, there was a jumble of rocks that seemed to indicate the Almighty, after making a great portion of the Black Hills, growing disgusted with the result, had thrown all the unused material down in anger, and left it where it fell. There was everything from a pebble to a boulder in the way of stones, and there were mounds of earth, and gullies, and crevices, and pine-trees growing out of thin soil, and mountain-ash growing out of nothing at all. It is astonishing how little soil a mountain-ash needs to keep it alive, and also how little use it is even if alive.

As I turned toward this rough spot of distorted nature, intending to make some sort of refuge there, the little band of men and women came up the trail from the south.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"We are brothers," said one of the men. "Our name is Abbott. We have settled to the south of the south fork. Our houses are burned now, though. These are my two brothers, and these are their wives, and

this boy is Jake's. This is Jake, and this is Mrs. Jake, and this is Jim, and this is Mrs. Jim. I am Ed, but there ain't no Mrs. Ed."

"Horses gone?"

"Yes, everything. We managed to get across the river alive, and made for the hills. I've been the hunter for the family, and I've been here after bear and mountain-sheep."

"Lose anybody back there?"

"No, thank Heaven. I was out with my horse and rifle and saw Indians, single, scouting, and knew there was going to be trouble. I hurried back to the farm and found five there getting the horses and taking the cattle. We shot two, but the other three got away with the animals. We knew we'd be killed if we stayed, so we crossed the river in a flatboat and hurried here."

"What made you think this place would be safe?"

"Where else could we go?"

"Why didn't you make for the fort?"

"We could never get there. The country between here and the fort is alive with Indians. There must be fifty in that gang that's coming."

"Then we are wasting time talking. We'll have to build some kind of a fort. There are eleven of us able-bodied. We ought to do something if we have a stone redoubt."

We dismounted. Morris called on two of the troopers to help, and with the blankets of the men we made a comfortable bed for the captain, while the other troopers picketed the horses.

Then we got to work.

With plenty of material at hand it doesn't take a dozen men very long to build a breastwork of stone in a circle.

We would have liked to make it large enough to take in the horses, but we knew we did not have time for that. We would save them if we could, but with fifty Indians coming we would be lucky if we saved ourselves.

The captain looked on seriously at our preparations.

"The Brules and Mandans must all be out," he said. "It will be hellish work."

"The whole Sioux nation is out," I replied. "Roaring Buffalo wants to rival Sitting Bull in reputation. But if I live long enough he won't be taken to a Federal prison to live on the fat of the land like



the old fiend who engineered Custer's massacre. Roaring Buffalo killed my father."

The captain smiled grimly. He understood my temper.

"I'll take a look and see what's doing below," I added.

I crossed the trail and from the cliff gazed out over the plain. The Indians were coming in a leisurely fashion, and I knew by their feathered bonnets they were on the war-path.

They were following the trail of the Abbotts, and were coming straight toward us. I returned to the little stone fort and reported.

The two women were brave. They spent no time weeping. The boy sat on a stone and looked at us with big eyes, grave with wonder.

At the point where we had built the fort there was no direct way of reaching the upper trail from the lower plain. The Indians followed the same path as the Abbotts, striking the trail farther south, but even then were compelled to leave their ponies on the level.

We waited with what patience we could command.

"When you see an Indian," I said, "shoot him. It will avail nothing to wait, and this is no time for sentiment. Plug him good. It's the only way."

Suddenly, bursting into view with a mighty whoop, came a dozen redmen. They saw our horses and they saw the newly-made fort.

And then there was a dozen more. They clambered on rocks. They appeared in thick bosks of pine. They hung from rocky tables.

"Let 'em have it!" I ordered.

Our eleven rifles sent a volley into them, each man picking his own target.

Howls of savage rage filled the air. Indians tumbled from rocks and fell prone upon the trail. Those in plain view dropped where they stood.

And then, as suddenly as they had appeared, they disappeared.

"What! No attack?" exclaimed Jim Abbott.

"Load well," I replied. "Don't you worry about an attack. You'll get all you want. They got a little bigger dose than they expected, but they know they've got us in their power. An Indian on the war-path will bide his time. He prefers to wait rather than risk his life."

"You are right, Scott," said Norton. "When an Indian is silent watch him well. It is then he is most dangerous."

## CHAPTER X.

### THIRST AND HUNGER.

THE hills and woods were quiet. If there had been birds that sang or beasts that howled before the appearance of the Indians, they were silent now. Eleven rifles belching at once warned them that danger was abroad.

"What do you make of it?" asked one of the Abbott brothers.

"I make this," I replied. "They are either preparing a great surprise for us, or are going to starve us out. You see we chanced upon a place that was easily fortified, but there is no water and we shall need grub. Those fellows know we can't stay long without water, and rather than risk any more precious Sioux lives they will beleaguer the place."

"Yet help must come."

"It must come, yet help doesn't come unless it is called. We've got our work cut out for us, and must be watchful at all times, day and night. Troop M may come this way, and it may not. So far as I can see now our salvation depends on ourselves."

I tried to speak cheerfully, but in my own heart there was little hope. I knew Harkness had about all he could think of and attend to. With his camp of refugees, and the chase after Roaring Buffalo, he could not give us much attention, and nobody knew where he could be found. The Black Hills cover a large expanse of country, and Roaring Buffalo, although defeated once, had braves enough to keep Troop M busy for a long time.

There was little food among us all, and that night it was eaten, and the canteens of the troopers held only sufficient to go once around.

It was bad enough to be at the mercy of half a hundred blood-thirsty Sioux. I shuddered to think of what might happen if hunger and thirst were added to our miseries.

That night we divided into groups for sentry duty. I was one of four to keep awake from midnight till four in the morning. Two of the Abbotts and one of the soldiers completed our party.

At one o'clock the little Abbott boy was



restless and I heard him say to his mother in a low tone:

"Mama, I wish I had a drink of water. I am awful thirsty."

She quieted him with a whisper.

"It's tough on the kid," said the trooper.

That morning, after we were relieved by the next guard, I crept through a hole in our fort wall and reconnoitered the vicinity. It was dangerous work, but it was necessary for us to know what we were up against.

Camped on the plain below was a body of Indians, about ten in number, with all the horses of the band.

Creeping through the trees I saw enough to understand the situation. We were surrounded. The trail to the north and south was held by larger numbers than our own little band, and scattered among the hills and valleys were the rest.

Escape on every side was cut off. They were going to starve us out.

I returned to the little fort and had a quiet talk with Morris, then turned in for a short sleep. But my slumbers were fitful. I was awake for most of the few hours I lay down. Always when I roused from a slight doze I heard the little Abbott boy whimpering for water.

And once, while I lay on the ground with my eyes shut, I heard the captain murmur:

"My Heaven, what wouldn't I give for water!"

I was ill at ease and could no longer content myself even to lie and rest. The body cannot rest with the mind in a ferment.

When I rose and saw the condition of the women I cursed the Sioux more, I think, than I did when they killed my father.

Hunger makes sad work when it suddenly strikes where it was never felt before. And thirst is accentuated by the knowledge that there is no water to be had.

I caught the captain looking at me with a peculiar expression in his eyes. They were dull, and becoming more so. But no complaint came from the gallant cavalryman. Of course he did not know that I had heard the involuntary plea for water his agony and fever had torn from him.

I was standing near the wall, where, through a peep-hole I could get a glimpse of the trail to the south, when little Jimmy Abbott came up to me.

"Mr. Scott," he said, "do Indians stay in one place long?"

"Why—sometimes, Jimmy. Why do you ask?"

"Mama says we can't have any water till they go. And—I'm 'most dead."

My heart ached for the little fellow. Inured to long marches with little food and no water myself, I knew the misery the little chap must be in.

When I got a chance I led Morris aside.

"Sergeant," I said, "we've got a long, hungry and thirsty day ahead, and can do nothing till dark. But I can't stand it any longer than nightfall. We must have water."

"You mean we need water. But you know it's worth a man's life to try to get any now."

"True. But I know a place just a little way from here, down near the ruin of that old mission on the plains, where there is a spring. I am going to try for that when it gets dark."

"You mean Deerfoot Spring? Good Heavens, man, Deerfoot Spring is two miles away."

"Two miles are nothing—in Dakota."

"You might do the two miles all right if you had a chance, but you wouldn't get twenty feet."

"I went more than twenty feet this morning when I was reconnoitering."

"So you did. If any man could do it you are the man. But this morning you passed no Indians. You could never get by them."

"I am not so sure about that. I am dressed the same as they are, and I did get into Roaring Buffalo's camp and release Dover. I am going to try."

"You would have only the canteens to fill."

"Well, half a dozen canteens would hold water enough for relief."

"If you could take a couple of the boys with you."

"No, I would have a better chance of getting through alone. The greatest danger would be the canteens rattling together. I'll manage somehow, though."

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT DEERFOOT SPRING.

WHEN I left Morris I saw the captain's eyes following me. The look in them had become almost pleading in spite of his heroic fortitude. I knew what the trouble was. He did not know his eyes were telling me. He would have torn out his tongue



rather than complain. But he wanted water. Fever had set in, and his torture must have been terrible.

"Captain," I said, "I've got a scheme."

"Well, Scott?"

"I'm going to make a break from here after dark and bring some water."

"You? Impossible."

"It isn't impossible. It's a chance. I know where good cold water can be had at Deerfoot Spring, and I'm going to take the canteens and try."

"Heaven bless you, Scott, but you'll never get through."

"I can try."

"Where is Deerfoot Spring?"

"About two miles from here."

"On the trail?"

"No, it isn't on the trail. It is east of the trail. There's an old mission near it. You must know the place."

"I remember the old mission. Yes, I know the place."

"I don't think there will be any trouble once I get away from here. But I've got to wait till it's dark."

It was weary enough waiting. There was nothing to eat, and I could see the women were beginning to suffer. But the long, miserable day drew to a close at last. There had been no attack from the Indians, and I had not expected any. As I had said before, Indians can afford to wait.

About half past eight I judged it was dark enough for me to make my attempt. I gathered six canteens, all I could carry, and slung them in every conceivable position to prevent their swinging against each other and making a noise.

I took my rifle and crawled through the same hole as I had in the morning, when I went to survey the scene.

I did not attempt the trail either north or south. I went straight to the edge of the cliff.

The space between the fort and the cliff was free of Indians. They had not considered it necessary to guard this spot. The drop to the plain was sheer, and about a hundred and fifty feet. It was impossible for us to escape that way, for if we did succeed in getting down the Indians guarding the horses would have us at their mercy.

From the cliff I could see the camp-fire on the plain, and the Indians squatting around it. I stood listening. There was not a sound.

Although, as I have said, the descent was

precipitous, there were stunted trees growing out of crevices and many points of rock.

If I could manage to crawl like a rat along the face of the cliff, using trees and jutting rocks for stepping places and hand-holds, till I passed the Indian guards on the north, I believed I would be safe.

This, however, was no easy undertaking. A slip, the relaxation of my grip for an instant, would send me plunging down to the level of the plain.

But I started, and made my way by inches. I stopped when I had a good spot that would hold me securely, and listened.

I heard no sound, but that halt was providential, as will be seen. While holding on, suspended between the cliff and plain, I saw, almost in front of me, a yawning hole. It ran straight into the side of the cliff and was large enough for a man to wriggle through. I fancied it was a washout due to some recent heavy storm, or perhaps had been there some time. But I had no recollection of ever having seen it before.

As well as I could I marked the position. I did not think I would make any use of it, but such was my habit on the trail—to mark everything that might in any extremity become of service.

I went on and made about three hundred feet along the face of the bluff. Then I let myself down slowly to the foot.

I had passed the danger of interception at the start. Could I make the spring? Could I return in safety?

Could I, laden with six canteens of water, repeat my acrobatic performance and reach the fort over the perilous route by which I had left it?

There could be no answer till I tried. I stood still a moment, peering all around me and taking deep breaths. Then I began to run.

I had been to Deerfoot Spring hundreds of times, and though the night was dark it was not difficult for me to make my course practically straight.

Deerfoot Spring was, in fact, a pond fed by spring water. Animals of the plains came there to drink, and sometimes from the hills.

There was a little fringe of box-elders around the pool, with a few willows, and about three hundred feet from it was the ruin of an old mission.

The edges of the spring were swampy, and the long grass in it made the footing slippery.



I reached the spring without mishap or adventure. No sound other than the usual night sounds in time of peace disturbed my thoughts. My only object, therefore, remained to get the canteens filled and return to the fort as soon as possible.

I walked carefully into the swampy fringe, my moccasined feet getting better hold on the submerged grass than boots would have done. I unslung the canteens, and stooping, or rather squatting, with my rifle laid horizontally across my legs, I began to fill them.

There is a sense called the sixth sense, which warns even a sleeping person of the unexpected presence of another. This sense is highly developed in men who spend their lives in the wilds, the open or the thicket, with no protection but their rifles, and no chance of warning but their own alertness.

While I was filling the canteens I stopped, put my hand to my rifle and listened.

Somebody was creeping up behind me.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN INDIAN'S CURIOSITY.

FOR a moment I was undetermined how to act. There was no doubt the individual behind me was an Indian, and an enemy. Had he discovered that I was a white man in disguise, or was he influenced thus far merely by curiosity?

Of course, well armed as I was, I could turn quickly and put a bullet through him.

But I knew that a single Indian, in time of war, would not be at Deerfoot Spring alone. And, though I had heard no sound of horses or men, I knew there must be more in the vicinity.

How many? That was a vital question with me, for I could not hope to fight a score.

My face was toward the water, and I was bending down. It was dark. There was every reason to think that the Indian thus far supposed I was one of his tribe or some tribe of the Sioux nation, and I refrained from using my rifle.

But it was essential that the spying brave should not discover what I was doing. If he saw six army canteens he would know that I was working for white men. No Sioux would be filling army canteens for warriors. If they wanted a drink they would ride to the pool and get it.

I quietly laid the canteens side by side under water, and then, as if I had finished quenching my own thirst, I rose, and without looking behind me, walked straight into the pool.

This, told in cold ink, may have two appearances. It may seem to have been a very nervy act, and it may seem to have been a very foolish one. But remember, I had lived in the Sioux country all my life, and acted as I did from my knowledge of the Sioux nature.

They are bloodthirsty as fiends, and as curious as monkeys.

I knew that the fellow behind me would not strike until his curiosity was satisfied. And I was not mistaken. I purposely slipped, seeming to have difficulty in keeping myself erect in the pool, which came about to my waist.

I heard the gentle splash of water as my neighbor followed me into the pool.

I went slowly, giving him a chance to get close to me. I could hear him breathing.

Then I suddenly slipped and fell, and as I did so I grabbed his feet under the water, and before he had a chance to shout or cry out he was choking and strangling, with me holding him down by the throat.

Keeping my own head above the water, I looked all around as well as I could, but saw no other Indians.

I did not care to kill this fellow, for the manner of it was too much like murder. But I waited till he ceased to struggle, and then dragged him out on the side of the pool opposite to where I went in.

I hauled him into the thicket of elders and left him.

It was now necessary for me to see how many Indians there were about, and where. I crept around the pool, keeping within the black shadows of the fringe of trees, and having gone about half-way round I saw all I wanted to see.

About two dozen Indians were camped there, and their horses were picketed on the plain.

They had no camp-fire, so I knew they were afraid of Troop M.

There was no doubt that they were part of Roaring Buffalo's force, having left the hills to meet others at the spring and conduct them to Buffalo's hiding-place in the pines.

Just now they were between me and the canteens. I reasoned that my advent at the pool was not known to them. The one



who had seen me had probably gone to the pool to get a drink, and having discovered me, perhaps thought at first I was one of his own band, and then overcome by a desire to know more, had followed me to his doom.

Even as I watched there seemed to be signs of restlessness in the camp.

I had no time to lose. I could have gone away safely, but I did not propose to go without the canteens.

I crept back to where the Indian lay and found him where I had placed him. From his condition he would stay there for some time.

But I did not want the others to discover him, and then, after reviving him, follow me on ponies.

I dragged him inside the old mission and covered him with débris that had gathered in corners, the outcome of many storms.

If he died, he died. Such is fate in time of war.

Then I went back to the pool, waded across it, and standing again on the slippery grass, began to pick up the canteens. I heard a grunt. Another redskin had come, either to quench his thirst or to see what was keeping his comrade.

But this fellow did not wet his moccasins. He had come to find one Indian, and to all intents and purposes, in the darkness, he was looking at one Indian.

When he had gone I slung the canteens around me as they had been before, and crept noiselessly away from the pool, keeping always in the blackest shadows.

In this way I reached the end of the bos-cage, and was out on the open plain. But it was so dark I did not think I would be seen.

I trudged on, weighted down by the full canteens, and traveled about a mile of the way back.

Suddenly there loomed up before me a shadow. It was not an Indian. At first I thought it was a horse; but, peering more closely, I could make out the outlines of a deer. He stood still, which seemed strange to me.

I was now in perplexity. I knew the people in the fort needed food as much as they did water. Yet I hesitated to fire, for on a still night the sound of a rifle carries far over the level plain.

But there was no help for it. I might not get out again, and the women would suffer tortures.

I raised my rifle, and the animal seemed to be trying to run. Then, before I had time to fire a shot, he fell.

I thought it might be a trick of the Indians to draw me near, but the need of food impelled me, and the pawing and snorting proved that it was a deer, and wounded.

I ran to him, and found my conjecture correct. He had been shot in the leg, and it was broken. He had gone as far as he could on three legs, and had then fallen in his desperate attempt to get away from me.

I despatched him with my hunting-knife, then cut off his head.

I could carry his body without the head and antlers, but with the canteens he made a heavy load. But I had my temper up, and was bound to get food and drink to my friends if I died in the attempt. So, doubly weighted, I staggered on.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HOW RAKELY HELPED.

I REACHED the foot of the cliff, but was just about exhausted when I got there. And now the real difficulty of the whole business confronted me.

It had been no very difficult matter, as has been seen, for me to crawl along the face of the bluff for three hundred feet, and then get down to the plain.

But it was entirely another proposition to get up the face of the rocks and crawl back that three hundred feet, carrying the carcass of a deer and six canteens full of water.

Indeed, it was an absolute impossibility. Yet to go back without them, having succeeded in getting them so far, was a hateful thought. I would not go back a failure. If I could not go back bringing succor to those who needed it, I wouldn't go back at all.

I threw the carcass of the deer against the wall, and sat down on it to think.

I could see the camp-fire of the horse-tenders on the plain, and most of them were either walking about or sitting in a squatting position on the ground. And one of them seemed to be talking earnestly to the others.

I could not hear his voice, but I could tell by his gestures that he was very much in earnest.

Then I saw the figure of one of them stoop over the fire to stir it. A bright flame shot up and pierced the darkness. I had a



better look at the orator. There was something familiar in his movements and appearance. I looked again, more keenly.

It was Dave Rakely, the renegade scout.

He had not, of course, dared to go to Fort Taylor after I had knocked him down and taken his horse. He knew I would report him.

He was now thick, lip and tongue, with the Sioux.

I watched him with that peculiar contempt a loyal soldier feels toward a traitor.

And, while I watched, the whole band—I counted a dozen—got up and went through the performance of swearing allegiance to something or other, I did not know what. But I knew their ways, and they were making vows in the Sioux manner.

Then Rakely left them, and walked toward me.

Burning thoughts rushed through my brain. I hated Rakely, and in my mood at the moment would have liked nothing better than a fight to the finish with him.

But it would do me no good to fight him, even if I killed him. The thing I wanted was to compel Rakely to help me. How was that delightful matter to be consummated?

I knew where he was going. Just south of where I was there was a path to the pony trail, the one the Abbotts had used, and also the Sioux that followed them. I could reach that path well enough, and get to the trail. But the difficulty was to reach the fort after I was on the trail.

Rakely had to pass me to get to this path, and I noticed that he was quite close to the cliff as he walked.

While I could see the Indians around the camp-fire, the very fact that they had a fire was security against their seeing me.

I had formed a plan. Desperate enough it was and full of hazard, but I had no time to waste. Rakely would not pass again, and I was determined to reach the fort.

I crouched under the cliff till he was opposite me, and then I sprang on him. I clutched his throat. I throttled him. He struggled like a mad bull, but he could not utter a sound to call for help.

Backward and forward we swayed in the gloom of the overshadowing cliff, and once or twice I thought the fellow was going to get away from me. But I was the stronger, and finally got him on his back and pummeled him almost into insensibility.

"Now, Rakely," I said, "do you know me?"

"Scott, curse you!"

"That is not polite, but it will do. Now, if you say a loud word, I'll run my knife between your ribs! Just lie still a minute."

I pulled great bunches of grass and stuffed them—roots, dirt, and all—in his mouth. Then I cut a long strip from his own hunting-shirt and bound his jaw tightly, so he could not get the gag out.

"You see," I said to him, "the way of the transgressor is really hard. There is no myth about it. I suppose you are afraid to die. Cowards and traitors are, as a rule. Well, you'll die right now, if you don't do as I order. Come here."

I was not gentle with him. I yanked him to the carcass of the deer, and made him put it on his back.

Then I took away all his weapons.

"Now," I said, "you and I are two Sioux hunters. There is not an Indian who will harm you, and with you in the darkness I am safe. Go south along this cliff, and strike up the path to the pony trail. I am right behind you with a long, sharp knife. I wouldn't shoot you because it would make a noise. But if you don't obey me, I'll cut your windpipe."

And he knew I would. He obeyed me in a sullen manner; but I cared not, so long as he obeyed.

We reached the steep, rugged path, climbed up that, and were soon on the pony trail. I felt exultant. About five hundred feet from us was the fort, but between us and the fort lurked a score of Indians. The question was how to distract their attention so that I could make the fort. I had figured this little matter out.

I took Rakely into the thicket. I relieved him of his load and took the straps off two canteens. With these I tied his arms around a tree so that by no possibility could he free himself.

He was still mum, with the dirty roots and buffalo grass in his mouth. I felt that at this moment Rakely did not love me.

I spread at his feet a lot of dried wood. Then I piled leaves so that a slow fire would eat toward him.

It was not my intention to burn him alive at the stake. I intended to have him do just what he did do.

I set fire to the leaves, and watched them burn till I knew they would not stop burning till somebody put them out.

Then I got the carcass of the deer on my shoulder, the two strapless canteens in my



hand, and then I yanked the gag out of Rakely's mouth and ran.

I had not long to wait. I hid among some rocks, and soon a loud shout in the Sioux language called for help.

The Sioux never do anything by degress, and there was a great whooping. All those to the south of the fort ran to help Rakely, their friend.

With my burden I made a dash to the fort, hurled the deer over the wall, and leaped over myself.

I was none too soon.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE HOLE IN THE CLIFF.

"Don't shoot, it's I, Scott!" I said. "Be ready for an attack. Wake everybody up!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Morris. "What was that hit me? I thought a horse fell on me."

"It was a deer. I brought it. I'll tell you all about it later. Here they come, and Rakely is leading."

The forests of pine resounded with the discordant yells of the enraged Indians. We could not see them as they darted in and out among the rocks and trees, and I cautioned those inside not to fire unless they saw the outlines of a man near the fort.

We had little holes where the stones didn't fit, through which we could fire, and the rifles of the Abbotts and the cavalry carbines kept barking spitefully out at the Indians.

Shouts and yells told us that we hit sometimes, and there were so many of us that the firing seemed continuous.

"Watch the wall!" I shouted.

It was needful. There was a sudden lull outside, and everything became quiet again.

"Now is the time to watch," said Norton. "They'll rush you."

Four tried it. In less than two minutes four dead Indians were thrown back to their comrades outside.

"Come again, curse you!" said Morris vengefully.

But they did not come again. They knew the temper and the strength of the cavalrymen who rode under Norton, and had no desire to follow their four comrades to a sure death.

But there was no more sleep in the fort that night. In fact, there was not a great deal of the night left.

From among the rocks, or the thicket,

there came spasmodically a volley. But the bullets pinged against the stones harmlessly.

Fortunately, there was neither tree nor hill near for the Indians to climb up and shoot down in among us.

So we spent the time till dawn. And then there was no sign that there were any Indians in the region.

Those we had killed had been dragged away.

"It's the same old story," said Morris. "They think we are green and will get out. Well, how did you fare?"

"Oh, I got through," I told him. "I brought in a deer. I didn't shoot him. The Indians did that, or he was struck by a stray bullet. That's more like it, for he was hit in the leg, as you see. Nobody followed him. He'll keep us alive for a while. And here are six canteens of water. Give one to the captain, one to the women, and use the others yourselves sparingly. I may not have the same luck again."

Norton looked at me with moist eyes.

"Scott, how did you do it?" he asked.

"Oh, it's quite a yarn! I'll tell you on the way to the ranch. I'm tired and I'm going to sleep now."

I lay down and had four hours of solid slumber, which I certainly needed. When I woke, the pleasing savor of roasting meat made me sit up. The soldiers had managed to get together enough wood for a fire, and the women were cooking the deer.

We did not go hungry that day, nor thirsty, though it was necessary to save three of the canteens.

When night came again I knew the Indians would try some fiendish trick to get us all. One way would be to keep throwing fire-balls into the fort. But there was nothing to burn there, and we could easily extinguish the flames.

Still, I knew that when our water and food gave out our condition would be desperate again. I could not expect to repeat the performance of going to Deerfoot Spring and finding a wounded deer, and a Rakely generously to assist me.

One successful effort like that is all a man can make in a lifetime.

I remembered the hole I had discovered in the cliff. How could I turn that to account?"

"Morris," I said, "I'm going to get out. When I am gone one minute, fire north and south—not east."

"What the deuce now?"



"I'm going to do the mysterious. Ever hear of the Lone Man of the Mountains? Ever hear of the Great Spirit of the Sioux who dwells in the Black Hills?"

"Yes."

"I'm it. Good-by."

In a twinkling I was out of the fort, and in a minute the guns inside were blazing away north and south. This would attract the attention of the Indians.

I ran to the edge of the cliff, and let myself over as I had before. I reached the hole and crawled in.

It was big enough inside for me to turn around in.

I crawled out again, and found that by standing with my feet on the bottom of the opening, and hanging with my arm around a stunted tree that grew out of a crevice in the wall, I could look over the edge and along the ground.

And what I saw confirmed my belief that the Sioux would try to burn us up.

I saw a flame as one ball was lighted. The fellow who held it was darting among trees to get near the fort. The lighted ball of dried grass and bark enabled me to aim. I fired, and he dropped dead.

Exclamations of surprise came from the mouths of Indians I could not see.

Then another ball was lighted and another brave tried to throw it inside the fort.

I dropped him in his tracks.

A perfect storm of howls followed. The Indians knew the two shots had not come from the fort.

I was afraid that the flash of my rifle would attract their attention. But they were, thus far, interested in the fort.

Another attempt was made to fire a lighted ball, and I shot another Indian. But this time they had seen the flash.

I got into the hole in the wall.

With my head at the opening I heard a dozen of them jabbering above me. Their amazement was complete.

Three of their best braves had been mysteriously shot, and yet the cliff was over a hundred feet high and no man could climb it and hide there. Of course, from above, they could not see the hole where I was concealed.

I could tell from their mingled grunts and sentences that I had them guessing.

The Sioux are very superstitious. It appeared that some affronted spirit was getting revenge on them in a way that was disquieting.

At any rate, it stopped the fire-balls. The rest of the night was quiet.

When morning came I stuck out my head far enough to look up, and saw no Indian. I got out, and looked along the ground, and saw two men standing talking together.

My surprise was great.

One was Dave Rakely. This did not surprise me so much, for I knew he was there. But the other was—Roaring Buffalo himself.

The old, bloodthirsty devil had come down the pony path with his braves, and had taken command of the gang we were fighting.

All my pent-up hate filled my head with a burning fire.

Here was the red devil who had killed my father.

I had been a child, only seven years old at the time, but I remembered the chief leaping at my father as he tried to defend his home, and driving a tomahawk through his skull.

I took careful aim, and fired. Roaring Buffalo went down like a log. Rakely turned quickly, and I gave him one.

Then I got back into the hole.

## CHAPTER XV.

### TO HEAD OFF THE TROOP.

THE outcries were terrific. There were shrieks of impotent rage. There were cries of mourning. There were terrible threats hurled through the air.

The Indians gathered at the edge of the cliff. No one was in sight.

Their own band of braves, in utter ignorance and innocence, were squatting around their camp-fire. Surely not one of these had shot the big chief who was leading them to victory against the whites.

And there was talk of revenge. The people in the fort must be killed now to avenge the death of Roaring Buffalo.

But the talk was not as brave as it had been.

I was listening to it all. I saw, or heard, signs of wavering.

Red Wolf was dead, cut down by Norton's saber in the fight near Capron's Peak.

Roaring Buffalo was dead, shot by a mysterious, unknown foe.

Rakely, their friend and the enemy of the government, was dead, shot by the same hand that slew the chief.



All this was mystifying, terrifying.

And Troop M was coming down the passes and trails as fast as the horses could make the way, hot after the gang that had almost wiped out Kawkee.

This I learned from the talk above. It was interesting. It gave me hope.

I knew there was no need to go to meet Harkness. It was not a difficult matter for trained Western troops to follow a band of Indians as large as Roaring Buffalo's.

All that was necessary was for Morris to hold the fort till Harkness came.

But how was I to let Morris know?

Anyway, it wasn't necessary to let Morris know.

This was not civilized warfare. Morris knew enough not to surrender to the Sioux, especially with two women in his care.

And he knew that Harkness was on the trail, and if any man knew Troop M, Morris did.

The powwow on the cliff came to an end at last, and as the day advanced, I grew hungry.

But there was no going to the fort for something to eat in the daytime. I had made my bed and must lie in it.

I had crawled close to the opening, and had a clear view across the plain. Suddenly I swore.

Half a mile away, and slowly marching south, was Troop M.

What the deuce were they doing off there, when Roaring Buffalo was up here on the cliff?

Anyway, no matter if I was filled with bullets, I must get to Harkness somehow. He had been misled in some way I could not understand, and unless I could reach him he would march on out of sight, and our hope would be gone forever.

I did not hesitate a moment. I knew what I had to do, no matter what the result was to me.

I swung myself down slantingwise to the level, and started on a run.

I had not gone more than five hundred feet when, glancing behind I saw the band of Sioux on the plain in evident excitement.

They could not all give chase. The horses needed them. And they saw the troop.

But it was absolutely necessary to their own safety to prevent me from reaching Harkness.

They did not want to fire, because that would attract the attention of the troop.

But I fired. Two of them hastily mounted and came galloping after me.

I saw Harkness stop and put his spy-glass to his eye.

Then the whole troop turned and came like a lot of demons straight toward me.

The two Indians in pursuit fired.

A bullet grazed my head. Another tore through my arm, but I ran on.

It was about an even guess whether they would get me before Harkness was near enough to save me.

But five went out from the troop, and fired. They were sharpshooters. Encouraged, I stopped, and fired at the nearest Indian. He tumbled from his horse.

The other went down after a volley from the sharpshooters.

I was played out—done for—as we say now, all in.

I was flat on the ground when Harkness reached me.

"Scott!" he cried. "I thought you were safe at Stark's ranch."

"Safe nothing! We are up there in a little stone fort, and all Roaring Buffalo's gang is there. What brought you to the plains? I thought you were after him."

"We were. We licked him again, but there are so many blamed hiding-places in the Black Hills they got away. And we saw a gang near Deerfoot Spring, and went after them. We finished them, but it wasn't Buffalo."

"Roaring Buffalo is dead. I shot him. And I shot Dave Rakely. He won't sell any more secrets. Give me a mount. I'll lead you to the cliff."

One of the ponies ridden by the Indians was captured, and I mounted. I was not much good for fighting, but I knew the way to the pony trail.

Troop M had not quenched its thirst for war. When they burst on the Sioux the scrimmage was a bitter one. The Sioux knew it was their last possible stand against the whites, and the troop was determined it should be.

The result was a bitter, hotly contested battle lasting till night. But at dusk a lot of wounded, disgruntled, defeated Indians gave up their arms and were sent back to their reservation under escort.

It was all over. Harkness sent a portion of his troop back to Sergeant Cooley to assist him to the fort with his wounded. Another portion was sent to take the Sioux back home and thrash them again if they



wouldn't go. But they didn't have as much as a jack-knife left, and the fight was all gone out of them.

Harkness, with what remained of his troop, went on with us to Stark's ranch.

We found Stark's men armed and ready to defend the stockade, but they were no longer needed.

The last Sioux outbreak was history, and there was not another Roaring Buffalo ever to start a new one.

In a month fresh construction gangs were at work, and where we fought like devils during those few memorable days there are now prosperous towns and two lines of railway.

There are no scouts on the plains to-day. There are scarcely any plains. Dover and I have grown well-to-do from the output of our mines, and live on a ranch on the Big Cheyenne.

Captain Norton frequently rides over from Fort Taylor to have a smoke and chat. But he is Colonel Norton now, and in command.

Harkness is a major, and Morris passed an examination and is first lieutenant.

"It ain't the same, though," Morris said last time he sat on the big porch and drank a glass of what he liked. "Remember the times in the hills? We'll never have a decent scrap again, never. War is too polite nowadays. You've got to be careful who you hit. But then! Good Lord—then—hit anybody! Those were the days, Scott, and you know it."

I laughed and Dover grunted. He had a right to grunt. He will never shoot a gun again, for he lost his right arm by amputation at Stark's ranch. He has no love for the days of old, nor have I. I am content.

THE END.

#### NEAR THE LAKE.

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,  
Long time ago!  
Where the rock threw back the billow  
Brighter than the snow,  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished  
By high and low;  
But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
Long time ago!  
Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know.  
While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,  
Long time ago!

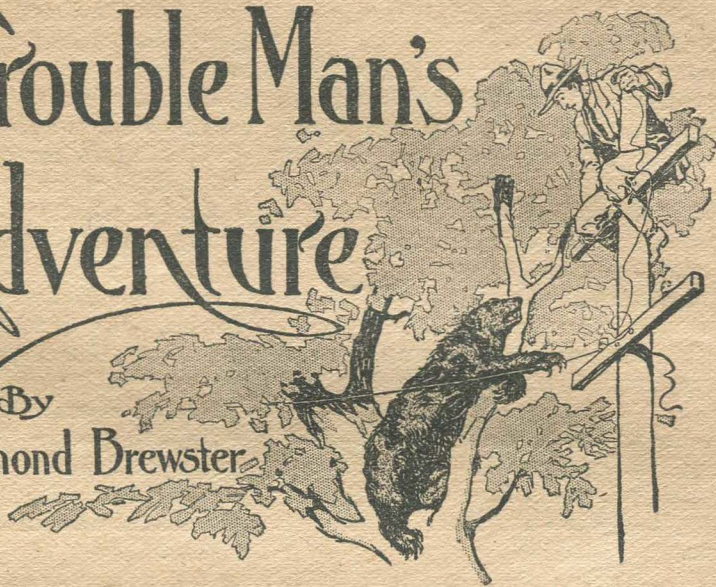
Mingled were our hearts forever,  
Long time ago!  
Can I now forget her? Never!  
No—lost one—no!  
To her grave these tears are given,  
Ever to flow:  
She's the star I missed from heaven,  
Long time ago!

*George Pope Morris.*



# The Trouble Man's Adventure

By  
F. Raymond Brewster



"I'VE been trying to raise Port Jervis for the last twenty minutes."

This from Miss Nelson as I passed the chief operator's desk in the central office one afternoon late in September.

"Port Jervis must be taking an afternoon siesta," I rejoined lightly.

"No," Miss Nelson insisted in a troubled voice, "the line seems to be dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "It can't be."

But I knew that Miss Nelson would not appeal for help unless there was trouble on the wires, for she was the best operator in the business and could master any operating difficulties without assistance.

She had been assigned to the Newark office when the big "cut-over" was made there in the spring, and with her knowledge of telegraphy had saved my life. Later, when the company decided to replace the old switchboard in Newton with one of the modern multiple common-battery type, and change all the circuits from grounded to metallic, we were assigned to the work—Miss Nelson to instruct the operators in the workings of the new board, and I to take care of the plant work. I was—well, I was glad that we were both on the same assignment.

Part of the development plans called for a new trunk line between Newton and Port Jervis, a distance of thirty-five miles, and only forty-eight hours before the two new glistening copper wires had been opened for traffic.

And now the line was dead.

After repeated tests I finally determined that the trouble would be found about fifteen miles out of Newton, and as I was the only available trouble man around the central office at that time, I assigned myself to the task of locating it.

In the course of my experience with telephone snags, both in the central offices and in the field, I have found some very strange causes for the interruption of communication—from a mouse being caught in a "spring-jack" in one of the large switchboards, to the fact that a farmer, being some miles from the village store, and in urgent need of a piece of wire, had climbed a pole and cut about a hundred feet from one of the New York-Chicago trunk lines. He explained to me that there were about forty wires strung along the poles, and he "didn't think that the telephone company would need the hull bunch at wunst."

But the trouble on the Newton-Port Jervis wire was something entirely different, and the perilous situation it led me into and the manner of my escape would seem to prove that the days of miracles have not yet passed.

I had personally inspected the newly constructed line only two days before, and I was certain that there was nothing wrong with the job.

The tests in the Newton central office indicated that the trouble was fifteen miles



out, and being familiar with the whole route, I recalled that this would be at a point somewhere between Culver's Lake and Lake Owassa.

The mountaineers through this stretch of country had given us considerable trouble during the construction of the line, for they looked upon us as trespassers on the land upon which they themselves were squatters, and it required considerable tact and forbearance for us to get through without any serious difficulties.

I had Tom Hardy, who runs the supply department, get out his two-cylinder car and the necessary repair equipment we might need, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we started, Tom steering, while I followed the taut, glistening copper wires with an experienced eye, for possible signs of trouble.

We passed along the southern end of picturesque Culver's Lake, with its fast dispersing summer colony, and approached the more wild and rugged shores of Lake Owassa, skirting the base of Normonock Mountain.

At several places, where overhanging trees hid the wires, I got out of the runabout and ascended the poles to be sure that all was well, but these inspections had not developed the break.

We left two of the mountaineers' cabins, with their barking dogs, in the rear, and reached a point on the line where the right-of-way quitted the road, to save a wide détour around the base of the mountain through Wind Gap, and plunged into the State forest reservation, with its dense, wild growth, and steep, rugged ascent.

The possibilities for trouble through this dense forest were many, and then, too, this was where the tests had indicated that it would be found.

I took from my kit several necessary tools, including my test-set, a combination receiver and transmitter, and gave Tom instructions to run around the mountain and meet me where the line emerged from the woods, for I knew that the proximity of the rough mountaineers would make it unsafe for us both to leave the runabout unprotected.

A peculiar sense of lonesomeness came over me as the *chug-chug* of the engine died away in the distance.

Alone, I plunged into the forest.

The line had been so recently constructed that the rank undergrowth along the

right-of-way had not had time to obliterate the path cleared by the construction gang, and my path was fairly easy until I reached the beginning of the steep ascent.

It was difficult to follow the line clearly through the foliage, and I found it necessary to climb almost every pole.

As I ascended higher and higher the view of the surrounding country became more wonderful when I could get a glimpse of it through the trees, but the silence of the forest, broken only by the chirp of a few birds, seemed strangely ominous.

I had discovered no breaks, nor had I found even a minor snag, but as I reached the top of one of the poles a real source of trouble appeared.

Over the mountain, to the west, a huge bank of black clouds was rolling rapidly up in the heavens, and the distant roar of thunder heralded the approach of one of those terrific storms which, in the early summer, had played havoc with the wires.

I was undecided for a moment whether to retrace my steps or to push on over the summit. To go back now meant that I would miss Tom with the runabout and be stranded on the road without shelter.

The top of the next pole was hidden above the low branch of a huge chestnut-tree, and I could not see from the ground whether it was in proper condition or not.

I drove my ankle spurs into the pole and quickly mounted to the top.

At last the trouble was found!

One of the wires had been broken close to the cross-arm on the pole, and the loose end dangled in the branches of another gigantic chestnut-trees near the summit of the mountain.

Already I could hear the rising wind moaning through the tree-tops, and the heavy peals of thunder echoing along the mountainside, while vivid flashes of lightning drenched the fast darkening forest with blinding brilliance.

The storm had swept along with surprising rapidity, and, realizing its impending fury and the futility of trying to mend so bad a break in the line at that time, I clipped my test-set on the wire toward Newton and listened for the welcome sound of a human voice.

"Newton chief operator," a sweet voice announced.

"That you, Miss Nelson?" I asked.

The question was needless, for I knew it was she instantly.



"Yes, have you found the trouble?" was the answer.

"Yes, and there's more coming," I replied, meaning, of course, the storm.

Little did I know how much more I really would encounter.

"Is Mr. Nicholas there?" I asked, inquiring for the wire chief.

"No, he's gone to Branchville."

"The line is down on Normonock Mountain," I told her, "and I can't make repairs now. A heavy storm is coming up and it's getting late. I'll open it up in the morning."

I was just about to say "Good-by" and unclip my test-set when I glanced down the pole.

My heart stood still and the blood seemed to freeze in my veins!

Looking up at me with hungry eyes from the low branch of the chestnut tree was a shaggy black bear of monstrous size!

I braced myself on the cross-arm, the test-set momentarily taken from my ear. But soon the imperative vibrations of the receiver drew my attention to the only means I had of summoning help.

I clapped the instrument on again.

"Are you there, Miss Nelson?" I asked tensely.

"Yes. Where did you go?"

The sound of a human voice—her voice—seemed to banish my momentary fear and give me confidence.

"I was just greeting an unexpected visitor," I replied, keeping the tremor out of my voice with an effort.

"A visitor; out there on the mountain?"

"Yes, but he's up a tree, as it were."

"And you're up a pole," she laughed. "What a funny situation."

Perhaps it was funny over the sightless wire, but there was nothing ludicrous about the predicament that I could see, and I was right on the ground—or rather on the pole.

"I'm going to be very distant with him," I said.

"Why? Aren't you good friends?" she asked, puzzled.

"No," I answered truthfully. "Still, he seems to have forgotten everything but a desire to hug me."

"Tell me the truth and stop making fun," she pleaded. "Who is it?"

"A big black bear!" I answered.

"Oh-h-h-h!" came over the line. And then when she had recovered: "Are you in danger?"

"Of nothing but starvation," I answered. But I was wrong.

The rising wind was swinging the branch of the chestnut-tree closer and closer, and the bear had succeeded in reaching up and placing one paw on the wire, bracing himself against it.

This was the wire that had parted on the other side of the cross-arm, and I feared that it was too weak to sustain the pressure.

"Miss Nelson," I called, all the fun gone from my voice. "Send help if you can. He's getting close."

"I'll get Mr. Nichols, at Branchville."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "And be quick."

"That's only four miles—"

The wire snapped.

The swaying limb had thrown the bear's weight heavily against the line and it gave way.

As it went down, my test-set was jerked violently out of my hand and it fell with the wire. But the beast succeeded in clinging to his perch.

I wondered whether Miss Nelson knew that the line had broken, or whether she thought that the bear had caught me in his viselike embrace. She would be needlessly alarmed, but somehow the thought that she cared gave me courage.

The bear balanced himself unsteadily on the swaying limb, and every time it bent toward the pole he tried to get his paws securely on it.

Already great drops of rain were beating down on the leaves, but fortunately the wind had not risen high enough to swing the branch of the tree close to the pole.

Several times the bear came perilously near getting the coveted grip, and as often he almost lost his footing and crashed to the ground.

But he clung to his perch with surprising tenacity, and each unsuccessful attempt to reach the pole seemed to exasperate him the more.

For me to descend would be foolhardy indeed, for I knew that even though the beast was not near enough to get a secure grip on the pole, he was close enough to stun me with a crashing blow of his heavy paw should I attempt to pass him.

My situation was perilous indeed.

The rain was falling heavily and the wind was moaning through the forest, but the lightning, although vivid, seemed to be spending its fury along the other side of the mountain.



In a short time I was drenched, the water running from me in streams, and I grew chilled and cramped from my position on the pole.

The bear was persevering in his desire to reach the latter, and I gave up hope of leaving the place that night.

Daylight was fast ebbing and darkness approached with dismal rapidity, because of the heavy black clouds which swept down over the top of the mountain.

I began to think of Tom in the runabout waiting for me, and wondered whether he had become alarmed and started a search.

And I wondered, too, whether Miss Nelson had reached Nichols at Branchville, only four miles from my place of danger.

The lashing fury of the storm, which seemed to center over the mountain, would prevent any speedy progress of a searching-party now, and it was very likely that darkness would compel a postponement until the next morning.

I feared that I could not hold out until then. Was the bear's endurance greater than mine? Daylight would reveal the answer.

I had climbed to the very top of the pole and swung to a sitting posture on the cross-arm, thus relieving my ankles of the strain of the spurs, but my wet clothes and the cold, damp wind and mist chilled me so that I could scarcely cling to my place of refuge.

The bear held his position on the limb of the chestnut-tree, effectually blocking my escape down the pole, and he was making renewed efforts to get at me.

There was only one possibility of escape, and that was along the remaining wire. I considered this carefully, but concluded that it was not strong enough to sustain my weight, and the risk of a fall, in my chilled, weakened condition, was too great to take.

My only hope of escape was in clinging to my uncomfortable position until rescued in the morning, or until Nichols could find me some time in the night.

The storm had swept off the mountain over into the valley, but the changing currents of wind seemed to have caught it and swirled it back again with renewed fury, for the lightning was vivid indeed and the crashing thunder sounded like the roar of a terrific cannonade.

I could discern the bear only dimly in the repeated flashing of the lightning, but what one flash revealed made me swing my

cramped, numb limbs from the cross-arm and prepare to fight for my life.

The persistent beast had found a way to reach me.

The rain was descending in torrents again, and the wind rushed through the forest, screeching wildly.

The limb on which the bear was perched swayed dangerously under the combined weight of wind and bear. In one of its wild plunges upward the shaggy monster had succeeded in bracing himself with one paw against the remaining wire and was slowly extending his other paw toward the pole.

I knew that it would be only a few moments, in the rising gale, before the limb would swing near enough for the bear to grasp the pole.

The crashing thunder and the brilliant lightning were terrifying indeed, for I knew that it was striking dangerously close. But the hungry beast was undaunted.

I was supporting myself on my ankle spurs, ready for an emergency, when a blinding flash and a terrific roar seemed to bring the mountain tumbling about my ears.

The bolt had struck something very near, for the ground trembled and the pole seemed to sway. A sheet of blue flame appeared to crackle along the wire, and in the glare I could see the black monster topple off the limb and crash to the ground.

I knew that the bolt had not struck him, and I was vaguely puzzled over his sudden fall.

Partly dazed, I was conscious of digging my spurs madly into the wet, slippery pole and half-climbing, half-tumbling down.

Before I reached the ground my strength failed and I fell the rest of the way.

I lay there, half-stunned, too weak to move and only partly conscious of my surroundings. Even in my semiconsciousness, I expected to feel the wet, shaggy beast pounce upon me. It seemed hours before I came to my senses sufficiently to open my eyes, even for a moment.

When I did raise my lids it seemed to be daylight, but I was cold and numb, and my eyes closed again and my remaining senses fled.

Some days later Tom Hardy dropped into the room where I was convalescing and I told him what had happened to me up to



the time I had lost consciousness. It is he who enables me to complete this story.

After the storm had spent its fury he had got several of the farmers together and, detaching a gas-lamp and his generator from the runabout, started up the mountain, following the right-of-way. It was the searchlight that I had mistaken for daylight.

"When we reached the top and didn't find you, I was worried," he explained. "Right on top of the mountain one of the poles was badly shattered and I was afraid that you had been on it when it was struck, but when we came to the next pole I was surely scared. You lay at the bottom all in a heap, apparently dead, and right alongside of you was a black bear, stone dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, "but I was puzzled to know which killed the other."

"Well," I said, "the bear didn't kill me, and I'm sure I didn't kill the bear."

"We found out what did, later," he explained. "When the lightning hit the pole it charged the wire so heavily that the beast, with his wet paws against it, was simply electrocuted. The burn on his paw told us

that, and besides, the lightning arresters in the central office were put out of commission by the heavy charge.

"I'm sorry, though, that we found you," he added thoughtfully.

"Sorry!" I exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"Yes," he said, "because Nichols and his men arrived just a few minutes later. I'm sure both you and Miss Nelson would have preferred to have the party find you that she had sent to your aid."

"Tom!" I admonished him, and then changed the subject.

"I think I'll have the skin of that beast made into a rug. Perhaps Miss Nelson would like to have it."

"Injun giver, Injun giver," Tom laughed as he edged toward the door.

I was puzzled.

"You know very well that it will be the property of both of you some day!" Tom added. And then he disappeared quickly through the door.

I am now waiting for the skin to come from the taxidermist's, and every time I see it, the thought will come to me that the days of miracles have not yet passed.

### RIDING SONG.

LET us ride together,  
Blowing mane and hair,  
Careless of the weather,  
Miles ahead of care;  
Ring of hoof and snaffle—  
Swing of waist and hip—  
Trotting down the twisted road,  
With the world let slip!

Let us laugh together,  
Merry as of old,  
To the creak of leather  
And the morning's gold!  
Break into a canter!  
Shout to bank and tree!  
Rocking down the waking trail—  
Steady hand and knee!

Take the life of cities—  
Here's the life for me!  
'Twere a thousand pities  
Not to gallop free.  
So we'll ride together,  
Comrade, you and I,  
Careless of the weather,  
Letting care go by.

*Theodore Roberts.*



# With Sword and Strategy

by *Frank Williams*



## CHAPTER I.

### THE CHALLENGE.

**T**HE sentry motioned his comrade nearer.

"What said you concerning our Lord Philip?" he asked.

"He is dishonored before the whole people and must answer for his conduct to the king."

"Dishonored? Our Lord Philip of Brittany, the bravest knight that ever drew sword since the death of his uncle, Roland? Impossible!" The sentry shifted his weight from one foot to the other, leaning on his spear. "If he is dishonored there must be some evil work afoot."

"True, by the rood! and work of which he has no knowledge or redress. I felt in my marrow that his embassy to the Huns would work him no good, and so it has fallen."

"So 'twas that?"

"Yes, and though he has returned from it but a week, he is now accused of diverting tribute into Brittany for his own domains, a dastard crime if it were true."

"Aye, but if that were true, then I run on four feet like a boar. Our Lord Philip would as lief enjoy another man's fruits as wed another man's life—which is not at all. But tell me, Ludwig, how learn you all this? From your air of knowledge one would think you were a privy councilor."

The early morning sun, shining on Ludwig's face, exposed to his curious companion a significant wink.

"Perhaps you recall the maid Elsa, of

whom I told you—she who twists up the long, flaxen hair of my Lady Hildegard? I see her of an evening and she tells me—"

"Ah, then the Lady Hildegard is troubled?"

"Troubled? She weeps by the hour and can scarce make herself presentable at the dinner table, where the king demands smiles when he eats. And is it any wonder she lives in tears when every hour of the day she sees before her the ugly, grinning face, and black, bent figure of Pepin the Hunchback, who swears by the cross of the sword he never carries that she shall be his wife? And all the time there is our Lord Philip eager to whisk her away to the cathedral and let the bishop marry them."

Johann shook his head hopelessly at Ludwig.

"As I suspected. Pepin is at the bottom of all the evil. Ugh! I hate the man like a serpent in the forest. Were he not of the king's blood his offenses would have strangled him long since."

"King's blood! Yes, and the eldest of the king's children, but farther from the throne than yours or mine. Charlemagne's successor must have a married mother, and that is something our good Pepin cannot claim, even though he might be the most perfect man alive."

"But, my good Ludwig, speak more of our Lord Philip. How does the king favor these accusations against his most honored warrior?"

"He is struck to the heart, friend, at the perfidy of one he had trusted with perfect



confidence; and that, in a man of his iron nature, means bitter severity in the punishment. The greater the fall the harder the landing. It will go ill with our master."

Johann rubbed his sword tentatively against his shirt of mail and scowled fiercely from under his blond hair at his companion.

"There are a hundred of us of Brittany in the camp. One swift rush, the merry ring of swords, and we would have our lord upon his horse and away into the woods ere the guards could rally."

"Peace! Hold that loose tongue of yours or you will presently hang from a tree-limb to tell the army the direction of the wind. But who are these coming toward our master's tent?" Ludwig indicated a small body of soldiers threading their way through the improvised streets of the great camp of the Franks.

Resolutely the two sentries stood before the door of the pavilion, barring the progress of the newcomers. Others of the Bretons nervously fingering their swords, stood near-by.

Suddenly there was a rustle of cloth and the curtain was drawn back. Philip of Brittany stood framed in the doorway. The sentries did homage before this great warrior of stalwart figure, proud head, and flowing hair.

Philip looked about him for a moment, saw the advancing troop of soldiery, and spoke:

"Johann and Ludwig, yonder is my escort to the seat of the king. In my absence let nothing happen that shall take from the Breton men-at-arms the name of being the flower of Charlemagne's host. You are my lieutenants until I return."

"Heaven keep you this day!" they cried together, and Philip passed out to meet the soldiers.

They formed around him, and, facing about, the march was begun to the royal pavilion, which, gay with banners, loomed large in the center of the camp. As the procession moved silence preceded and followed after it, for the name of Philip of Brittany, among these fierce, fighting Christians, embodied virtues second only to those of the king.

Charlemagne, huge, bearded, and with the crown upon his brow, sat gloomy-eyed in his chair of state when Philip entered the royal tent. To his left the beau-

tiful queen, Fastrada, occupied a lesser throne, and along the walls, on rough benches, sat the peerage of the realm, exalted nobles and leaders of soldiery.

But it was not at these that the Breton looked. Pausing a moment, his eyes sought and rested upon a little man, terribly deformed, who, with a gigantic fellow of foreign look, stood before the seat of justice. The little man was Pepin the Hunchback.

Their eyes met, and between them flashed a look of hatred.

Philip advanced and knelt before the king, and a murmur of approval ran around among the assembled nobles. The queen, her eyes bright and her lips parted, leaned forward. Philip, rising, saw the look and wondered at it. Then he said:

"Sire, I am here to answer to the charges brought against me."

"Where, then, Philip of Brittany, is the full tribute that Vorut, king of the Huns, has despatched to us under your care?" Charlemagne's voice was cold and piercing.

"As I have said before, I lost it in battle. When half-way through the conquered territory I was set upon by a party of these heathen in a dark pass, and after losing many of my men, was forced to fly, leaving a part of the tribute in their hands."

A scornful laugh broke from Pepin.

"Sire," he cried, "this man lies. The tribute of which he speaks is by now well into Brittany, where he will use it for his own benefit."

"An evil word, Pepin," answered the king. "Give me proof."

"I have it here," replied the dwarf, bringing forward his companion. "He is a Hun, Osta by name, and attendant at the court of the king. He saw the tribute given to your ambassador. He traveled with it all the way here, and he swears there was no attack of any kind."

"But, your majesty," cried Philip angrily, "truly you cannot believe that I have done this thing?"

"I believe nothing, Philip of Brittany. I only accept the proofs. Surrounded on all sides by schemers and those who would ruin my empire for their own ends, there is no one I trust now. Once I had thought that you— Have you no witnesses to give force to this tale you tell of attack and battle."

Philip shifted uneasily. He saw the



net that the crafty and resourceful Pepin had laid for him.

"No, sire, I have not. When I arrived here my soldiers had served their time and desired to return to their homes in Brittany. Others have come to take their places, and my command is entirely changed."

"Ha! A good excuse!" It was the grating, triumphant voice of Pepin the Hunchback. "Those soldiers of which he speaks are even now conveying the stolen treasures through the northern kingdom to his own castle, near the sea. I demand, sire, that this treacherous lord, dishonorable in your service, be punished."

"A moment, sire." Philip, with flashing eyes, turned upon his accuser. "Crooked wolf of a lion's breed," he snarled, "you lie in your throat. What coward bitterness you hold against me I do not know, but if our lord, the king, accepts your word and that of this yellow cur, when I can bring no witnesses, I demand a trial by arms."

"Since you cannot fight I demand a champion for you. Look, will any one avenue this insult?" and Philip smote the cowering dwarf across the face. "That is my reply, O king, and nobles of the empire. Now bring me forth a fighting man."

A rumble of applause ran around among the peers, and Charlemagne, his inscrutable eyes watching the progress of justice, waited. For a moment there was silence. Then the gigantic Hun, who up to this time had maintained silence, stepped forward and smote Philip such a blow that he staggered back and nearly fell to the ground.

But a smile of satisfaction lighted up the Breton's face. The challenge was accepted. Looking into the yellow Mongolian features of the warrior before him, he knew that he had a foeman of cruelty and might, and the blood coursed through his veins with joy.

"Well spoken and well answered!" cried Charlemagne. "Since a trial before a court is not equal, then let the combat reveal the judgment of God. This is my decision. To-morrow, at noon, I command that you, Philip of Brittany, and you, Osta the Hun, shall appear fully armed in the meadow north of the camp. Should either of you fail to come, his guilt is manifest, and his doom is sealed."

The king rose to end the council, and the nobles rose with him.

Philip knelt again, and then, with head high, strode from the tent. This time

there were no soldiers dogging his heels, and he made his way swiftly through the winding ways of the camp toward his own blazoned pavilion. But he had not gone far when he heard rapid steps behind him.

Whirling swiftly, he saw a trusted servant of the royal household. The fellow bowed and held out to Philip a small rolled parchment.

"From your lady's own hand, my lord," he said.

The Breton, scowling, took the document. Why should a lady of the royal court thus send him messages? There were safer occupations than receiving clandestine notes from Charlemagne's ward.

Unrolling the vellum he read:

If you love me; if you value my happiness  
or your own, meet me under the dove-nest in  
the great oak, at nine to-night. Do not fail.

HILDEGARDE.

"Is there an answer, my lord?" inquired the servant.

"Tell the Lady Hildegard that I have read her words and that they are agreeable to me—but tell her when alone."

"I may be trusted absolutely," and the servant turned away.

It was only then that Philip seized the note and reread it many times, endeavoring in his perplexity to pierce the meaning of the indefinite words. She was not in danger, she did not write as though in terror; her message concerned their secret love—a love of which Charlemagne would be made aware, swore Philip, as soon as he had put the murderous Hun out of the way.

Burning with anxiety, and haunted by a certain feeling of foreboding, Philip reached his tent, where the faithful Ludwig and Johann were still on duty.

## CHAPTER II.

### A WARNING.

It was a dark, starless night, and as Philip crept through the tangled path leading to the great oak, he felt an oppression, both physical and mental, that caused him more than once to lay his hand reassuringly upon the cross-hilt of the sword at his side.

A few rods distant from the rendezvous he stopped and pierced the gloom with quick, nervous glances. Then raising his hands to his mouth he uttered the hoot of an owl.



After a moment's silence he heard the note of a thrush in answer, and stepped from the thicket toward the oak. There was a rustling in the brush near-by, and, with his hand on his sword, Philip turned to meet the girl who approached him.

Silently he clasped both her hands in his.

"So you received my message?" breathed the girl.

"Yes. Did not the messenger return to you?" asked Philip anxiously.

"No. I have not seen him since I sent him with the parchment. He was not at his usual place in the dining-hall among the servants. His absence worries me; I am afraid."

The Breton drew the tall girl to him reassuringly.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked after a little.

"Oh, Philip," she cried, "we are doomed—you and I. Pepin has at last won over the king."

"What!" Philip staggered back. "Has Charlemagne—" He could not go on.

"Yes, he has promised my hand to Pepin at last. After the trial this morning, when all had gone, the hunchback pleaded with the king until the latter gave his consent. One of the queen's maids told Elsa. But I will not marry him!"

The girl spoke vehemently, and Philip could see the flash of her blue eyes even in the darkness. "I would rather forfeit my life a thousand times than let that wretch as much as touch my little finger."

"Marry him?" Philip's voice came between his clenched teeth like the growl of a dog. "We will both die first."

"But it is the king's law," said the girl in despair.

"It is my law that you shall not," flashed the Breton, and Hildegard yielded herself to his command and determination with a delicious sense of dependence.

"But how shall we avoid it? Quick! Think! They will miss me at any moment, and start a search. And if Pepin finds me with you—"

"Hildegard, there is but one way out. Will you marry me now without going back, without ceremony? Will you trust your life to me from this night forth?"

"Ye-s," she answered hesitatingly and felt the hot blood mount to her face and neck, "but how? Where? I do not understand."

"Come with me. Not far in these woods

is a hermitage where Fardulf, a holy man of God, prays and fasts in solitude. Let us go to him, he will marry us, and then, when I have brought a guard of men-at-arms and horses, we will fly. It is the only way."

"But, Philip, think of the morrow. Would you cast all honor, all reputation aside? If you do not appear for battle with the Hun you shall be judged guilty of dishonor and be hunted from one end of the kingdom to the other."

"Honor!" he laughed gratingly. "Much does honor count when after ten years of service the king believes the first rumor against me. In my own country I have honor and to spare, and there you and I shall go to find it."

"I cannot do it, Philip," and Hildegard drew back from him. "The sacrifice is too great; you will live to regret it."

"Sacrifice!" he burst out passionately.

"What is the sacrifice of this thing called honor, compared with the sacrifice of you and our happiness to the rapacity of that accursed hunchback? If you can face a life with him, if you can tolerate his embrace, if you can bear his children, then I give up my project."

Shuddering, the girl caught him to her.

"Quick, let us go!" she cried, and Philip, clasping one of her hands, turned into the forest.

With a warning to secure stealth he led her surely along a trail whose presence was only noticeable because of the hardness of the earth underfoot and the absence of thick growths along the ground.

Twice they stopped to breathe and listened with bursting ears for any sounds of pursuit. The third time there reached them the quick, hard panting as of an animal. The girl clung to her companion in an excess of terror.

"'Tis naught but a wolf," Philip assured her, "and I have my trusty sword. But, take courage; we are almost there. Another ten minutes will do it," and he started swiftly forward.

But now other sounds were heard in the dark depths of the forests, twigs snapping, and the swish of released branches after a body had passed.

"Mother of Mary!" snarled Philip, "there is a pack upon our trail."

Three minutes later, breathless and disheveled, the lovers dashed from the path into a little clearing across which gleamed



the dim light of a tallow taper, and broke into a run. The Breton looking back saw at the edge of the woods gleams of light as from the eyes of animals and offered thanks for their deliverance.

A hard pounding on the thick, wooden door of the hut before which they stood brought a quick reply. The portal swung open revealing the tonsured head of a gaunt, young priest, who held the candle in his hands.

"Holy man, give us entrance at once, and do us service in God's name!" cried Philip authoritatively, pushing the door open and stepping inside.

"Why do you interrupt my holy meditations, my lord?" queried the anchorite, obstinately opposing the way. Then seeing Hildegarde he stepped back gravely.

"Haste, good father," cried Philip, "marry us. Our need is desperate."

The words prodded the hermit into some show of activity, and he led the pair back into the second room of the cabin where a tiny altar with a crucifix above it occupied one end. Before the altar was a kneeling-cushion.

Placing the candle in an iron sconce to one side of the crucifix, the priest lighted another and fitted it into a corresponding socket on the other side. Then, bidding the pair kneel, he opened his Latin prayer-book and raised his hand.

But he did not begin the service, for there suddenly came a heavy pounding on the door. Philip sprang to his feet and drew his sword.

"Fardulf, answer the summons," he commanded. "I will conceal the Lady Hildegarde. If you have trouble holding the entrance, call for me."

The priest, calmly laying the prayer-book down, entered the forward room. Philip glanced quickly about him. There was no shelter except a kind of cupboard, hung in front with cloth and built out from the wall. To this he led Hildegarde, and lifting up the cloth, looked within.

The few garments of the priest hung there, and among these he pressed the girl who, true to her warrior ancestry, did not tremble nor weep, but bade her lover hurry to meet the enemy.

By now loud voices sounded in the front room, and, striding thither, Philip shut the door behind him, shot the bolt, and after a moment's hesitation, heard Hildegarde

secure it from the inside. Feeling that she was safe for the moment, he advanced to the door where the priest was opposing the entrance of a number of men.

"Let them enter," he commanded, and Fardulf fell back so that the rabble of helmeted men-at-arms brawled noisily forward.

"Halt!" shouted Philip, sword in hand. "Do you come for peace or war?"

Suddenly amid the surge of fighting men there was a pushing and out of their midst stepped a little, deformed fellow, his affliction shrouded under black robes. His quick, beady eyes looked the Breton over craftily.

"That depends upon you, Philip of Brittany," croaked Pepin in reply to the other's question.

"What mean you by that?"

"I mean this," and the hunchback's evil face contorted with anger, "either deliver to me the Lady Hildegarde who is in this house and depart in peace, or refuse and die."

"Crooked limb of a noble tree," snarled Philip, "do you threaten me?"

"Aye, Breton yokel, and I will kill you this night and spare Osta the trouble if you do not at once deliver the Lady Hildegarde to me."

"She is not here."

"You lie!" The little man gave the insult boldly. "Have I not followed you from your rendezvous every step of the way? I could have killed you a hundred times, but I would not—to-morrow shall see that. Truly, Breton, you shall learn it ill becomes any knight to be the lover of my appointed bride."

"God defend you," cried Philip, and, with a great cuff of his fist he hurled the hunchback among his followers.

Instantly the battle broke and Philip, backing into a corner, repelled the attack of the soldiery with his keen, double-edged sword. These ordinary fighters were no match for the Breton champion and before him there gradually rose a circle of the dead and dying.

But he was not alone. Beside him, amid the clash of weapons, the shouts of the attackers, and the screams of the wounded, stood Fardulf, the hermit, plying valiantly a sword which he had drawn from beneath his rope-girded cassock.

"Bravo, priest!" roared the warrior.



"In the name of God and St. Louis strike!" And together they slowly forced back the confused mass of men, now becoming disconcerted at the execution in their ranks.

It was at the height of the battle that Philip's heart suddenly seemed turned to stone within him, for in his ears sounded a woman's scream. Parrying desperately the strokes of his adversaries, he listened for a repetition, but as the minutes passed and none came, he felt that he must have been mistaken.

And now came the cries of the young hermit who wielded so puissant a sword. With the light of fanaticism in his eyes he leaped into the fray and drove the last of the invaders from his hut, crying:

"Beware the flight of the white bird, oh, desecrators of a holy place; beware the flight of the white bird."

Suddenly from the edge of the wood there came a long, piercing whistle and the opposing soldiers melted away like shadows into the darkness, leaving the two defenders standing alone amid the wounded. Philip, turning back, would have gone into the rear room had not one of these, in his last efforts, cut at him with a knife.

"What meant you by the flight of the white bird?" the Breton asked Fardulf when their work was finished.

"Ah, my Lord Philip, that I cannot say for I do not know, but it is an omen; for thrice in my dreams have I seen it. Yet does the bird fly so swiftly that its shape is indistinguishable. And always among the leaves into which it disappears I have seen the face of our noble king."

"He needs such arms and swords as yours, good hermit. Never have I seen one of the cloth deal sturdier blows. The army is on march to Regensburg two days hence, and the king will give you hearty welcome if you will but follow him. But now—" and the Breton suddenly reverted to the business that had brought him, "let us finish up this marriage, for I must be gone at once."

"Gladly, my lord," cried the priest, hanging his sword beneath his robe.

Philip shot back the bolt of the door, calling Hildegard to do the same, but there was no reply. Tenderness gave way to impatience, and then quickly to anxiety. The memory of the scream he had heard in the thick of the fight returned to him, and

with a great fear in his heart he lunged against the door with all his might.

Splintering, the lock gave and, wild-eyed, Philip rushed into the room and over to the cupboard.

Hildegard was gone. And for the first time the Breton noticed a window that had been hidden behind the cleric's robes. Its casement had been torn away by the violence of some struggle, and not as much as a vestige of the girl remained.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE COMBAT.

CURSING like a madman, Philip, in the extremity of his anguish, turned about and rushed for the door. But the priest, being the wiser of the two, blocked his exit.

"Let me pass," cried the Breton, beside himself.

"Let me but have a word with you first, my lord," returned the other, unmoved by the warrior's tone. "When I have spoken you will not go."

With a mighty effort, Philip held himself in leash.

"Speak on," he commanded, "but in Heavens name be quick."

"If you desire to regain the Lady Hildegard you will not plunge madly into the woods without guidance or reinforcements. By doing that you will only get yourself killed, lose her, and ruin her life."

"But what shall I do?" cried Philip in despair.

"Return to camp as though nothing had happened, rest and eat carefully, and appear before the assembled troops for your combat with Osta the Hun."

"Ah, the combat! That yellow-skinned infidel shall bite the dust and beg for mercy. But how did you know all this, priest? You are uncanny."

"I am one who sees visions, my lord. Knowledge of things comes to me in strange ways. Listen. If you pursue your folly of tracking Pepin and his men, you cannot appear for the combat, you will forfeit your honor, and prove yourself guilty of the charges against you. Most of all you will ruin every chance you have of discovering the Lady Hildegard's whereabouts."

Philip paced up and down the room nervously, torn between fear for the girl's safety and obedience to the wise counsel



of the hermit. Twice he gripped his sword and strode toward the door, which now stood free for him to pass, and twice the words of the other returned to him.

"Priest, you have wisdom," he said at last in a choking voice. "I will remain."

"Ah, then let us eat," said Fardulf quietly, and went about the preparation of a meal.

An hour later Philip set out along the lonely path he had traveled with such joyful anticipation not long before, and at last, weary in body and spirit, reached his pavilion. There, commanding the sentries that he remain undisturbed, until an hour before noon, he forced himself to lie down and presently fell into a troubled sleep.

With the coming of dawn the camp broke into eager life. Officers drilled their men during the early morning hours that they might be free when the great struggle between the two champions took place.

Long before the time appointed, streams of soldiers flowed out toward the northern meadow that Charlemagne had designated as the battle-ground, and, as noon approached, the ladies of the royal household, mounted upon gentle horses and accompanied by their armed escorts, took the same direction.

At each end of the space was a gay pavilion for the use of the competitors, and around it stood a row of soldiery behind which the mob must remain and see as best it could.

The bright sun flashed on helmet and hauberk, laughter and rough jest could be heard on all sides, and a few men with sporting proclivities wagered arms or trinkets at long odds on the Breton.

Osta, tall, saturnine and stolid, reached his pavilion early and suffered himself to be dressed for the fray by his squire. Then, drinking a little wine, he stepped forth calmly into the bright sunlight, squinting his oval Mongolian eyes toward the opposite end of the field. His appearance was signalized by a tremendous burst of shouts accompanied by the clashing of sword against shield.

Philip of Brittany had not yet come, but on the stroke of noon, he appeared fully armed, pushing through the crowd near his tent, his face pale with weariness, but frowning. Dagobert, his squire, chattered with excitement, and stood behind his master, holding a quiver of long Frankish darts.

As a sign that he was ready, Philip grasped his short-hafted, broad-bladed battle-ax in his right hand, fixed his shield upon his left arm, and stepped forward. Osta did the same.

Then came the king's messenger with the orders of the combat, and Dagobert, in accordance with them, selected three of the straightest, keenest darts in the quiver, and handed them to Philip, who hung his battle-ax in a leathern thong at his left side.

When both had stood forth again, there was a moment's silence. Then, upon the still air, sounded the notes of the trumpet, and the combatants advanced.

When less than a hundred feet separated them, the Hun was seen to make a quick motion and a streak of sunlight shot from his hand toward the Breton. It was the first dart, and Philip stepped quickly aside. Yet so great was the velocity of the missile that it buried half its length in the hard earth.

The Breton then, as was the custom, replied with another dart that was likewise evaded. Thereupon, as the two stealthily crept toward each other, two more of the deadly six-foot weapons flashed, and this time the iron point of the Hun's bent itself vainly against the outer edge of Philip's round shield. The third exchange was at less than fifty feet and both javelins this time stood quivering in the round bucklers.

Now, quick as the flash of light, Philip reached over to his left side and drew from its thong the deadly *francisca*, or battle-ax, the chief weapon of the Franks. Grasping its short hilt in his mighty hand he whirled the heavy thing about his head and with a swift motion, released it, and sprang forward, shouting his battle-cry.

Osta, taken by surprise at the quickness of the thing, could not avoid the missile, and crouched behind his shield. There was a resounding clang, as metal bit metal, and the Hun fell backward to the ground as though struck by lightning.

But only for a moment he lay there. Leaping to his feet, with blood streaming from a wound in his forearm, he drew his sword and stood defenseless, save for that. His round iron shield lay in two halves upon the ground.

He had heard the battle-cry, he had seen Philip springing toward him like a hungry panther, but he uttered no protest. Sword in hand, but without protection, he went to meet his death.



But with might in arms goes generosity and chivalry, and Philip, when he saw his opponent helpless, despite the hatred and malice that burned in his heart, drew back, dropped his sword-point, and motioned for the other to procure a shield. This done, the champions rushed together for the combat.

And now the clang of metal upon metal sounded like the hammer of an armorer at work in his smithy, as the swords flashed in the sunlight, and the shields were lifted or lowered to meet stroke or thrust. Great billows of sound rolled from the men-at-arms as the combat waxed in heat and ferocity, and even the king, a mighty fighter, leaned forward with flashing eyes, his fingers playing with his famous sword, *Joyeuse*, of which he was never ungirded in daylight.

Philip of Brittany, glaring through the vizor of his great, square helmet, measured the strength of his antagonist as they circled about each other, and knew that he had met a foeman worthy of his steel. He saw the mighty form before him move with the ease and quickness of a cat, felt the strokes of the short sword that nearly beat down his shield, and yet saw no heaving chest or bloodshot eyes that betokened weariness.

But the Breton, too, was cool and unwearied except for the drain of the night before. And in his breast lay a store of hatred and bitterness greater than any strength—the bitterness that carries one through inconceivable difficulties to an end that is often scarcely worth it all.

And now, as the heat of the sun and their exertions sent rivers of sweat down to the dusty earth, and the men began at last to pant with thirst and their exertions, the Hun suddenly dropped his shield from before him, leaving an opening. But Philip was wary and looked before he leaped. Then he saw, and the misery in his heart leaped to his eyes in a blaze of fire.

Upon the breast of the mighty Hun, suspended by a slender steel chain, hung a ring. It was one which he had himself given to Hildegard in secret plighting of their troth, and one she had sworn never to part with.

Then Philip realized that it was Osta who had stolen Hildegard under the cover of Pepin's attack on the hermit's dwelling. But he did not reveal his tumultuous feelings by a desperate leap forward for vengeance, as the Hun was evidently expecting.

Instead he measured his distances more carefully, and into each stroke and thrust put a mad strength of rage that brought no weariness with it.

Such blows had not been struck in Charlemagne's reign, and the frantic spectators surged forward at the spectacle of such terrific combat. Now blood began to flow from both contestants as the points went home through shattered mail; but Philip maintained his steady, irresistible fighting.

Twice the Hun fell back as though feigning a serious wound to draw his adversary into open attack, but each attempt failed. And at last into his doggedly brave mind the knowledge was beaten that he must end matters soon or go to his death.

He had uttered no sound from the moment he had appeared on the field; but now his mouth opened, and a hoarse, weird battle-cry sounded above the clang of weapons and the heavy breathing of the Breton. And upon the tail of it came his swift and well-nigh irresistible attack. Subconsciously Philip sensed the true state of affairs, and, letting go the restraint he had placed upon his efforts, met the onslaught with a fury as terrible.

The rising and falling of the swords was so swift that those watching could not distinguish one from the other, and the cloud of dust kicked up by the feet of the champions almost hid them from view.

Suddenly, out of the murk, Philip of Brittany reeled, his shield gone and his helmet split; and after him, baying like an animal, leaped Osta the Hun. Then something lightning-swift shot between them, the Hun threw up his hands, his limbs failed him, and he fell to the ground.

In an instant Philip had kneeled upon his mailed chest, pushed back his head with a mighty arm, and touched his throat with the point of the sword.

"Spare me!" gasped the Hun weakly.

"On one condition only."

"Name it."

"That you at once lead me to the place where the Lady Hildegard is kept," panted Philip.

The Hun hesitated, and on the instant the sword broke the skin of his throat.

"I promise," he cried, "on the altars of my gods!"

Philip arose and helped his former antagonist to his feet, while the thousands of men-at-arms awoke the echoes of the forest



with the clangor of their weapons as they greeted their victorious champion.

"When shall it be?" he asked, and the Hun, who, although he bled profusely, was not seriously wounded, thought a moment, then replied:

"I can go by nightfall, for then my strength will have come back to me."

"Meet me then before the door of my pavilion."

"I swear to fulfil my oath," answered Osta, and they parted—Philip to vindication and the tasteless fruits of honor, and Osta to the contumely of the perjurer.

All that day great jubilation continued among the Frankish legions, and the fight of their great champion was lived over again around a thousand camp-fires. But Philip, when he had made obeisance to the king and received again the embrace of trust with which Charlemagne honored his nobles, returned sadly to his pavilion, moody and depressed, refusing to take part in the general celebration.

An hour after nightfall two bruised and battered men might have been seen wending their way through a twisting, ill-lighted path in the camp. The tents that Philip now saw were strange, and he heard a strange tongue. He did not recognize these soldiers, and took them at once for Saxon mercenaries, conquered but sullen.

Presently before them a stockade of half trees rose, to the rough gate of which they proceeded. Admission was quickly gained, and the Hun led the way toward a tent within that glowed with the light of candles.

With every step nearer his goal, Philip's heart suffocated him until he thought he should cry out or run before his guide. During the parley at the door of the pavilion he raised in his mind pictures of the joy before him.

Truly, Fardulf had been wise in his counsel the night before.

At last the Hun stepped aside.

"Enter, my lord," he said and held open the flap.

Philip stepped into the glare of the tapers, and could not distinguish objects for a moment. Then his vision cleared, and, seated on a pile of cushions, her beautiful face eagerly radiant, he saw Fastrada, Charlemagne's queen.

Scenting trouble, he turned about to grip Osta. The Hun had disappeared. Philip snatched at the door of the tent to throw it

aside. It remained motionless. Then the truth flashed upon him.

He was trapped.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

IN the intense silence that followed Philip's discovery there came one sound—the clear musical laugh of the queen—and, hearing it, Philip recovered himself instantly and advanced to kneel before Fastrada.

"Not many of Charlemagne's nobles make such valiant efforts to leave me without ceremony as you did just now," said the queen, bidding him rise.

"It was not that, my lady," stammered Philip. "Only that Hun betrayed me—"

"Into my hands," rejoined Fastrada. "They are soft hands, my lord."

"But they have crushed," retorted Philip boldly, and the radiance of the woman's face was clouded with a slight frown.

"Only with good cause, my lord," she replied. "But now, see, I have left my mailed gauntlets behind," and she held out her white fingers and bare arms, justly famous for their loveliness.

"Since that is so, what would you have of me?"

"I would do you service."

"You would do me service? The queen is good."

"Does not such bravery as yours to-day merit goodness? By St. Margaret you fought well, my lord."

"In a good cause. My honor was at stake."

"And well you defended it. But listen, my lord. If you would have your honor totally cleared, I can help you."

"You know, then, where the stolen tribute is concealed that I may recover it?"

"Yes."

"I pray you tell me that I may set out at once and secure it, and thus prove to the king my absolute integrity."

"Presently," said the queen. "First, answer me a question or two. Report has it that you love the Lady Hildegard. Is this so?"

Philip waited a moment before answering. He felt that he was now approaching the marrow of the situation. Though he resented this inquiry into his most painful thoughts, he decided to answer and then bide his time.



"It is true, your majesty," he replied gravely, and noted with distrust the cloud gather on the queen's brows and the contemptuous curl of her lips.

"You honor the king's ward, an orphan and a pauper," she sneered.

"No more than she honors me," Philip returned dryly.

The queen's eyes flashed.

"Then she loves you, does she?" she hissed.

"Yes, and, God willing, she shall be my wife. Where she is now I do not know; but I shall find her, and, that accomplished, neither man nor devil shall ever part us again."

Philip spoke passionately, eagerly, and the tone was not lost upon the queen, who rose to her feet with the silence and grace of a panther. Her cloak fell from her shoulders, disclosing the ivory beauty of her arms and bosom.

"It has seemed better," she said gratingly, "that the king's eldest son, Pepin, should marry Hildegarde, of whom he has long been enamored. This Charlemagne has himself sanctioned, and it would hardly appear the part of wisdom for a noble of one of our smallest dependencies to obstruct the king's will. For this have I had you brought here to-night—to warn you."

"But, your majesty," cried Philip in desperation, "surely you will not force that innocent and lovely girl to marry a man she loathes and dreads!"

"No, we do not force her. She does so willingly."

"Your majesty—this is impossible; you do not understand—you do not know what you say—I cannot believe it."

Without replying, Fastrada clapped her hands, and, on the sound, the door hanging that gave into another room was pushed aside and a girl stepped forth, guarded on each side by a burly soldier with sword drawn.

It was Hildegarde, and Philip, gazing hungrily into her face, saw its terrible whiteness, and a set, drawn look of agony that only plunged him deeper into misery as he felt the meshes of the mysterious net that had been set for him draw tighter.

The queen smiled brilliantly upon the girl whose lips twitched with a spasmodic contraction.

"Tell our brave champion, Philip of Brittany, what you willingly told me this afternoon," said the queen, and Philip al-

most felt the pantherine claws sink into his throat.

"I said," replied Hildegarde steadily, gazing with great blue eyes upon her lover, "that I was perfectly willing to marry Pepin the Hunchback, or, failing in that, to retire to a nunnery. I say this of my own free will and agency."

"Are you satisfied, my lord?" demanded the queen in triumph; but Philip scarcely heard. He leaped forward in unbelieving anguish and threw himself at the feet of the girl he loved.

"Oh, Hildegarde!" he cried, "Hildegarde, say it is not so—that it is a lie; that I have gone mad and only dream that I hear you speaking! It cannot be that you were false through everything. And if I have wronged you, tell me how, so that I may blot it from our lives."

In a frenzy he looked up at the girl. Her pallid face was like a death-mask, and the smile that writhed upon her lips seemed akin to a venomous serpent.

"You have done nothing, Philip. I have been false through all. What I have just told you in regard to Pepin is true," she said in a ghastly voice.

Then Philip, chilled to the soul, rose from his knee and looked into her eyes; and there he saw a look of unutterable misery such as he had never seen, even upon a bloody battle-field. It held him fixed, helpless, charmed with its hideous fear. Then suddenly Hildegarde turned away and, under guard, retired to the next room without a backward glance.

"Perhaps you will believe me now." It was the queen's voice, modulated to a purring softness and warmth.

"So she will marry Pepin, the crooked worm," Philip muttered, still half dazed.

"Yes," answered the queen; "as soon as the army reaches Regensburg and takes up winter quarters there. Now, my lord, if you will listen to me, you will not go through life the rest of your days in black armor. In the course of a month there will be excitement enough, and, though there may be a sore spot left in your heart, you will find that other smiles are sweet."

Philip started out of his bitter reverie with a sense of disgust and repugnance. What was she saying, this scheming, cruel consort of the king?

"Enough, your majesty!" he cried sharply. "Have you no mercy upon me?"

"I wish to comfort you," she said so



softly and alluringly that perforce he looked at her.

She stood holding both hands out to him, her face flushed and eager in surrender, her eyes bent upon him softly. He looked a moment wearily, and then sighed.

"Will your majesty dismiss me?" he asked indifferently. "But no, wait," he added as his mind cast about for some relief, "you spoke of the lost tribute due the king, and said you would tell me of it. Where is it hidden?"

But Fastrada, the cruel, cunning, and vain, flushed with anger and hurt pride. She lowered her arms to her sides and burned with the resentment of spurned womanhood. Her eyes narrowed in vicious anger.

"I do not know; it was a lie," she said coldly. "Now you may go."

And Philip, hurt beyond almost all feeling, still had sensibilities to realize that her dismissal was scarcely worthy that of a servant. But the pride of race, family, and breeding came to him instinctively, and he shamed her rudeness with a courteous retirement.

He had scarcely reached the door of the tent when at the far side of the camp he heard faint shouts and the sound of tumult. Aroused, he stood listening a moment. Nearer and nearer the cries came, and with them the clash of sword and spear against shield.

"To arms!" came the faint cry. "To arms! The Huns are upon us!"

Instantly galvanized into activity, Philip snatched out his sword and took up the cry. Within a few moments the Saxon mercenaries came tumbling out of their tents and began forming their lines. But only one thought was in Philip's brain—Hildegard.

Rushing around the inside of the stockade, he came to the little pavilion adjoining the audience chamber. Quickly he raised the flap and called her name, but got no answer.

All was dark and silent within. He crawled underneath and felt his way about. The tent was empty and abandoned. For a moment he stood stunned and then the need for action came back. He rushed back before the stockade where the men were standing in line of battle, their chiefs heading them.

Quickly Philip advanced to one of these and told who he was, asking to fight with the mercenaries until he could find his own

band of Bretons. This was granted, and he placed himself before the column, sword in hand.

He had just given the word to march when a scream rent the air and Queen Fastrada, running from the pavilion, flung herself upon Philip, crying for protection, and saying that her few guards were not enough to defend her.

"Come, we will go to meet the king," he said, and, falling back behind the third line, he once more gave the command to march.

The noise of battle was nearer now, and by the light of burning tents the edge of the attack could be seen. The Frankish soldiers were running to meet the battle from all sides, and Philip, looking about upon the sullen Saxon mercenaries, felt a sudden distrust. They were advancing cautiously.

"Quick! To the left!" he cried; "the Franks are giving way there," and the men swung in the direction of the hottest fight. Fastrada, trembling with fear, clung to the Breton's arm and delayed his progress.

Now they were a hundred yards from the *mêlée*, and the clash of arms was deafening. Suddenly the Saxon chief raised his battle-ax high in air, and, with a blood-curdling yell, leaped forward, his men at his heels.

But he did not charge down upon the Huns, whose tall forms could be seen in the firelight. Directly upon the rear of the hard-pressed Franks he ran and, in a flash, Philip realized the truth.

The Saxons were seizing the opportunity to attack their conquerors treacherously. He turned to the Queen beside him.

"Run!" he shouted above the tumult. "With me, this way," and he dragged her out of the lines and veered across an open space toward a body of Charlemagne's soldiery that was hurrying to the support of the front ranks.

But a shout behind him told that his move had been seen, and bidding his charge complete the perilous journey alone, he turned to face the pursuing Saxons in defense of her who had worked such injury upon him.

Single-handed he met the onrush, and for a moment it seemed as though he would stop it. But the odds were too great. A battle-ax found its way through his guard and smote his helmet, stretching him stunned upon the ground.



Then, at a swift command, three men picked up the inert body and hurried with it toward the forest.

## CHAPTER V.

### DOOMED.

WITH the first glimmers of consciousness Philip became aware of guttural voices that spoke in low tones. Then as his brain cleared, he found that he lay, bound hand and foot, at the foot of a great oak-tree in broad daylight.

But he did not let on that consciousness had returned. An instinctive feeling of self-preservation bade him dissimulate until he had learned what he could from the conversation going on around him.

Opening his eyes cautiously, he saw that he was in a considerable camp that had been made in the brush of the forest without any pretense of orderly arrangement. He also noted that no fires were burning.

He noted that the men near him were fair-haired Saxons, while others that he could see moving about in the distance were black-haired, yellow-skinned Huns. The combination struck him as incongruous.

Then, as he regained his full faculties, he recalled the incidents of the night before: the duplicity of Osta, the interview with Fastrada, the shock of Hildegarde's confession, the attack and the treachery of the Saxon mercenaries. Upon all these his mind lingered, but most of all, upon the strange statement of Hildegarde.

What had forced her to disclaim him utterly? What pressure had been brought to bear that she should voluntarily espouse the suit of Pepin?

At the thought his hands clenched and he gritted his teeth in terrible rage. That the hunchback was a party to the whole proceeding he well knew, but what master-mind had laid the board and was now moving pawns and kings to an inexorable and successful conclusion, was a mystery that baffled him.

What had become of Fastrada? Had she reached the lines of the Franks safely as a result of his hopeless defense of her, or was she likewise a prisoner among these ill-assorted men? He cared little.

Last of all he pondered gloomily upon the combination of circumstances that had turned the whole scale of life against him. With the suddenness of a summer squall

he had been reduced from honor, position, and love to suspicion, degradation, and hatred. Long his mind dwelled upon this cheerless subject, but presently he turned his attention to the talk of the men about him.

"Why are we sitting here?" asked one, harshly. "After our defeat last night, Charlemagne will have his dogs of war upon our trails. Once across the Bohmerwald Mountains into Bohemia, we will be safe."

"Ha!" cried another. "I took my fill of revenge last night. If only our great chief Witikind had been there we would have had a victory."

"And the queen escaped, too. With her we would have brought the proud king to his knees. This Breton defended her well. He has yet to account for those he slew."

"That reminds me," said a third, "what are they doing with the prisoners?"

"Ten were beheaded this morning, and others will suffer before nightfall. Have you forgotten Verden, where 4,500 of our best warriors were executed for rebellion?"

"But what is to be done with this Breton? He of all men can do us the most harm," said another.

"The council is meeting now to decide his fate," replied he who had first spoken and who seemed to be an officer. "What is the matter with the fellow, anyway?" he added, giving Philip a shake to restore his consciousness.

Immediately Philip appeared to come slowly out of the coma into which he had been plunged, and the Saxons gathered around him interestedly, viewing with frank pleasure his great frame and mighty muscles. Most of them had witnessed his fight with Osta the day before, and had a healthy respect for his prowess.

"Where am I?" asked Philip, suddenly sitting up.

"Where you will slay no more Saxons," answered one roughly, and the others laughed.

"Then I must be dead and this is heaven," replied Philip, which turned the laughter against the wag and set him scowling and muttering. "Let me eat," added the Breton, and one of the soldiers, at the command of a petty officer, procured some coarse bread and dried meat and a horn of water.

"Are you hurt?" asked one, and Philip shook his head.



"Not a scratch," he replied. "The shock of the battle-ax merely stunned me."

The talk was interrupted by the approach of a body of men whose long blond mustaches and helmets with wings attached proclaimed them to be Saxons. They made directly for the prisoner, whose hands had now been unbound that he might eat.

Philip, looking keenly at them, recognized several as leaders of troops who had been in Charlemagne's army for a long time, and felt a shock of surprise that these men, thought to be faithful, had turned upon their just, though harsh, conqueror at a time when he needed them most. The party stopped a few feet from where Philip sat.

"Release the prisoner that he may stand," ordered a Saxon general.

"But he is eating now," explained one of the guards.

"He has little need of food," replied the superior officer significantly.

A thrill of apprehension went to Philip's heart as he heard the words, and his appetite suddenly fled. He struggled to his feet, holding himself upright by the aid of the tree.

"What are your wishes in regard to me?" he asked proudly, scowling at these men who held his fate in their hands.

One of them stepped forward.

"The council, after long deliberation, has decided," he began solemnly, "that, partially in revenge for the many injuries we have suffered at the hands of Charlemagne, and partially because we have no time nor food to waste on prisoners, that you shall be executed and your body left here that the Frankish host may see what love the Saxons have for their king."

"What!" cried Philip, "you would murder me in cold blood? Think before you commit such an atrocity! You know what the end will be; how Charlemagne will pursue and track you to earth as though you were wild animals; how he will pillage your land, burn your homes, and make a desolation of your towns. And his sword shall not be sheathed until the last of you has felt its bite.

"I do not beg for mercy—do as you will with me—but I only tell you of things that are sure to happen as they have already happened more than a score of times. And you who bring this sentence know it well, for you have seen."

"Who are you that you should threaten

us with revenge, Breton?" demanded the Saxon insolently. "Do you not think that we have considered all this? But we have decided that it were better forever to fight this tyrant than to live his docile slaves. This has been the soul of the Saxons in all ages, and it is still our soul. Liberty and death rather than whining servitude. Come, Breton, make ready to die. The council has decided."

"Place ten of your best men against me that I may die fighting," begged Philip.

"Never! Enough Saxons have already died by your hand to make your execution doubly sure. Captain, bind his hands. He shall go with us until the hour is up."

A short journey through the disordered camp brought them to a large tent, and into this Philip was thrust. For a moment he could not see for the darkness, but presently his vision cleared and he perceived a shadowy figure near by. Plainer the figure became until Philip at last made out the stony, unemotional face of Osta, the Hun.

"Ha! a traitor for a guard," cried Philip angrily to his captors. "Take the dog away and in Heaven's name give me an honest man."

But the sound of footsteps outside faded completely out of hearing, and he turned again to the stolid Mongolian, whose beady black eyes had not left him.

"Perhaps you are happy now that you have brought about my death," said Philip bitterly, laying the events of the night to the treachery of the Hun.

"I was powerless to do anything else than what I did," replied the Hun in a conciliatory tone. "There was a force still greater than my own word of honor that I dared not disobey, and I led you to the queen in obedience to it."

"And that force was?"

"The fear of torture and death. Losing the battle with you made me a liar and a criminal, and the one who closed me in her grip threatened me with lingering, terrible agonies that should keep me near death, but never quite bring it, if I did not obey her. The fear of this was too much. I yielded. That is all."

"And this person is?"

"The queen."

"Ah! But tell me," Philip went on, "what is in her mind back of all this?"

"That I cannot say, for she would not tell me. I only obey by force."

"H-m," mused Philip, "she lured me



with a promise of finding my lost tribute hereabouts, and, like a fool, I hearkened to her."

He stopped, as over the face of Osta came a dull gleam of light and a look that might have passed for a smile of triumph. The Hun rose to his feet and stood for a moment before Philip.

"You are to die?" he interrogated.

"Yes, within the hour," was the reply, and Philip felt an involuntary shiver as he realized how time was speeding.

The Hun turned back deep into the dark tent, and in a moment returned, bearing in his hands two wonderfully wrought jeweled goblets of gold. These he held before the astonished eyes of the Breton.

"Part of my tribute!" replied Philip in amazement. "And in this very tent! But how did this happen?"

"It is in my charge," replied the Hun. "You see, you are learning things before you die."

"Then it was you who engineered that attack upon my party when I was bringing the treasure to Charlemagne, eh?"

There was no reply, for Osta was restoring the goblets to their place among the baggage. Returning, the Hun passed out of the tent, only lingering long enough to say:

"I go now; another guard takes my place." And immediately a stupid-looking private soldier entered the tent with drawn sword, and took his stand.

Philip, his hands tied, sat leaning back against a bale of baggage and looking out of the flap door of the pavilion. Now, left to his own thoughts, a cold gloom descended upon his spirits, and, despite his bravery, he felt the bitterness and fear of death creeping upon him. His eyes, wandering aimlessly among the trees and looking with a savage fondness upon them, per-

haps for the last time, suddenly fixed themselves. Then they widened in amazement and his whole body leaned forward.

For on the bare limb of a dead oak sat a pure white bird.

Instantly the prophetic words of Far-dulf, the hermit, recurred to him as they had been shouted at Pepin and his men: "Beware the flight of the white bird—beware the flight of the white bird," and he watched the little creature intently, hoping that it might take wing.

But it did not, and, wearying of this presently, Philip's eye dropped down to earth, where a tent, open in front, was pitched, and within which a number of men sat. The sun shone directly into the tent, illumining their faces, and Philip started with a great cry of wonder and rubbed his eyes with his bound hands to assure himself that he was awake.

For there, in close conversation, sat Theodoric, Altuo, Thinga, Peter Arichis, and others, all nobles of the court of Charlemagne.

Could it be that they were prisoners? Were they, too, to spill their blood as an insult to the Frankish king? He did not think so, since no mention of them had been made as among the captured. What did it all mean?

In the mind of Philip there was a child-like method of connecting the obvious, and he pondered long and deeply over the sight of ten great Frankish nobles holding council in an enemy's camp in a tent pitched beneath a dead tree on which sat a fateful white bird.

In the midst of his speculations there came a trampling of feet outside and his heart almost ceased to beat as an officer thrust his head in at the doorway.

"Come, Philip of Brittany," he said. "The hour is up."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

TOWELL content within these narrow walls,  
No darkness thick, no silence me appals,  
Since thou, beloved, dost wander free  
With eyes that only see  
The overflowing May, the flowers, the light  
Undimmed by memory of my endless night.

*Anna McClure Sholl.*



# The Celtic Way



By  
Randolph Hayes

**W**E were on the veranda of a California bungalow, after dinner. The first round of cigars had been smoked and the second round was lighted when the talk turned on revenge.

Our guests were a Turkish officer, who had been attached to the staff of General Nogi during the Japanese-Russian War; a Japanese officer, who was returning with him to Europe; one of our neighbors, an orchidist, who had lived most of his life in Virginia, and my father, who had been a Union soldier during the Civil War. Soldiers, all.

The Turk told of a man in Albania who had waited twenty years to kill a man he hated, so that the other, having achieved fortune and a title, would have the more to lose.

The Virginian remembered a man in Albemarle County, who, challenging to a duel the handsomest man in the county, had first drawn his fire, which missed, and had then deliberately sent a bullet through his cheek in such a way that an ugly scar would remain there for life.

The Japanese then related an old *Samurai* tale of a Satsuma man who refrained from killing his enemy, but who so arranged matters that once each year there was found on the front door-step of the other the slain body of that person for whom he had displayed the most affection the previous twelvemonth. Thus, from a *Daimio* of exceeding popularity he became a man whose favors were shunned.

As the years passed, and the members of his household were slain, one after the other, no one dared accept from him the slightest attention. If he smiled at a man in the street that man turned away. At length he became like a leper, alive in the community, but ostracized. Not even a servant would look at him lest that implacable and mysterious *Samurai* enemy should strike down the luckless one. Finally the *Daimio* fled to the hills and finished his life as a hermit, seen by none, seeing no one.

"It seems, then," said my father, "that the motives of different races are alike, though their methods are different. Each has its way of executing vengeance. May I ask," he added, turning to the Turk, "what it was that made the Albanian an enemy?"

"The other man," answered the Turk, "had degraded him by causing his dismissal from the army and making him a servant."

"And how was it with your friend from Albemarle County?" he inquired of the Virginian.

"The other man," replied the Southerner, "had publicly referred to my friend's sister as a girl without good blood. As a matter of fact, the girl had refused to dance with him because of his offensive manners, and he, being exceedingly handsome and vain of his appearance, and a certain amount of popularity he had acquired on account of it, lacked the manliness to accept the rebuff without some attempt at re-



taliation. My friend challenged him and deliberately set out to place a mark upon him that would humiliate him constantly for the rest of his days."

"And what caused the *Samurai* to pursue such diabolical revenge?"

"The *Daimio* had placed temptations in the way of his daughter," explained the Japanese, "had ruined her and had then sold her as a *fille de joie* in the *yoshiwara*."

"You see," said my father, turning from one to the other of us, "the motive was similar in each case. Each was a slur; on the man himself with the Albanian, on the man's sister with the Albemarle, on the man's daughter with the Satsuman. But the ways of revenge varied with the national training of each. Now, I will tell you a story of the Celtic way. I do not condone it, I do not excuse it. I merely offer it as a revelation of Irish racial instinct."

We all settled more comfortably in our chairs and puffed more deeply at our cigars. My father looked out on the mellow blueness of the California night, searching the deep vault thoughtfully, as if thus he might reach back a generation and travel to the east two thousand miles.

"At the beginning of the Civil War," he said, "my family lived in a little Ohio town. There were no railroads in those days, but a stage came through from Cincinnati twice a week. In our community to have traveled to Cincinnati was a badge of aristocracy, and of all our young men only a few had ever been there.

"Our richest citizen was Captain Kelly, a veteran of the Mexican War, and the owner of the sawmill. His oldest son, Patrick, was the chief beau of the town, a handsome fellow of twenty-five, six feet in height, with black hair, flashing eyes, and with a passionate manner that made him admired and envied everywhere. He had been to Cincinnati several times, a distinction of which neither I nor my brother, Dennis, could boast.

"Dennis was four or five years younger than Patrick, and the girls never looked at him a second time. He had red hair and the bluest of Irish blue eyes, and his eyebrows were so blond one could distinguish them with difficulty. Moreover, he was small and bow-legged, and though he led his class at school and was earning his own living and taking care of my sister Ethel and myself before he was twenty, he was never much of a favorite.

"He was a silent fellow, and people thought him morose, though he had the biggest and truest heart I have ever known. I believe he secretly admired Mollie Dougherty, the girl Patrick Kelly eventually married, but of that I am not sure. At any rate, he remained a bachelor to the end of his days, devoting his loving care and the fortune he finally amassed as the most brilliant constructing engineer in the new West, to our sister, Ethel, and her children, of which there was quite a brood.

"It was in 1860, the year before the war, that Patrick Kelly was most attentive to Ethel, and one day she confided to Dennis that Patrick had asked her to marry him. I was only a boy of fourteen at the time, but even now I can remember distinctly what Dennis did when Ethel told him.

"He looked at her in his silent, slow way and sadly shook his head. That was all. It was enough. Ethel did not marry Patrick, but the young Presbyterian minister, instead. Whether or not Dennis had any real reason for shaking his head I do not know, but of one thing I am sure—Mollie Dougherty's life as Patrick's wife was a hell on earth, and she died prematurely of a broken heart.

"But I am ahead of my story, for the war was two years old before any of them were married. When Lincoln sent out his first call for volunteers an electric shock went through our sleepy old town. A mass-meeting was held in the public square that night.

"It seemed as if every man and boy in the community wanted to go to the front. I remember the agony with which I heard them say that no one under eighteen could go, and how I stretched myself on my toes and threw back my head and resolved that I *would* go, anyway. And I *did* run away the following fall, and told the recruiting officers I was eighteen, and so passed to the battle-fields.

"Meanwhile it was resolved to equip a company from our town, and a paper was passed for the signature of volunteers. Dennis's was the first name down. The next few days were filled with preparation. And all the while every one was discussing the question of the personnel of the officers of the company.

"Every one supposed, naturally, that the officers would be elected, and, as the talk continued, I could see that Dennis had a very good chance to be picked as the cap-



tain. Though girls paid no attention to him, and while he was not especially popular, all the men swore by him. Already he was the foreman in Captain Kelly's saw-mill, and he had a silent, masterful way about him that compelled respect, while he was as quick as chain lightning to see the necessary thing to do in any emergency and to have it done instantly.

"All the men knew this, and it seemed as though he would be elected, with little opposition.

"Finally the night was set when the hastily mustered company should meet and elect officers. Patrick Kelly, who had been among the first to place his name on the roll, had disappeared from town the following day, traveling by the stage to Cincinnati, and he was not present at the election, although his name was proposed by some one for the captaincy. However, he had left word that he would be back by the next stage, which was due the following day, and his father gave it out that he had gone down to see the Governor, who was there temporarily. But when the ballots were counted Dennis was found to have seventy-one votes, against eighteen for Kelly, with a few scattering.

"The next morning, when the stage pulled in, Patrick Kelly swung down from the seat by the driver, swaggering his full six feet with an audacious air, and proceeded, without a word, to the town hall. Quickly word passed through the town that he had a message from the Governor, and that it concerned the new company of volunteers. As our chief source of anxiety just then was lest our little company might not have the chance to do any fighting, you may be sure that every recruit rushed down there as soon as possible.

"When all had assembled Patrick Kelly read aloud a letter from the Governor commissioning the company as G, of the Seventh Ohio Infantry. Then, with a smile, he passed to his father, who was presiding, a stamped and sealed document.

"His father rose and read it aloud. It was a commission appointing Patrick Kelly captain of G Company, Seventh Ohio Volunteers, with full powers. He was to select his officers, equip his company as best he could, and report for duty at Columbus as soon as possible.

"Dennis accepted the situation with a grim smile. I could see that the members of the company were stunned, and immedi-

ately a number of them crowded around Dennis, protesting, and urging him to make some resistance. He answered them all with his quiet smile and a steady word.

"No, he said, they were now all enlisted soldiers, and the Governor was their commanding officer; he had issued orders and it was for them to obey; the Governor doubtless had good reasons for doing as he had done.

"That night, bitter with protest, and sullen with rage, I went to Dennis's room and implored him to resign and raise another company of his own, with which, I heroically added, I would go as a drummer-boy.

"For answer I received only that patient smile and these words: 'Brother, I have never before been a soldier, but I know what a soldier's duty is. It is to obey orders. We can win this war only by one and all of us obeying orders. That is what I propose to do—so long as I am a soldier.'

"The next morning the new Captain Kelly announced his appointments of officers. Dennis did not appear even as a sergeant. He was nothing but a private, and, as a private, three days later he marched away up the long, dusty road to Columbus. I saw his patient smile and those dazzling blue eyes flash at me from the ranks as the soldiers passed out of the town. And Kelly marched at the head.

"Now the remarkable part of what I am telling you is this: Kelly proved to be a fine soldier and an excellent officer. There is no gainsaying that. His record throughout the war is too well known for me to question either his efficiency or his bravery. And he proved to be a true soldier in another way, in the way that Dennis told me he should be; he recognized the essential soundness of the system of advance for merit. Except for that first advantage he sought in jumping over the heads of his townsmen by securing the assistance of the Governor, he did not again seek a rise except that won by his own achievements.

"Not only that, but when, after the first battle, and it was found that two sergeants were gone, one killed and one missing, he received from his first lieutenant a recommendation to appoint Dennis to one of the vacancies, he did not hesitate to make the appointment, as recommended. Perhaps you will say he did not dare do otherwise, but I prefer to think he had the cause at heart as truly as had Dennis.



"Yet he found numberless little ways in which to harass Dennis's patient spirit. He contrived to double his guard duty, and when, in northern Virginia, malaria struck the camp, he placed Dennis in charge of the latrines, the most dangerous post he could find. At the same time he did not relieve him from guard duty. Dennis was obliged to post a corporal over the latrines, and in the night Captain Kelly came down and found the corporal asleep. The next morning he drew the company up, at attention, and publicly reprimanded Dennis for the corporal's dereliction. Dennis said not a word, only touched his cap in strict military salute.

"At the battle of Gettysburg the Seventh Ohio was in the thick of the fight and G Company lost both lieutenants, while all three regimental majors and the colonel were killed. The following week General Meade appointed Captain Kelly to the vacant colonelcy of the regiment and asked him to recommend an officer to succeed himself. Kelly recommended Dennis, who thus came into the position that he should have had more than two years before.

"But there was a shrewd and relentless purpose in this move on Kelly's part. He knew Dennis's fearless bravery and he relied on it to accomplish the purpose at which he now aimed for the rest of the war. He evidently hoped to accomplish what David did with Uriah by placing him in the forefront of the battle-line.

"At Missionary Ridge the Seventh Ohio led the assault and Colonel Kelly ordered G Company to head the regiment, knowing well that Dennis would lead his company. But Dennis was not born to die in that way, for, while all of his officers but one and two-thirds of his command were lost, he himself came through unscathed and picked up the flag where it had fallen from the color-bearer and personally carried it, first of all the Union soldiers, to the top of the ridge.

"General Grant, from Orchard Knob, himself saw this act. Ten days later he appointed Dennis commander of the regiment, with the grade of lieutenant-colonel, while he advanced Kelly to a brigadier-generalship. Kelly had no more opportunities to carry on his feud in his ingenious way, until the close of the war. Meanwhile, he had become a major-general and Dennis was a full colonel, in command of the Seventh.

"Finally the armies of the Potomac and the Cumberland joined for that last grand review up Pennsylvania Avenue. At the head of one corps rode General Kelly with his staff. Right behind, leading the corps, came the Seventh Ohio, with Dennis and his staff at the head.

"They were only boys. Kelly was about thirty then and Dennis not much more than twenty-five, but they were tried and proved veterans, gallant and skilful officers, both of them.

"As the line moved down F Street to defile into the avenue, General Kelly turned on his horse, looked down the line, and gave an order to the aide at his side. The aide galloped back to Dennis and delivered the general's instructions for the Seventh Ohio to fall out and mark time.

"Dennis saluted, with military stiffness, and obeyed the order. Whatever raging resentment he may have felt, he did not show. He asked no questions, made no delay. He was still the soldier, though release was but a few hours ahead. And yet here he was robbed of the crowning glory of the war, that last proud and tattered review past the President, and Grant, and Sherman.

"He well knew what Kelly had done, but he gave no sign of his knowledge as the corps, and, following it, line upon line of men marched past him, flung high and dry up there in a side street, denied the final review that he had so desperately won. Only a soldier can understand this peculiarly bitter humiliation. It was the final blow in a series of obvious insults extending over four years.

"This happened just before noon. Late that afternoon General Kelly and all of the Seventh Ohio were mustered out. For four years they had been soldiers, united against a common enemy, each with his own interests supposedly subservient to the good of the cause. Now each was an individual, a private citizen.

"Dennis laid aside his uniform and donned civilian clothes for the first time in four years. Then he looked up two old friends and the three dined together. After they had leisurely enjoyed their dinner, and while the evening was still young they started forth, the two were apprized of Dennis's purpose.

"They made a round of the hotels, restaurants and bars, in search of General Kelly. Up and down Pennsylvania Ave-



nue they passed, from one roystering place to another, finding the city overrun with soldiers enjoying their first freedom in four years, celebrating peace, intoxicated with final victory.

"Finally, just at midnight, they came upon the man for whom they were searching. He was in a barroom. Dennis, who was not a drinking man, walked up to him, as he stood at the bar, looked him in the eyes and then away, without apparently seeing him. Then he stood elbow to elbow with the man who had been his superior officer for four years, but who now was on an exact equality with him.

"Dennis called to his friends and asked them to order drinks. They were surprised, as this was the first time they had ever known Dennis to encourage drinking.

"Meanwhile Kelly had noticed Dennis no more than if he had been a dog. Kelly towered over my brother at least six inches, and he must have outweighed him at least forty pounds. He stood looking down at the little bow-legged, red-headed Irishman with mingled curiosity and derision.

"When their friends had ordered their drinks Dennis called to the bartender: 'Give me some water.' The bartender reached for a pitcher of ice-water and poured forth a tumbler full, but Dennis looked at it disdainfully.

" 'This is *clean* water?' he said.

" 'Certainly!' replied the bartender.

" 'I want *dirty* water,' said Dennis, setting the tumbler back on the bar.

" 'I have none,' responded the bartender with a laugh, and added pleasantly: 'Unless you want some of the stuff with cracked ice that the bottles have been standing in.'

" 'Let me see it,' asked Dennis, suavely.

"The bartender scooped up a pitcher of water from some place under the bar. Dennis looked at it with patient care, as if very particular about the quality of water he required for some mysterious purpose.

" 'Very well,' he said finally. 'This will do. Now let me have a tumbler, the biggest you have in the house.'

"The bartender set forth a mammoth

tumbler, one that would hold nearly a pint. Then Dennis filled it to the brim with the dirty water. While he had been performing this ceremony, General Kelly had been leaning nonchalantly against the bar, occasionally casting a sarcastic smile toward Dennis, while he chatted with some friends. But Dennis's tone was too loud for any one to miss, and the whole barroom had paused to see what was about to happen.

"Dennis now turned with the filled tumbler in his hand and suddenly dashed all its contents into Kelly's face. It splashed over him, into his eyes, which he blinked ferociously, deluging his shirt front and wetting his shoulders.

"He was so astounded and surprised that he fell back and then clenched his hands. Evidently he had never expected Dennis to turn on him. Instinctively he reached for his revolver, but it was not there. Not a man in the room carried a weapon, for a military order had gone forth denuding all discharged soldiers of their small arms.

"Dennis stepped up to him coolly, meanwhile unbuttoning his coat, and said: 'Do you want satisfaction?'

"With an oath Kelly stripped off his coat, and, in an instant, Dennis was stripped to his undershirt. The crowd quickly formed a ring, and the two went at the seemingly unequal contest.

"But Dennis had something in him besides pounds and inches. He beat down the larger man and knocked him sprawling. Kelly got up and Dennis again knocked him down. He repeated this again and again. Seventeen times he knocked down his tormentor.

"The last two times he had to lift Kelly to his feet, for he was all but unconscious. He knocked out four of his teeth, broke his nose, closed both eyes, battered his ears and placed scars on him, some of which never came off."

My father paused and looked around on the Turk, the Japanese and the Virginian.

"That, gentlemen," he concluded, "is the Celtic way."

---

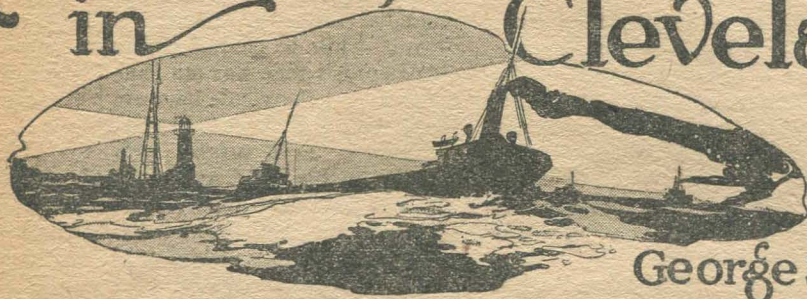
### ON WOMEN'S FAULTS.

WE men have many faults;  
 Poor women have but two—  
 There's nothing good they say,  
 There's nothing good they do.

*Anonymous.*



# A Pair of Eyes in Cleveland



by  
George Stillwell

(COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.)

## CHAPTER I.

### AN INHERITED FEUD.

**E**VERYBODY in Cleveland knew the two men were deadly enemies. It was notorious that James J. Prentiss, head of the Prentiss Shipping Company, and Robert L. Tillman, president of the Cleveland and Northern Michigan Marine Company, never spoke to or noticed each other when it could be avoided. Sometimes it couldn't. Occasionally they were thrown together at a bank directors' meeting or by some other exigency of business down-town, and as their families both swam collectively in the city's exclusive social whirlpool, the men frequently found themselves face to face at night in some Euclid Avenue mansion. At such times they were obliged to speak, but their personal communication was always as brief as business demands or the conventions of polite society would permit.

To only a few persons was the origin of their bitter animosity known, for neither man was prone to indiscriminate confidences. Certainly they had not fallen out over any of the ordinary matters that provoke quarrels in a civilized community. There had been no dispute over property boundaries, or politics, or church government, nor had they been rivals in love.

Business rivals they were, it is true, since each company, besides owning many vessels carrying freight over the Great Lakes, also operated mines in northern Michigan, and hence were in constant competition. But the legitimate warfare of commerce did not explain their personal hostility. The reason

lay much deeper than that. The men hated each other because—

*Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!*

The telephone-bell broke in with its customary boorish abruptness, and James J. Prentiss picked up the receiver with a frown. He had been standing at the window of his luxurious private office on the top floor of a Superior Street sky-scraper, gazing over the intervening roofs at the sunny waters of Lake Erie. The telephone had brought him out of his reverie.

"Hallo!" he said gruffly. Then, as a voice responded over the wire, his tone softened. "Oh, it's you, Tom! Well?"

Thomas Ingraham Prentiss was James J. Prentiss's only son. Also he was vice-president and general superintendent of the Prentiss Shipping Company. Obviously the young man had something important to say, for his father listened intently for several minutes without any interruption save an interjectory "Uh-huh!" now and then.

But though Mr. Prentiss made no audible comment on his son's communication until he had finished, his lips tightened until there showed an inch-wide white ring around his mouth; his eyelids became narrow parallels, with black eyes smoldering wrathfully through the lashes, and curious deep-cut lines formed a **Y** between the shaggy brows. This **Y**, whose lower stem ran down nearly to the bridge of his determined nose, never appeared except when he was furiously angry. There was no mistaking its presence now. Suddenly:

"Oh, he will, eh? He'll wreck our boat before he'll let it get in first, will he? Are you sure he said that?"



James J. Prentiss, the unusually suave but dignified gentleman—well groomed, iron gray, and nearly fifty years of age—roared this into the telephone so savagely that the whole room rumbled again. There came a brief word, and he replied:

"Very well, Tom! Hurry around here, and we'll see what's to be done. What's that? Of course we'll beat him! The scoundrel! I'd like to—well, never mind! Hustle over! Come right up to my room. Yes! All right! Good-by!"

He hung up the receiver and resumed his station at the window, where, hands in his pockets, he scowled at the great inland ocean surging gently against the three miles of stone breakwater, as if it were responsible for his annoyance.

As he looked he muttered:

"So Robert Tillman is trying dirty work again, is he? It is only to be expected. Treachery is in the Tillman blood—at least in this branch of the family. Strange, too, when you come to think of it! There are some of the name who are clean-strain men of honor. I guess Robert Tillman's father must have inherited his deviltry from his mother's side of the house. Well, he certainly transmitted a full share of it to this fellow."

He walked over to the great mahogany table, with its spotless blotting-pad, its massive silver inkstand and penrack, and its other desk equipment, all carefully placed for his use. He was a particular man, and all his employees knew it, especially those brought into contact with him in the offices of the company. Sinking into his own comfortable leather-upholstered swivel chair, Mr. Prentiss leaned back grimly to wait for his son. The Y never left the narrow space between his eyebrows.

"Here I am, dad!"

A young man of about twenty-five breezed into the room after a perfunctory knock at the door, and, putting his hat on the table, drew up a chair near his father.

Tom Prentiss was a good-looking, athletic fellow, well dressed, and full of business. He was the live wire of the Prentiss Company, extremely useful, but, like all live wires, requiring a steady hand at the switch to regulate the current. Tom firmly believed he could run the corporation without help, but his father knew better. For the rest, the lad was popular in society and clubland, could "hole out" on the golf-links at Forest Hill in not much over the "bogey,"

was a lieutenant in the Cleveland Grays, the crack military organization of the city, and had more than once taken the wheel in the pilot-house of a big freighter and held her steady in pretty rough weather.

"Lock the door, Tom," were James J. Prentiss's first words. As his son obeyed, he went on:

"Our boat is tied up in the Detroit River, is it?"

"Yes, with her propeller jammed and the bark scraped off about twenty feet of the hull aft. It's a wonder she hasn't got a big hole in her. Captain Pollman telephoned from Detroit half an hour ago and gave me the whole yarn.

"This was the how of it: The Claribel, with ore from Lake Superior, was coming through the Detroit River last night, and the Tillman craft, Arenac, was close behind, between her and the Windsor shore. They had been racing all the way down from the 'Soo,' trying to win the thousand-dollar bonus offered by the Brookside Steel Company for the first load of ore of the season."

"We've got to win that one thousand dollars," broke in James J. Prentiss, with sudden fierceness, thumping his fist upon the table as the Y showed deeper.

"Of course, I know that. But about this affair at Detroit: There was a heavy railroad flat, loaded with cars, crossing from the Canadian side to Detroit. The Arenac deliberately crowded it so that it was obliged to swing over to avoid a collision. It might have slipped between the Arenac and Claribel even then—for the current helped. But at the critical moment the Arenac pilot put his wheel over suddenly, and the man on the railroad boat had to do the same. Then came the smash. Captain Pollman says it was the rawest thing he ever saw in his thirty years on the lakes."

"Raw? It was villainous! Who was in the Arenac's pilot-house? Munson, I suppose?"

"No. That's what makes it worse. Pollman says Captain Munson was below, and Robert Tillman himself was at the wheel."

"What?" shouted Mr. Prentiss. "Tillman? The president of the—"

"Yes. That did not surprise me much. I knew he had been up in Michigan, looking after the loading of the ore, and was coming down on the Arenac. His taking the wheel was natural enough. He's a first-class licensed pilot, just as you are."

"And he told Pollman he'd wreck the



Claribel before he'd let her get to Cleveland first?"

"That's what Captain Pollman says. By the way, dad, what's the reason Tillman hates us so? I've often wondered, but you never seem to want to talk about it, so—"

"No, Tom, I don't care to talk about it, but this is a good time for you to know. Robert Lee Tillman and I are going to have a settlement when the Claribel and Arenac get into Cleveland, and it will all come out then, anyhow."

The young man leaned forward in his chair eagerly as his father went on:

"You know that the Tillmans and Prentisses lived in Alabama before the war, and that both families were well-to-do. My father, Homer Prentiss, and Robert L. Tillman's father—whose name was the same as his son's—were officers in the Southern army. They fought side by side at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and were taken prisoners on the same day at Chickamauga. They were brought North and put in the military prison on Johnson's Island, Sandusky, where the Confederate cemetery is now. They were friends up to that time, I have heard, as men are when they march and fight in the same cause."

"But they got away from the Sandusky prison, didn't they?"

"Yes. One dark, rainy night they slipped past the guards and got to the water. They managed to swim to the mainland, but just as they touched shore four Union soldiers were pushing off in a skiff to row to the island. One of them raised a lantern as he untied the rope from the landing, and another caught a glimpse of the two fugitives as they were working their way on hands and knees through the bushes. Not being sure the men were escaping prisoners, they did not fire. But they called out 'Halt!' and two of them pointed their guns."

"Matters were getting hot, weren't they?" exclaimed Tom Prentiss, breathless with interest. "Go on!"

"It was then that the horribly treacherous thing happened."

"Yes?"

"Homer Prentiss and Robert Tillman might both have escaped—for there was plenty of cover, and it was a very dark night—if Tillman hadn't been a cur. But he was looking out only for himself, and he thought that if the soldiers got hold of one, the other would have a better chance to slip away. So he deliberately pushed

your grandfather out of the bushes into the full light of the lantern, and, as the soldiers pounced upon Homer Prentiss, Robert Tillman darted into the thick shrubbery and got clear away. Your grandfather was punished for trying to escape, and stayed in the prison six months longer, when he was exchanged. His health was broken, and he was invalided home."

"When did he come to Cleveland?"

"Soon after the war ended. It was then he founded this business. He built ships and got hold of ore property in the Lake Superior country when it wasn't anything like as valuable as it is now. He died four years after Lee's surrender to General Grant, to the very day."

"The Tillmans came here about the same time, didn't they? I think that is what mother has told me."

"Yes. My father's success was talked about in Mobile, where Robert L. Tillman, the elder, was shipping cotton. He sold out, came to Cleveland, and organized the company that his son still controls. The old man wanted to be friendly with my father, but was ordered out of the office. As he went out he swore he would ruin our whole family before he died."

"But he didn't do it."

"No, because he couldn't; but he always had the will to do it. I've been told that on his death-bed he left the job to his son, this Robert L. Tillman, who tried to wreck our boat in the Detroit River last night. I have never had an open quarrel with him, but I hope Heaven will forget me if I ever cease to remember that it was a Tillman who killed my father—for that was what was done practically."

He got up and walked across the room twice, the Y deep between his eyes. Then he sat down as suddenly as he had arisen, and continued, in a low voice:

"He has tried to destroy our boat, and he is no better than a miserable wharf-rat. But I'll beat him. We're going to win that thousand dollars by landing the first load of ore in Cleveland this season. I'll bring the Claribel in first in spite of him. After that—"

James J. Prentiss stopped, and the curious mark between his brows became livid as he clenched his strong fingers in vengeful rage on the mahogany table. There was a soft knock at the door.

"That's Miss Courtney, I guess. Open it, Tom."



His son obeyed, and a capable-looking young woman, neat and businesslike, entered with a card which she laid in front of her employer. He glanced at it, raised his eyebrows and hesitated an instant. Then:

"Show him in, please, Miss Courtney."

The young woman vanished to the outer office, whence she had come, and James J. Prentiss scanned the card again. It read:

ROBERT L. TILLMAN,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

## CHAPTER II.

### FACE TO FACE.

It was a tall, spare, leaden-visaged man, with a long chin and hanging cheeks, who stalked into the room and stood in front of the mahogany table, fixing the gentleman in the leather chair with piercing dark eyes, much too close together.

"Mr. Prentiss?" he asked.

"Yes." Then, referring to the card still in his hand, "You are Mr. Tillman, I presume. This is my son, Mr. Thomas Prentiss, Mr. Tillman."

James J. Prentiss and Robert L. Tillman always maintained the fiction that they were strangers to each other. Whenever they chanced to meet they insisted on being introduced—provided there was any one present to do it—as if they never had met before, and it was a common remark that their casual encounters were the most ceremonious in Cleveland. As for Tom, he knew Tillman almost as well as he did his own father, so no wonder he found it difficult to keep a straight face when so solemnly presented.

"I have come to you this morning, Mr. Prentiss," began Robert L. Tillman, "with a proposition that will be for our mutual advantage."

James J. Prentiss frowned. In the anger mark between his brows flashes of blue and red ran up and down like the flitting colors in a modern electric sign.

"I can hardly conceive of any proposition of that nature which I could accept," he replied coldly. "I am sorry to have

wasted your time, although I esteem the honor of your call, I assure you."

The irony was not lost on Mr. Tillman, and his jaws snapped together with a vindictive click. Tom Prentiss, his back to the window, watched his father curiously. "There'll be an explosion in another second," he thought. "The governor is just ready to let go, I can see."

"You'll at least let me tell you what my proposal is, will you not?" said Tillman.

"Is it necessary?"

"I think it is. This is going to be a big year in the steel business in Cleveland."

James J. Prentiss shrugged his shoulders; there was no information in this. Tillman continued:

"You see, your company and mine own practically all the available iron ore in our Lake Superior district. There are other important mines in the neighborhood, of course, but their output will not come to Cleveland."

"Well?"

"The only competitors we shall have will be the smaller concerns, like the Rogers, the Escanaba Waterway, the Whitefish and the Au Sable."

"Yes, they are small concerns, but they are all doing business. What is your proposition?"

The last four words came out like white-hot steel ingots dropping in water. Mr. Prentiss's brows drew together until they almost hid the ominous mark between them. Robert L. Tillman bent down over the table and said, rapidly and earnestly:

"The proposition is simply this: You and I control all the ore freighters of any account between Lake Superior and this port, and we have been giving these little fellows easy rates. Now they are going to be raised, if you will come in."

"But suppose these 'little fellows' refuse to pay?"

"They won't refuse. They can't."

"But if they do?" persisted Mr. Prentiss.

Robert L. Tillman smiled cadaverously, and the bony knuckles of his suddenly clenched hands cracked as he answered:

"Then we'll crush them! Crunch them to powder! Put them out of business! Why, they've got to come to our terms—if you and I stick together."

"But my company has contracts with the Rogers, Escanaba Waterway and the rest. I have heard that yours has, too."



Tillman's claylike countenance cracked into a dry chuckle as he whispered hoarsely:

"Those contracts are not worth the paper they're written on if we don't want to fulfil them. You know that. I doubt whether they would hold in law for a moment. Beside, these pikers couldn't afford to fight us. They never would be able to move their ore if they did. No, all you and I have to do is to enter into a gentleman's agreement and—"

Then it broke! James J. Prentiss jumped up from his leather chair with such menacing abruptness that Tom ran between them. The tall, leaden-faced man who had been so glibly talking about a piece of rascality as "a gentleman's agreement" never changed his position in front of the table except to straighten up. The wrath of the other was uncontrollable.

"And you dare to come into my private office with such a proposal as this!" he thundered. "You ask me to break my word to these people who have trusted me, and rob them. I am to play the part of what the police call a 'hold-up.' And I am to do it because they can't help themselves and may agree to my terms for that reason. Why, any contemptible thief who springs on his victim from a dark doorway and blackjacks him without giving him a fighting chance has that much justification. By Heaven! I've a good mind to—"

He moved suddenly toward Tillman as if to take him by the throat. But Tom had been looking out for just such a happening, and he got in the way in the nick of time. Placing his two hands on his father's shoulders as he stood in front of him, he said persuasively:

"All right, dad! You don't quite understand. He didn't mean what you thought he did. Sit down and let's reason it out." Then, over his shoulder: "Mr. Tillman, I think you'd better finish this interview by telephone—or talk it over with me at some other time. The matter is in my department, anyhow. I'll come down and see you at your office later. Just now—"

"Keep quiet, Tom!" interrupted James J. Prentiss. "I'll talk to Mr. Tillman. If he thinks—"

"You don't care to consider my proposition then?" put in Robert L. Tillman.

"Of course not!" replied Tom, forestalling his father. "It would be entirely opposed to the policy of our company. I

could have told you that at once, Mr. Tillman. I wish you had submitted the proposal to me, as general superintendent, in the first place. It would have saved all this bother. Still, we can't always avoid misunderstandings in business, and we must put this down as one of them, eh, Mr. Tillman?"

Tom Prentiss could be diplomatic on occasion, and his conciliatory manner and tone were in strong contrast with the fierce indignation of his father, desperately as the latter sought to hold himself in control.

Robert L. Tillman did not answer. He stood, watchful, but unmoved, by the table, as if it were nothing unusual for a grave, dignified gentleman—a multimillionaire, and the head of a mighty corporation—to leap out of his chair like a wildcat in the midst of a business conversation.

That the aforesaid dignified gentleman would have grappled with him but for the interference of his son Mr. Tillman fully believed. Perhaps this saturnine, close-eyed, gray-visaged man would have welcomed a personal encounter. The hot blood of the South ran in his veins, just as it did in those of the Prentisses, and doubtless his muscles were taut and his fighting instinct on edge, notwithstanding his outward tranquillity. The lust for battle is not usually a turbulent emotion until the moment comes to strike.

But there was no physical combat now. The time had not yet come for it. James J. Prentiss told himself this as soon as he had forced back his first rush of passion. Always in his memory was that dark night at the water's edge in Sandusky, when the elder Robert L. Tillman had thrust his comrade out of the protecting bushes to be covered by the guns of the soldiers.

It is true that James J. Prentiss knew of it only by hearing it from his father's lips when a very young lad, but it was burned into his mind as clearly as if it had been a personal experience. What was this insignificant quarrel over the shipping of ore compared with that great inherited wrong? The first could be passed over with a snap of the finger; the second must be and should be avenged sooner or later.

"Stand side, Tom," he said, after a pause, and the tone was so much like his every-day manner of speech that the young man obeyed at once.

"I think I'll go," observed Mr. Tillman. "There is nothing more to be said, I suppose."



"Yes, there is," interposed James J. Prentiss. "I want to ask you a question."

"I shall be pleased to answer if I can."

"I'm glad to hear it. What was your reason for running into our steamer, the Claribel, in the Detroit River, last night?"

"We did not run into it. The Claribel came into collision with a Michigan Central transfer flat. The Arenac, our boat, was on the port side of the railroad craft—that is, between her and the Canadian shore—while the Claribel was on her starboard, a little ahead. We couldn't have rammed your vessel when there was that big railroad flat between us. That is obvious."

"But it was your fault, because you forced the railroad boat over, and *you, personally, were at the wheel.*"

Robert L. Tillman looked quickly at his interrogator, as if, for the moment, he were inclined to deny it. Then he croaked, in measured tones that exasperated the other almost to the bursting point:

"Yes, I was steering. But I did not run into anything. When the railroad flat swung around and struck the propeller of the Claribel, she disabled the Arenac, too."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Tom.

"Yes, she caught the Arenac squarely amidships and knocked a big hole in her side only just above the water-line. We were laid up for repairs in Detroit, just as you were."

"You called out to Captain Pollman that you would wreck the Claribel before you'd let her get to Cleveland first."

"Did I? It is quite possible. I was excited over the collision, and I may have said something of the kind in the heat of the moment," was the careless reply. "Of course it had no meaning."

"It was in your heart, or it never would have been said. Well, you did not quite wreck the Claribel, and she is on her way to Cleveland now."

"So is the Arenac. I left her last night, after seeing that she could be patched up in an hour or so, and came home by train. I hope the boats won't smash together in Lake Erie. That would be more serious than a mix-up on the Detroit River."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Prentiss, suspiciously.

"Mean? Why, just what I say. It *would* be serious if the boats came together in the middle of the lake, wouldn't it?"

"You don't think they will, do you?" put in Tom.

"If they do it won't be the Arenac's fault. Captain Munson, who is in her pilot-house, is a careful man—as careful as your Captain Pollman, and a little bit better mariner. That's why he'll bring the Arenac into Cleveland harbor ahead of the Claribel."

"Even if he has to wreck the Claribel, eh?"

"He can win the one thousand dollars for our company without that," declared Tillman, with a confident smile, adding carelessly: "Well, I'll bid you good morning. Think over that idea of cooperation, Mr. Prentiss. There would be a lot of money in it for both of us."

He had taken up his soft felt hat from a chair where he had laid it on entering, and was half-way to the door, when the elder Prentiss, his florid face redder than ever, and the mark between his eyes pulsating violently with his repressed rage, hurled himself in the way. His temper was getting the better of him again.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Before you go I have something else to say."

Robert L. Tillman halted, and with the tips of his long fingers delicately brushed an imaginary smudge from his hat. His attitude was that of tolerant boredom.

"Yes?"

"You have asked me to take part in a dirty, crooked deal," broke out Mr. Prentiss. "I only want to say that such a proposal is just what could be expected of a man whose father was a coward, a traitor, and a—"

For the first time since he had entered the room Robert L. Tillman's face flushed with real honest anger. The sneer that had hung about his thin lips was wiped out, and he advanced a step, his black eyes blazing and his teeth clenched for battle.

"You dare to say that to me?" he hissed. "Why, if we were down in Alabama, do you know what—"

The door burst open with a shuddering bang, and as the cackling of feminine laughter took the place of the gruff tones of the infuriated men, a handsome matron of about forty-five, full-blown as to dress, according to the latest fashion-plates to reach Cleveland, sailed into the apartment and smiled at James J. Prentiss with the unmistakable familiarity of proprietorship.

"Hallo, mother!" cried Tom.



"Why, Tom! And you there?" she chirped. Then, as she saw Robert L. Tillman, she stiffened and bowed, with: "Oh, Mr. Tillman, how do you do? I'm glad to find you here, for Mrs. Tillman is with me, and we want to talk to you and Mr. Prentiss together."

"The deuce!" muttered Tom below his breath.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DISQUIETING NEWS.

MRS. AGATHA TILLMAN, a small, quick-moving lady, came into view, bowed grimly to James J. Prentiss, and then turned to her husband. Her voice had the twangy clearness of a metal banjo.

"You are on the committee of arrangements with me, Robert. So are Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss. We have to go out to Wade Park at once to look over the ground. Mrs. Prentiss's car is at the door. We can run out to the park in about twenty minutes."

"It is the reunion of Confederate Veterans and Southern Soldiers' Sons, on the 25th, you know, James," interposed Mrs. Prentiss, addressing the bewildered James J. "The ladies had a meeting yesterday afternoon and added us to the committee. I had no opportunity to tell you last night."

"And Mr. Tillman was out of the city," thrummed Mrs. Tillman. "So I called up Mrs. Prentiss this morning, and we decided to come down-town and find you. We were going to Mr. Tillman's office after picking you up, for I had no expectation of finding him here. I am glad he is, though."

The gusty assurance with which the two ladies announced their plans, ignoring any and all business that might require the attention of their respective husbands, was characteristic of the average public-spirited American woman. To them the Confederate reunion was all-important. Their husbands were busy men of affairs, whom few persons in Cleveland would dare to disturb uninvited, but the wives cared nothing for that. Such trifles as the bringing in of a few thousand tons of ore, the handling of a fleet of valuable lake shipping, or the closing of a deal involving a million dollars, more or less, could not be allowed to interfere with this reunion.

The men were on the committee, and they must go to Wade Park forthwith. Let everything else wait. All this was set forth

in a rapid flow of talk that rather scandalized Miss Courtney, at her desk on the other side of the half-open doorway. She had never heard so much noise in her employer's room since she had been with him. What could the two helpless millionaires do but yield?

Mrs. Prentiss had enthroned herself in her husband's leather chair, and Mrs. Tillman, seated bolt upright on her right, looked as if she never would move until she had gained her point.

The two women were of opposite types—Mrs. Prentiss plump, rosy and good-tempered, while Mrs. Tillman appeared as a small edition of her lead-colored, cadaverous spouse, plus a sharp feminine tongue. But each lady was in the habit of getting her own way. In that regard there was nothing to choose between them.

"You go down to the works, Tom," directed James J. "I'll come as soon as I have been to Wade Park."

"We sha'n't detain you long," volunteered Mrs. Prentiss to her husband. "We only want you and Mr. Tillman to help us choose a spot for the pavilion where the battle-flags and other relics are to be shown, and to tell us where the speakers' stand shall be. Both of you will have to make speeches, so that you have a personal interest in the matter."

James J. groaned. If there was anything he detested it was to make a sentimental public address, especially in the open air. He always became short of breath. Robert L. Tillman's dry face was twisted into a cynical smile. He bowed to the ladies and said, in his croaking tones, that he should take great pleasure in speaking to the splendid old men who had been his father's comrades fifty years before.

"I am a good American," he added, "and will yield to no man in loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. But it always thrills me to be brought into contact with the veterans of the Lost Cause, and the strains of Dixie are very sweet to my Southern ears. Eh, Mr. Prentiss? Your father and mine fought together, and we are both true sons of the Land of the Magnolia, always hand-in-hand in spirit, if not actually. Heaven bless the dear old South!"

"Beautiful!" murmured the impressionable Mrs. Prentiss.

James J. Prentiss only bowed when Mr. Tillman so pointedly appealed to him. If he had tried to answer in words he felt sure



he would have said the wrong thing. Internally he told himself that the infernal hypocrisy of this fellow made him sick.

"I hope the governor will hold himself in," thought his watchful son.

Mrs. Tillman relieved an awkward situation by going over to the door and beckoning to her husband, with:

"Come along, Robert! We have no time to waste. Mrs. Prentiss and I have a great deal to do to-day. The entire weight of this reunion seems to be on our shoulders."

She led the way to the elevator, and five minutes later the whole party, except Tom, were in the roomy, handsome motor-car which Mr. Prentiss had bought for the express use of his wife. He seated himself by the side of the sedate liveried chauffeur—a high-priced expert whom he had imported from Paris—while Robert L. Tillman handed the ladies in behind and took his own place with them.

"I'll come down to the works as soon as I can, Tom," called out Mr. Prentiss, as the car glided away.

"All right, dad. I'll be busy till you come."

The chauffeur had learned his Cleveland well in the twelve months he had lived there, and after passing through the Public Square, guarded by the imposing Soldiers' Memorial, he turned the car through Ontario into Prospect Street, to escape the rush of traffic in the lower part of Euclid Avenue. It is the great shopping quarter of the city.

Prospect, like Superior, is called an "avenue" nowadays, but old Clevelanders stick to the "street" it used to be, just as they are slow to accept the numbers which have taken the place of names for a majority of the thoroughfares. Numbered streets may be more convenient, especially to strangers, but certainly many of the former names, perpetuating the memory of distinguished families and ancient heroism, are infinitely more picturesque.

Half a dozen blocks along Prospect, and the car swung into Euclid—that most beautiful tree-shaded avenue which first suggested for Cleveland the designation of the "Forest City." They swept past the long, velvety lawns and stately mansions for about a mile. Then they came to the busy quarter near the railroad station of the Fort Wayne, where of late years a miniature Cleveland, with almost a separate identity, has come into being.

"Put on a little more speed, Marcel," whispered Mrs. Prentiss to the chauffeur, as they began to leave the stores behind. "It is past twelve o'clock, and I want to get down-town as soon as I can."

The obedient Marcel threw on another clutch and the car bounded forward. It whirled through University Circle to the Boulevard a-flying, and did not stop until it came to one of the gates of Wade Park.

"Now, Mr. Tillman," said Mrs. Prentiss when they were all inside the park, "Mrs. Tillman and I thought an excellent situation for the pavilion would be over there, near the wall, while the speakers' platform would be here, so that it could be used as a reviewing stand when the veterans march past along the Boulevard."

In her enthusiasm, the worthy lady threw diagrams on the asphalt path with the point of her Persian silk parasol, and was about to dilate still further, when a large spot of water splashed on the back of her gloved hand. Instantly she opened her parasol and exclaimed in dismay:

"Rain! How provoking! And we're a mile from home! There'll be a heavy shower. See how cloudy it is! Where's Marcel, with the car? Oh, there he is. Come along. We can talk it over indoors now that we have inspected the place."

They all tumbled into the car and Marcel defied the speed laws to such good purpose that in less than ten minutes they were in the shelter of the *porte-cochère* of the magnificent Prentiss home standing in its own spacious grounds on the heights overlooking the park. As they got there the rain descended like a flood.

"Well, we were fortunate," cried Mrs. Prentiss. "We didn't get wet at all. Let's go into the library and talk about the reunion." Then, as they entered and seated themselves: "We saw enough before the rain began to know just where we can put the pavilion, and—"

The telephone bell interrupted her. It was the instrument reserved for the exclusive use of her husband, Mrs. Prentiss having her own in her boudoir in another part of the house. James J. took off the receiver and she grumbled:

"That's the way it always is. So sure as Mr. Prentiss is at home in the daytime the telephone will not let him alone. I don't know how people find out he is here."

"Hallo!" called out Mr. Prentiss into the transmitter. "Yes, Tom, I'm here."



. . . What's that? . . . The Claribel? . . . Oh, her propeller broke down again, eh? Well, that's not remarkable, considering how it was at Detroit. . . . She's off South Bass Island, in Put-in Bay? . . . Going to lay up there to get fixed up, so that she can hobble home? Well, it's too bad, but it can't be helped. Pollman will know what to do."

"Good gracious, James! Is that steamer of yours in more trouble?" broke in Mrs. Prentiss. "Why don't you get rid of it? Burn it up, or scuttle it, or whatever it is they do to useless vessels." Then, turning to Mrs. Tillman: "I declare these boats are the plague of my life. Don't you find it so?"

"I hope not," croaked Robert L. Tillman with his unpleasant smile. "I try not to worry her with my business affairs."

"Mr. Prentiss is the same," asserted Mrs. Prentiss, flying swiftly to the defense of her husband. "He never troubles me about things more than he can help. But sometimes, as in the present case, I can't help hearing them."

"Oh, I assure you I did not mean to imply any lack of consideration on his part," grinned Tillman. "That would be impossible for him."

He contrived to say this with a subtle sneer that made Mrs. Prentiss hate him—at least, for the time—as fervently as did her husband. She was searching her brain for a good, stinging rejoinder, when she heard James J. ask at the telephone:

"Who is in this shipping delegation, Tom?"

"Delegation?" exclaimed Mrs. Prentiss. "Is that something about the reunion, I wonder?"

Tillman had heard it, too, and he turned his head quickly, as if trying to hear what Tom Prentiss was saying to his father. If he *was* curious to know what it all meant, he must have been soon satisfied, for James J. Prentiss said, evidently repeating what was coming to him over the telephone:

"Oh, they are representatives of the Rogers Company, Escanaba Waterway, Whitefish and Au Sable? And they say they hear we intend to raise the rates for carrying ore in our freighters? . . . Oh, ours and—. . .—m-m! Well, look here, Tom. Hold the delegation in the office and I'll come right down."

As he hung up the receiver he turned and looked straight into the narrowing black

eyes of Robert L. Tillman. The significant Y mark between James J. Prentiss's brows—which had not been there since his wife and Mrs. Tillman came into his private office—showed as deep as ever it had done, while the changing colors chased each other up and down, like demons anxious to get at the throat of the grinning Tillman. The ladies were at the other end of the room now, discussing a knotty point connected with the Confederate reunion.

"I didn't know that anything had been done about this raise of rates, Mr. Tillman," said James J. Prentiss, and his calm voice conveyed more menace than if he had shouted.

"Didn't you?" was the response. "Why, I could have told you. Didn't your son mention the name of my company just now over the wire?"

The other advanced a step nearer, and his fists opened and closed convulsively, as he seemed about to speak. But he swallowed hard and remained silent.

"You want to say something to me," said Tillman with glittering eyes, but without banishing the grin from his mottled lips. "Why don't you?"

"Because you are in my home, and therefore my guest," was the low reply. "But you and I will meet elsewhere—and soon."

Then Prentiss walked over to his wife, and asked in such a natural tone that it surprised himself:

"Will you lend me your car, Millicent? I have to go to the works in a hurry. It is very important. You can take Mrs. Tillman home in the limousine."

"But—James! Why are you going—"

Mrs. Prentiss would have said more, but he was out of the room by this time, and the next minute she saw him, a rain coat over his arm, jump into the automobile and give a hurried order to Marcel.

The car slipped away around the crescent drive at what would have been a dangerous speed if Marcel had not been such a careful driver. His passenger was standing up, putting on his rain coat.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AN ECHO OF 1863.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Marcel had put up the top of the car, the rain sprayed over the glass wind-shield and blustered in at



the sides. It was much more than a mere shower. James J. Prentiss, huddled up in his rubber coat, did not mind the storm personally, but he looked anxiously at the sky from time to time, and when they reached the great steel viaduct over the Cuyahoga River at Superior Street he called to Marcel to halt a moment.

"I don't like those black clouds in the northwest," he muttered, gazing down the river. "This storm is going to last all night."

He stood up in the car, and tried to make out the appearance of the lake beyond the breakwater. It was waste of time, however. He could not be sure of anything through the mist, and had he not known where the breakwater ought to be, might have supposed there was no such thing in existence.

Water and sky were blended in a yellowish-gray mass, and even the high buildings close by were indistinct through the dark, forboding atmosphere. Cleveland is a city of soft coal, and the smoke hangs low along the river in wet weather.

"Drive on, Marcel!"

He had already told the chauffeur to go to the works, and the car, on leaving the viaduct, took a convenient street down to Riverbed Avenue, where the shipyard, shops and offices of the Prentiss Shipping Company lay along the shore. It was one of the largest concerns of its kind in the city. Several ore freighters of varying sizes were tied up to the wharf or lying in slips, and in a dry dock was a new boat near completion, only its upper works and painting remaining to be finished. The Prentiss Company were always adding to their fleet, and the dry dock was seldom out of use.

The steamboats employed in carrying ore are built for that purpose and are unlike any other craft upon the lakes. "Freighter" is the name by which they are commonly known. They are mere wooden shells, incased in metal below the water-line, with the high pilot-house and officers' cabins in the bow, and the engine and quarters for the crew aft.

As most of these vessels are from three hundred to four hundred feet in length, with a great depth of hold, there is room for an immense quantity of ore in the space between the pilot-house forward and the engine-room at the other end. For example, one well-known freighter, four hundred and thirty feet long, whose gross tonnage is five thousand three hundred and eighteen,

is licensed to carry three thousand three hundred and forty-six tons of ore or other freight.

Marcel skilfully guided the motor-car through the litter in the yard and pulled up at the main door of the square, brick block containing the offices. Mr. Prentiss stepped out.

"You can go home, Marcel. Mrs. Prentiss may want the car."

*"Tres bien, m'sieu!"*

James J. Prentiss entered his son's spacious, but dingy, private room. On this dark afternoon the electric lights were on. Tom, behind his big table—very much like that in his father's luxurious room in Superior Street, but not so clean and tidy—smiled in relief as he looked up, saying to four men seated in a stiff row near him:

"Oh, here is Mr. James J. Prentiss, gentlemen. I have explained to him by telephone what you want."

One of the four men, with white hair, beard and mustache, looked nearly eighty years of age. He was obviously a sailor, for he smelled of tar, had a brown, weather-beaten face, and was dressed in a pea-jacket with large pearl buttons such as only a true mariner would wear in public. The other three appeared to be ordinary business men.

"Gentlemen, I'm pleased to see you," was James J.'s greeting in his most genial tone. "This is Captain Rogers, I believe?"

He held out his hand to the old man, who took it and replied somewhat aggressively:

"Yes, sir, my name is Paul Rogers, president of the Rogers Mining Company. I am seventy-three years of age and I owe no man a dollar. All I ask is a square deal. I have two thousand tons of ore near Marquette ready to be shipped, and I want a boat to bring it down. The Tillman crowd have raised the shipping rates, and we heard that you meant to do the same. Now, your son—the man we've always done business with—says the rates are going to stay where they are. That's what I and the other shippers came to see about. Here's Mr. Butler, of the Escanaba Waterway; Mr. Groot, of the Whitefish, and Mr. Larsen, of the Au Sable."

Messrs. Butler, Groot, and Larsen bowed in turn as their names were mentioned, and James J. Prentiss shook hands with all of them, as he said:

"There will be no increase of rates by the Prentiss Shipping Company for carry-



ing ore from Lake Superior to Cleveland. So far as our capacity goes, you can depend on us."

"But the Tillman Company—" began Butler.

"You must deal with the Tillman Company yourselves," said James J. stiffly. "I cannot answer for any other corporation."

"But your influence personally would have weight—great weight, Mr. Prentiss."

"Mr. Tillman and I are practically strangers to each other."

"Worse than that, I should think," growled Rogers with a quick glance. "I never saw him in my life, and don't know what kind of a man he is. But folks say—"

"Is there anything else we can do for you, gentlemen?" interrupted James J. hastily. "As I have told you, we are at your service."

"You can do something for me," announced Captain Rogers. "I want a boat to bring down that two thousand tons right away. There isn't anything up there. I know, because I've just come down, by train. I see the Harvey G. lying out there in the slip. Your son said he thought he could let me have her. I'd pilot her myself, and I have my own crew all ready."

James J. Prentiss turned to his son.

"How is that?" he asked.

"I told Captain Rogers the Harvey G. was at liberty, and he could get steam up at once if you said so," was Tom's reply.

"Very well. Make out the contract, and the captain can take her." He looked out of the window. "The rain has stopped—or very nearly."

"But there's a high wind, and it's going to be a dirty night," opined Captain Rogers. "I remember a night like this in 1863 down there in Sandusky, when—"

"I beg your pardon," broke in Butler. "But we won't trouble Mr. Prentiss any longer. I only want to say that we all appreciate the fairness with which he has met us, and we thank him for his assurance that the rate will not be disturbed. Good day!"

Mr. Butler, being a man of few words and prompt action, had the door open by this time, and he walked out forthwith. Groot and Larsen, each with a solemn "Good day!" followed. As the door closed, Rogers remarked.

"Good men, all three of 'em. But they're all kids compared with me. I

don't believe one of 'em is over forty.' Butler belongs to the Cleveland Grays and calls himself a veteran because he was in that little scuffle with Spain. Veteran! Holy Perkins! That Spanish affair wasn't a war; it was just a game of tag. He ought to have carried a musket, as I did, at Antietam and Fredericksburg, and he'd know what war really is. I was wounded so badly at Fredericksburg that I wasn't able to do any more marching. So they made me a guard at the rebel prison on Johnson's Island, and—"

"Captain Rogers," interrupted James J. Prentiss sternly, "my father was an officer in the Southern army. I think of him as a *patriot*—not a *rebel*."

The old man, with the recollection of his soldier days strong within him, drew himself up to "Attention!" and saluted.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I shouldn't have used that word now. Why, the boys of both sides, with their sons, will march together at Wade Park on the 25th of this month, and some of my best friends to-day were prisoners at Sandusky in 1863. It was a slip of the tongue. I hope you'll forgive me."

James J. Prentiss held out his hand, as he said, with a sad smile:

"I should ask your pardon, captain. I ought not to have been so hasty. After all, 'rebel' was the word generally used in the North at that time. Moreover, you may often, in these days, hear veterans of Lee's army refer affectionately to the 'rebel yell,' and tell how much it meant to them in a charge. No, I reckon 'rebel' isn't such a bad word, after all."

"They used to let out that yell in the prison-yard once in a while," observed Captain Rogers reminiscently. "I remember how they gave it to us on that dark night I was speaking of a while ago, when we took back an escaping prisoner. We couldn't stop 'em, either, unless we'd shot 'em down like rats in a trap. So we just chucked our prisoner in with them and let it go at that. But for starving men, as most of 'em were, they certainly could yell."

"Who was the prisoner?" asked James J. Prentiss with sudden interest.

"I never heard his name—didn't even know his number, which was the only way the guards identified them. He was an important officer, I know, and I heard afterward they didn't do much to him for making his break, on that account."



"They punished them severely, as a rule, didn't they?"

"Did they?" snorted the captain. "Well, I reckon we got even for what was done to our boys at Andersonville and Libby. I was glad he didn't get it, however, because he was the victim of a dirty deal by the man who ought to have stood by him. He'd never have been caught if that sneak hadn't shoved him out of the bushes, where we covered him with our guns. I saw the fellow for about a second, but couldn't land him. We had to grab the one we did get, and the man I'd like to have nailed got away. He was a tall, thin son-of-a-gun."

"Did you see the man's face? I mean the man who got away?" asked James J. Prentiss in a low, breathless voice.

"Yes, and I'd know him to-day if I met him—if he hasn't shaved," replied Captain Rogers confidently.

"Shaved?"

"Yes. He had a big black beard and mustache, but nowadays not many men hide their faces in that way. I do, but I'm an exception. I suppose his beard would be white by this time, anyhow. There's one way I'd know him, however, beard or no beard."

"Yes?" panted James J. Prentiss. "How?"

"By his eyes. They glittered like a wolf's, and they were closer together than I ever saw a man's before or since."

"That's not much to go by, captain," put in Tom Prentiss, who had been busy sorting papers on his table, but had caught the last few words.

"Maybe it isn't. But it would be enough for me. If ever I meet that man, I'm going to tell him what I think of him, even if he's a United States Senator or a major-general. I guess he's dead, though. He was as old or older than me, and I'm seventy-three, so it isn't likely I'll ever meet him in this world. Well, Mr. Prentiss," he went on, in a different and lighter tone, "can we go aboard the Harvey G. and look her over?"

"Certainly. I'll go with you. I should like to see how she looks after her overhauling."

The rain had stopped, but the great bank of clouds James J. Prentiss had noticed in the northwest as he came across the viaduct was overhead now. It was not more than five o'clock, but so dark was the yard that

they could hardly have found their way about but for the electric lights switched on here and there.

"This is only the third of May," remarked Captain Rogers. "It ought to be broad daylight for several hours yet."

"It may get lighter before night closes in," said James J. Prentiss.

"Not a hope of it, with those clouds driving across. It's going to blow a gale. I don't think I'll go out till morning. The Harvey G. would be smashed against the breakwater before we'd be clear of the harbor lights."

"I hope you're wrong. There's one of my boats in Put-in Bay, and she may venture out before the captain realizes how bad the weather is. Well, here's the Harvey G."

They had reached the slip where the neat little freighter lay, and Captain Rogers glanced over her with approval. As a sailor, he had a proper appreciation of a well-built boat.

"Come on, captain!"

James J. Prentiss led the way up the gangplank from the wharf. He supposed Captain Rogers was following. Suddenly a muffled oath caught his ear and made him stop. The old fellow on the wharf was staring after the figure of a tall man just disappearing from the circle of light thrown by an electric bulb fastened to one of the poles scattered about the yard.

"Mr. Prentiss!" he gasped.

"What's the matter, captain? Are you ill?"

"I'll be da— I beg your pardon! I didn't mean that. But—that man—"

"What man? Who is he?"

"Who he is, I don't know, because I never heard his name. *But he has the eyes of the fellow who shoved that Confederate soldier out of the bushes in Sandusky that night in 1863.*"

The door of the office across the yard opened, and the tall man went in. In the strong illumination from inside James J. Prentiss had a clear view of the man's face. It was that of Robert L. Tillman!

## CHAPTER V.

### SMOLDERING FIRES.

"WHY, captain, that's Mr. Tillman, of the Cleveland and Northern Michigan Marine Company," said James J. Prentiss,



forcing himself to speak in an ordinary tone. "I doubt whether he was even born in 1863. If he was, he must have been a very small baby. So he certainly couldn't have been the man you saw that night in Sandusky."

"I don't care when he was born, or whether he was a baby or not," rejoined the old man obstinately. "I tell you those are the same eyes I saw glaring at me from the bushes just as that coward pushed the other man out. There never was more than one pair of eyes like that in the world, and I know it."

"But don't you see it's impossible that—"

"Nothing is impossible to a person with eyes like those, I tell you, Mr. Prentiss," insisted Captain Rogers, blinking at the office building.

"Well, come and talk to him. I suppose he is here to say something about the shipping rates. It must be important, for he never was on our premises before."

"Talk to him? No, siree! Not now. I want to think a bit first. As for the rates, so long as I can do business with you, I can get along without the Tillmans."

He walked up the gangplank to the forward deck of the Harvey G., and, with Mr. Prentiss, climbed to the pilot-house and peeped into the cabins.

"Everything is all right for'ard," he grunted. "I'll go back and give a squint at the engine. Then I'll fetch my engineer and fireman and get up steam, so that we can cast off at daylight. The wind ought to go down by that time."

"Very well, captain. You can see my son about any other details, and take charge of the boat at once. Good evening."

As Captain Rogers walked along the narrow footboard inside the hull, with the yawning hold on one side and the water on the other, to get to the engine-room, James J. Prentiss went down the gangplank to the wharf. He was thinking about those eyes the old man had seen so many years before at Sandusky, and which he declared he recognized again in Robert L. Tillman.

"Strange!" mused James Prentiss, half aloud. "Who would have thought it? Here's this old captain, whom I meet in a commonplace business way, and he turns out to be one of the soldiers who captured my father nearly fifty years ago! And how close he blundered to the truth about Tillman! The old fellow almost believes

the eyes he saw just now are those that looked at him that night in Sandusky!"

He paused and stood in silent reverie for a few moments. Then he murmured in a dreamy tone:

"Well, they *are* the same eyes to all intents and purposes. It is one of the mysteries of heredity that curious physical traits, as well as oblique mental tendencies—coming into a family, Heaven knows how—are often more marked in a second and third generation than in the first. The captain was quite right to distrust those eyes. The man who had them in 1863 was a traitorous scoundrel. The same eyes—and the same blood—are in his son."

As he fiercely clenched his fists and raised his own eyes to the black sky, the **Y** between his eyebrows seemed to quiver in the blue-white glow of a near-by electric light.

"Yes, the same blood is in Robert L. Tillman, and—by the Eternal—the blood of Homer Prentiss is in *my* veins, crying for vengeance! God! Why do we live in such milk-and-water times? An age of piffle, politeness, and police! When men have to suffer, instead of being allowed to fight, and a creature like Robert L. Tillman can display and perpetuate the despicable spirit of treachery handed down to him by an unspeakable father!"

James J. Prentiss seldom gave way to intemperate language, even when alone, as now. A conservative, even-toned, respected member of the community, he seemed to be always well-balanced and superior to the temperamental weaknesses that beset more volatile men. He was a citizen of whom Cleveland was proud, as one of the pillars of its dignity and an active agency in its progress. So representative of the best in the city was he regarded, that a committee of the most influential men in Cleveland had requested him to accept the nomination for mayor. He had the matter still under consideration.

But even the calmest and most self-controlled of men may yield their emotions free play now and then when there is no one by to see and hear. Thus it was that James J. Prentiss, when reminded so vividly of the infamy that had sent his dead father back to the seething hell of a military prison almost before he had inhaled one full breath of liberty, indulged for once the surge of vengeful passion within him. It was but a brief outburst, however.



He soon regained his composure, and as he did so, he laughed grimly at his own violence.

"Well, I can't thrash him with my fists as I'd like to do." He snapped his strong teeth together. "Heaven, how I should enjoy the exercise! But that sort of thing is out of date—except under powerful provocation. H-m! He *may* give me an excuse for it yet. If he does, I'll settle that old score for my father pretty thoroughly, as well as the new one for myself."

His brow cleared, and there was not a sign of the Y between his eyes as he pushed open the door of the office-building and went in. His son, still busy at his large table, looked up in some surprise.

"Hallo, dad! Back again? I didn't expect you so soon. Who do you suppose has been here?"

"Robert L. Tillman. I saw him come in."

"That's who it was. But, say, what do you think of it? It's the first time I ever saw him on the place. He wanted to see you, but I told him you'd been and gone. I didn't say you were in the yard. What would have been the use? He only wanted to chew the rag over that rate matter, and it might have led to a row, which wouldn't be business. It would bring a lot of reporters down on us, to say nothing of the police, and the whole thing would be confoundedly unpleasant."

James J. Prentiss laughed at Tom's apprehension, expressed as much in his lugubrious tone as in the words themselves. The young man had a real horror of what he called "newspaper sensationalism," and the mental picture of his dignified father brawling in the office with Robert L. Tillman, while policemen threatened arrests and reporters made notes for a scare-head first-page story, chilled him through and through.

"What nonsense, Tom! I don't like Robert L. Tillman—for good and sufficient reasons, as you know. But that doesn't mean that we would forget we were gentlemen when discussing a business question."

"All the same, I'm glad he's gone."

"So am I," said James J. in a more serious tone. "There could be no profit in our meeting just now. Captain Rogers is aboard the Harvey G., and will be ready to start about daylight. Now, we'd better go home to dinner. You know how particular your mother is to have us there, and Colonel and Mrs. Logan are to dine with us to-night. It's six o'clock. There's only just time to

get home and dress—if we get a good taxicab."

"There's one waiting at the side door. I ordered it ten minutes ago. I knew you'd be in a hurry when you did come. But I can't go. There's too much to do here."

"Have you heard anything more from the Claribel?"

"No. But she's all right at South Bass Island, I've no doubt. I suppose the Arenac will get into Cleveland first, after all; but we can't help it. Captain Pollman isn't going to risk losing the Claribel for the sake of a thousand-dollar prize."

"It isn't the thousand dollars, Tom. Surely you realize that. I would have given five thousand dollars rather than let Tillman beat us in with the first boat-load of ore. However, as you say, it can't be helped. How long do you mean to stay down here?"

"All the evening probably. I'll get dinner at the Hollenden if I have time. If not, I'll send out for something."

"Very well. I'll have to go. Telephone if you need me."

"All right, dad. I don't suppose I shall have to disturb you. Square it for me with mother, and convey my regrets to Mrs. Logan and the colonel."

An hour afterward, in his splendidly furnished dining-room above Wade Park, James J. Prentiss seemed to have forgotten all about the Claribel, shipping-rates, and the other worries of business. One could hardly imagine this cool, smiling gentleman, who wore his evening clothes with such well-bred ease, having ever poked about a dirty shipyard in smoky Riverbed Avenue, or giving expert opinions on engines and pilot-houses aboard an ore-freighter.

Still less did it seem possible that he could be the man who, in a wrinkled raincoat and with mud on his shoes, had looked up at the dark sky in the shadow of the viaduct, and, with clenched fists, called Heaven to witness that he would avenge the wrongs of his father on the person of the son of the man who had so foully injured him.

Colonel Logan was a Southern gentleman of the old school, and Mrs. Logan a *grande dame* such as was so often to be met in the stately plantation homes of Alabama before that fateful shot was fired at Sumter. Although the dinner was ostensibly *en famille*, there were several other guests, all of whom, like the colonel and Mrs. Logan, were deeply interested in the forthcoming Confederate reunion.



Very little else was talked about. The reunion was discussed from end to end, from top to bottom, and through and through. Mr. Prentiss talked reunion as if he had had no other thought in his mind all day.

Mrs. Prentiss was pleased with her husband, and she gave him many smiles across the table to let him know it. When at last, buoyant as ever, and showing no traces of the fatigue which she might well have felt after her hard work of the day on the committee of arrangements, she arose and led the ladies to the drawing-room, leaving the men to their cigars, it was with the comfortable feeling that her dinner had been a complete success.

As is the custom in these days, the gentlemen followed the ladies to the drawing-room in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, and again James J. Prentiss pleased his wife by the thoroughness with which he threw himself into the duties of host. When he slipped out of the room, in response to a whispered word from a servant, she expected him to come back at once. He did return soon, but it was only to tell her quietly that Tom wanted him down-town in a hurry.

"There's an awful storm on the lake," Mrs. Prentiss told Mrs. Logan when her husband had departed. "Mr. Prentiss always has to go down at such times. He's a member of the navigation and harbor board, I believe—I think that's what they call it. Besides, he has to look after his own vessels. Too bad that he should be dragged away like this, isn't it?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### BEYOND THE BREAKWATER.

It was not pleasant riding in an open motor-car now, any more than it had been in the afternoon, and James J. Prentiss, with a long ulster overcoat covering his clawhammer coat and open shirt-front, bowed his head as the wind and rain battled into his face. But he pulled his soft hat over his eyes and took it philosophically.

Marcel, hunched up at the wheel by his side, did the same. He had his own private opinion about being hauled out of his comfortable room over the garage on such a night, but he said nothing.

The rain was not coming down as hard as it had done in the afternoon. It had subsided to a sulky drizzle. But a fifty-

mile gale swirled up from Lake Erie, wrecked signs, cornices, and chimneys along the streets running up from the lake, blustered across the public square, felling a few trees on the way, and roared in the faces of Mr. Prentiss and Marcel as the car shot down Euclid Avenue.

To James J. Prentiss, experienced mariner that he was, all this betokened serious trouble outside the breakwater. He had seen hurricanes on the lakes before—sometimes had been on a vessel in the midst of them—and well he knew that these inland oceans could lash themselves into a fury not exceeded in violence and danger by the Bay of Biscay itself.

"Go right down to Riverbed Avenue to the works, Marcel. After that I shall want you again. Have you had a good dinner?"

Marcel replied briefly that he had.

"I'm glad of that, for there's a hard night before us, I'm afraid. One of my boats is out there on the lake somewhere."

Marcel did not reply. It was none of his business, anyhow. So nothing more was said until the car drew up in front of the office-building in the Prentiss Company's shipyard. Before James J. Prentiss could step down Tom opened the door and came hurrying out.

"Stay where you are, dad. We'll have to go up to the *Plain Dealer* office. I was only waiting for you to come."

"Where is the *Claribel*?" was his father's anxious query.

"I don't know exactly. The *Plain Dealer* got a wire from the *Register* of Sandusky that the *Claribel* had cleared from South Bass Island, after making some repairs, and seemed to be in trouble. That was late this afternoon."

"And you don't know where she is now?"

"No; the *Plain Dealer* people said nothing more had come to them from the Sandusky paper, except that the *Claribel*, after behaving as if it were trying to put back to port, steamed away in the direction of Cleveland—helped along considerably by the gale. They had a reporter out there on another matter, and he sent in that word."

Tom was in the car by this time, and he called out to the chauffeur:

"Go ahead, Marcel. You know where the *Plain Dealer* is. Superior Street, not far from the viaduct. You can be there in a few minutes."

The motor-car had already begun to move, when out of the darkness of the yard



appeared old Captain Rogers, running toward them from the wharf where lay the *Harvey G.* The captain was in an oilskin coat, and a tarry sou'wester was on his head, pulled down over his ears. Altogether he was well armed for heavy weather. There was decided injury in his tone as he said:

"Good evening, Mr. Prentiss. I don't know whether I'll get away at daylight or not. This here gale is one of the worst I ever saw. Why, it rocks my boat even in the river. I have her out of the slip and tied up along the wharf, and she's straining at her lines as if she'd break loose every minute."

"It's too bad, captain," responded James J. "But it's a good thing you're not out in the lake. You'll get away some time during the day, no doubt."

"I'll cut loose at the first sign of decent weather. You can bet on that. I have all my crew here drawing wages, and I can't afford to wait too long. The *Harvey G.* is a good boat, and I'd take more chances in her than I would in some bigger freighters I've seen."

"Then you're going to stay aboard the *Harvey G.* until you start for the North?" questioned Tom.

"Yes; where else should I go? I've got steam up, and I could move out this minute if the wind would drop. But there's always something to interfere with me," grumbled Captain Rogers as he plodded back to his boat.

Marcel had had to take Mrs. Prentiss to every newspaper office in town on business connected with the Confederate reunion, and he went direct to the *Plain Dealer* without hesitation. Tom led the way up to the editorial-room. Both he and his father were well known there, and the standing of James J. Prentiss in the community insured him prompt attention.

"Any more news from Sandusky, Mr. Corwin?"

"No, Mr. Prentiss. But there's some local news—pretty hot stuff. Mr. Jackson, the night city editor, over there, can tell you. It concerns your boat, I believe."

"Yes," said Mr. Jackson, as James J. and his son spoke to him. "We sent word down to your office about the *Claribel* getting away from Put-in Bay, and we've been looking out for her ever since. Now, we've just got a telephone from the life-saving station at the harbor entrance that a

freighter, supposed to be the *Claribel*, is out on the lake below Rocky River, and seems to be in distress."

"In distress?"

"Yes, as if she cannot handle herself, the life-saving boys say. They got it by telephone from Rocky River, and they can only tell what comes to them. But they're ready to go out if a call comes. And, judging by the way the lake is kicking up, I'm inclined to think they'll have to do it before long."

"It's that weak propeller of hers, dad," remarked Tom. "I can't understand why Captain Pollman ventured out until he was certain the propeller would hold. And on a night like this, too."

"It is certainly a bad night," assented Mr. Jackson, as he picked up his desk telephone in response to a ring. "Hallo!" he ejaculated, after listening a moment. "Here's more of it."

He held up his hand for silence and kept the receiver to his ear with an intentness that told he was getting interesting news of some kind. At last he hung up and shook his head, while his eye traveled over the three or four reporters waiting for assignments.

"I've got to send out all the men I can on this," he said. "The station says there are two freighters beating up the lake toward the harbor, and it's doubtful whether either of them will be able to get in. The life-saving crews are standing by, ready to go out at the word. There's going to be a big story in this."

"And the life-saving station is the place to get it, I suppose?" hinted Tom Prentiss.

"Sure! That's the only place to learn anything about it. The whole station is on the jump, and any news there is will come there," replied Jackson hurriedly. Then, calling to his reporters: "Williams! Stone! Get down to the harbor as soon as you can. One of you try to go out in the life-boat, if they'll let you. Anyhow, get all there is to it."

Williams and Stone—two alert young fellows—grabbed their overcoats and made for the stairs. James J. Prentiss called to them to stop.

"Wait a moment," he said. "My son and I are going out to the harbor entrance. Ride with us in our motor-car, won't you?"

"Of course they will," interposed the wide-awake Jackson, delighted. "It's very kind of you, Mr. Prentiss. It isn't easy to



get at that place, and it will save us a lot of time. Go ahead, Williams—and you, too, Stone.”

“They won’t let us get into the life-boat, Mr. Jackson,” said Stone, hesitating. “No one but the crew is allowed in. The boat belongs to the United States government, and—”

“Of course it does. Do you think I don’t know that? I told you to go out in the life-boat, *if they’d let you*,” grinned Jackson. “If you can sneak in, they won’t throw you overboard, and we’d get a beat that would be worth while. Get out! Mr. Prentiss and his son are waiting for you.”

The two reporters hustled down stairs, following James J. and his son, and soon the whole party were on their way through the drizzling rain to the harbor entrance. The reporters were full of eagerness to get a good story for their paper in the morning, and cared little for anything beyond that. But James J. Prentiss was wondering whether the Claribel would ever get into port in safety, or whether her back would be broken out there beyond the breakwater, and what would become of Captain Pollman and his crew if that not uncommon disaster should happen?

The life-saving station and lighthouse are at the end of a long stone pier jutting out into the lake and forming one side of a wide inlet connecting with the Cuyahoga River. To get to it one has to travel over filled-in ground and a jumble of railroad-tracks, after passing through rough thoroughfares, among ore-yards, iron mills, and factories, all grimy and sordid to the last degree.

This delectable expanse, down on the flats, has from time immemorial been known as “Whisky Island.” Incidentally, there are a number of saloons where the company is “miscellaneous,” to say the least, and where it would be doubtful wisdom for a stranger to intrude at night, especially if his dress indicated that he might have money.

There are creeks running in various directions, with drawbridges at the roadways, and, even now that the old river-bed has been filled in, it is probable that the place is still an island. After passing over Whisky Island and reaching the stone pier where the life-saving station is, everything becomes clean and neat. It is government property, and Uncle Sam generally takes care of his own.

The motor-car could not go on the pier, and Marcel was left in it at the edge of the island, while the others walked on. The wind was blowing harder than ever, and it was not easy to traverse the long stone walk to the station in anything like an upright position. The water splashed over the piling in great waves, and the whole pier was awash.

At the end, where the lighthouse is exposed to the full force of the lake winds, the lower part of the structure seemed to rise from the water itself. The pier was out of sight.

“Look, dad! They are getting out the boats!” cried Tom excitedly.

“They’re not launching them, however,” responded James J. Prentiss, who had had more experience in lake tempests than his son. “They’re only getting ready. Ask this man what’s going on.”

“All right!”

Tom ran forward to where a man, in oilskins and wearing the sou’wester which is the “business” uniform of the life-saving crew, was watching others dressed like himself bring out from the house one of the twenty-foot life-boats. Tom touched him on the arm, and asked, in a bellow, to make himself heard above the awful clamor of the tempest:

“Is there a boat out beyond the breakwater, do you know?”

The man turned and nodded. As he did so Tom Prentiss saw that the man was Robert L. Tillman.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MINUTE-GUN.

THROUGH the howling of the storm, punctuated by the spiteful slapping of the waves against the stone pier and lighthouse, came a dull roar, loud at first and dying away gradually into the general din.

“They’re firing their minute-guns, Tom.”

It was his father’s voice shrieking in his ear in competition with the tempest.

“I heard it, dad. Do you think—”

“It’s the Claribel,” put in another voice behind them, and James Prentiss turned in quick surprise.

“What? Tillman? I didn’t know you were here.”

“It isn’t remarkable, though, is it?” rejoined Robert L. Tillman, stepping forward. “I have interests out beyond the



breakwater. The Claribel isn't the only steamer trying to make the harbor. What's that big freighter of yours doing, Prentiss? I hope she isn't going to run down the Arenac again."

"Again? What do you mean?"

"Why, you know what your boat did to mine in the Detroit River, don't you?"

"I know what your people say."

"Exactly. Well, that's what I meant."

James J. Prentiss was not inclined to carry on a purposeless argument just now. There was no time. The Claribel was in danger of destruction, and, from what Tillman had let drop, it looked as if the Arenac was in the same situation. This was a moment for action, not chatter. So he said scornfully:

"We'll talk about that Detroit affair later. I knew that was the Claribel out there calling for help as soon as I heard the bark of her little brass gun. Do you know where the Arenac is?"

"Out in the lake, about opposite the harbor entrance," replied Tillman. "She'll soon be in—if your Captain Pollman keeps the Claribel away. The Claribel's propeller is twisted, they say; but her rudder works all right, so any competent skipper ought to be able to handle the boat. Pollman is supposed to know his business. I hope it will prove so in this case."

*Boom! The minute-gun again!*

Robert L. Tillman's croak had a singularly penetrating quality, and every sneering word went direct to the brain of James J. Prentiss, in spite of the deafening storm. The insinuations against Pollman made him so indignant that it was only by a powerful effort of will that he was able to reply calmly:

"I've always regarded Captain Pollman as one of the most careful and skilful pilots on the lakes. I'm satisfied the Arenac won't be run down through any fault of his."

"I hope not."

Flinging this last remark over his shoulder, Tillman walked to the inclined run, where on metal ways the life-boat could be run down to the water from the boat-house in not more than a second. The business-like yawl that had been brought out ready for launching was one of the smaller life-saving craft, propelled by oars. Its crew of eight men, in yellow oilskins and cumbersome cork jackets, stood by, four on a side, to shoot her down to the water when the order should be given.

Captain Manson, who was in charge of the station, sat in his little office, something like the captain's cubby-hole in a fire-engine house—talking over the telephone to Rocky River, eight miles down the lake. James J. Prentiss entered and stepped up to him.

"Captain, may I use your other telephone?"

Captain Manson finished his conversation over the wire, hung up the receiver, and looked doubtfully at the millionaire ship-owner.

*The minute-gun boomed!*

"No one is allowed to use the telephones of this station except for government business, Mr. Prentiss."

"I know, captain, but this is very important. There's my freight steamer, the Claribel, worth, cargo and all, more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, driving about on the lake with a lame propeller, ready to smash on the rocks of the breakwater at any moment."

"How bad is the propeller broken? Do you know?"

"No; but if it is only twisted even, it takes practically all the use out of the rudder. You know that, Captain Manson."

Captain Manson did know it; so did Robert L. Tillman, as well as James J. Prentiss. It was because Robert L. Tillman *did* know it that his insinuation that Captain Pollman would be an incompetent pilot if he met with disaster was all the more cowardly and indefensible.

"Well, what do you want to use the telephone for?" asked Manson.

"To get at my yard on Riverbed Avenue, below the viaduct, so that I can ask Captain Rogers to come up with the Harvey G. She'll take me out to the Claribel."

"The Harvey G.? She's pretty small to weather such a storm as this," said Captain Manson, shaking his head. "I don't think I'd try it."

"I *know* the Harvey G., captain. She's not very big, it is true; but she's the stanchest steamer in our fleet, and handles herself as smoothly as one of your life-boats. I'm going out in her to help the Claribel, and—What's the matter, captain?"

Captain Manson had suddenly jumped up from his chair. Without replying to Mr. Prentiss's question, he ran out to the wet pier. Prentiss followed.

*Once more, the minute-gun!*

Holding his two hands over his eyes, under the wide brim of his tarry sou'wester,



Captain Manson stared down the river toward the dimly outlined houses that lined the shore, with the viaduct coming and going to his view fitfully through the mist. Until the minute-gun sounded again he stared. Then he shouted through the storm:

"There's the Harvey G. now, coming up the harbor!"

James J. Prentiss had also been trying to penetrate the mist down the river.

"By Heaven! You're right, captain; I do believe."

"I know I'm right, Mr. Prentiss. I got a telephone half an hour ago that she had started. That's why I ran out to see. Who's commanding her?"

"Captain Paul Rogers. He's chartered her for a trip to the upper lakes and back, and he has his own crew."

"Well, I hope they are good men if he's going out to-night. Anyway, there she is. You can see her lights if you look hard enough."

"I see her. Captain Rogers is coming up so as to be ready to sail at daybreak, I suppose. He's an impatient old fellow. Well, all the better for me. Hallo! Who's this coming along the pier? Why, it's Rogers himself!"

As James J. Prentiss advanced to meet Captain Rogers, Manson gave the orders to his men that they had been waiting for, and, like clockwork, they ran the boat down the ways and leaped in, each to his own place, ready to row out to the wild scene beyond the breakwater.

*Another roar from the Claribel, but fainter than it had been. Always that portentous minute-gun!*

"Hallo, Mr. Prentiss! You here?"

Captain Rogers, with an oilskin wrapper over his pea-jacket and his white hair buried in an enormous sou'wester, roared this hail from the depths of his shaggy beard, while his bright eyes twinkled with excitement.

"Yes, captain! I'm here!"

"What do you know about the Claribel?" was the old man's next query.

"Only that she's in trouble out in the lake somewhere, and that her gun has been calling for help for nearly half an hour. I'm going out to her."

"You are? How?"

"On the Harvey G."

"Good!"

Captain Rogers bellowed this rapturously and smiled until his wrinkled face

bloomed in his whiskers like a harvest moon seen through a grape-arbor.

"You'll take me, won't you?" smiled Mr. Prentiss.

"Will I? Well, I should say I would. And we'll bring the Claribel in, too, you can bet!"

The proposition was one after the brave captain's own heart. Seventy-three years old though he was, the thrill of adventure got easily into his blood and set it boiling still. Moreover, as an experienced and enthusiastic mariner, he welcomed the opportunity to show James J. Prentiss, also a seaman, what he could do with the Harvey G. in the teeth of a gale.

Both men had perfect faith in the seaworthiness of the little steamer, and Mr. Prentiss had as much confidence in Captain Rogers at the wheel as the good old captain had in himself—which is saying a great deal.

"Well, let's go down to the Harvey G., captain. She's lying off the island, isn't she—near the big steel plant?"

"Yes, right by the bend in the river. I left her there because she's a little sheltered by the ore-banks. The wind is as high in the river to-night as I have often seen it out in the lake. Let's walk down there. We can make it in ten minutes."

"All right! Come on, Tom."

"I'm with you, dad."

Tom Prentiss followed his father and the captain down the pier. In the blustering wind and penetrating rain none of the three looked behind. If any of them had done so, he would have seen that, close on their heels, were not only Williams and Stone, the two reporters from the *Plain Dealer*, but a lanky individual in oilskins and a sou'wester, whose glittering black eyes were very close together, and whose hard mouth was curled into a sneering grin, as if he were enjoying some malignant joke of his own.

In less than ten minutes they were in the shelter of the great ore piles at the steel works, looking at the neat little Harvey G. as she rocked against the wharf.

"Here's the gangplank, Mr. Prentiss," called out Captain Rogers. "Come aboard and I'll cast off right away."

He turned to see where James J. and his son were. As he did so an electric light between two heaps of the red ore shone full upon the face of the lanky individual. Captain Rogers pushed back his sou'wester, and



a look of superstitious horror distorted his features.

"Holy Peter!" he gasped. "*Them eyes again!*"

Robert L. Tillman stepped forward with a grin as he said coolly; "Mr. Prentiss, I beg your pardon for intruding. I was hoping you would let me go with you on your boat."

*Faintly from the lake came the sound of the minute-gun!*

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DRIVING HEAD ON.

NOT for a moment did James J. Prentiss hesitate when Robert L. Tillman preferred his request. Aside from the fact that in times of distress the brotherhood of sailing is imperative, he would have despised himself had he allowed private enmity to interfere with what he regarded as a duty. Men's lives might be in peril on the Arenac, as were others on the Claribel. So he replied:

"You are welcome on the Harvey G. so far as I am concerned. But Captain Rogers is the commander."

The old captain was still gazing with a dazed expression into Tillman's face. As Mr. Prentiss spoke, he turned his eyes away, however, and growled from his chest without anything that at all suggested warmth:

"All right! He can come."

"Thanks," croaked Tillman, but the old man did not notice him.

"Let go them lines!" shouted Captain Rogers to his men.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Seeing his order obeyed and that the Harvey G. was loose from the wharf, the captain climbed to the pilot-house in the bow, signaled the engineer at the other end to go ahead, and bent over his wheel, his sharp old eyes fixed upon the darkness in front of him.

There were no stars by which to steer, and very few lights could be made out, but Captain Rogers knew every inch of Cleveland harbor. He could have made his way in bad weather direct to the opening in the breakwater blindfolded and with his head in a sack.

Williams and Stone, the two reporters, had slipped aboard the Harvey G. unnoticed, and discreetly seated themselves in a dark corner in the lee of the forward cabin.

They were both absurdly happy. With their overcoats buttoned to their chins and hats jammed down over their ears, they were prepared for whatever might come, knowing that in any case they would have a good story for their paper. What real reporter would not risk drowning for that?

There was no talking in the pilot-house as the Harvey G. skimmed up the river. Captain Rogers, at the wheel, kept his eyes straight ahead except when he glanced at the occasional lights on either shore.

"There goes the big motor life-boat," he grunted to Mr. Prentiss as they passed the lighthouse at the end of the pier. "Captain Manson is using his whole outfit to-night."

The broad-beamed, strongly built motor life-boat, thirty-five feet long, with its powerful engine and equipped with all kinds of apparatus for saving lives and property, chugged along by their side, its crew of six men in tarpaulins and cork jackets, all on the alert.

The Harvey G. was of the regular pattern of freighter already described, but not as long as many that belonged to Cleveland. Having no cargo, she was tossed about a great deal; but, on the other hand, she did not wallow in the trough of the waves as much as a heavier vessel might have done.

She was having a rough time of it, however, for as she reached the gateway of the breakwater and surged out into the open lake, a gigantic billow struck her broadside and jarred her from stem to stern. She keeled over almost to her beam-ends, but righted at once.

Captain Rogers, his feet firmly braced, smiled grimly as he eased the wheel.

"Ain't she a beauty?" he growled. "I tell you, gentlemen, if she don't act'ally turn turtle, we can do anything with her."

Nobody replied. James J. Prentiss and Robert L. Tillman, both old lake pilots, had held on to the brass hand-rail and kept their balance. But Tom Prentiss had not been so lucky. Taken unawares, he was sent sprawling under his father's feet. What he said as he arose and grabbed the railing was more emphatic than pious.

The boom of the Claribel's gun came to their ears faintly against the wind. Captain Rogers put his wheel over and steered straight for the sound. It was along the breakwater to the right, and they nosed out of the harbor—that is, in the direction of Erie and Buffalo.

"I don't like that," commented Captain



Rogers. "She'll find it hard to keep off that cussed breakwater."

"That's why she's firing her gun," said Mr. Prentiss. "She's overshot the harbor entrance and she's in bad trouble, I'm afraid."

"Looks like it," assented the captain.

Both of these experienced men understood the dangerous significance of the Claribel's situation. The howling north-west wind was driving her head on toward shore, and unless Captain Pollman could get her under control by sheer skilful steering, she could hardly help smashing into the breakwater.

Her one chance was to be blown beyond the eastern end of the great sea-wall. With luck and by dint of good seamanship, she might then keep away from the beach and eventually find deep water. What she was doing they could only conjecture, for they could see nothing but the black water and equally black sky.

"I'm going after her, Mr. Prentiss," roared Captain Rogers. "But I don't know what I can do. The Harvey G. is a good boat, but she wasn't built for this kind of service. If there was any way of passing Captain Pollman a line, I might give the Claribel enough of a haul to keep her off the breakwater—that is, if her engine is working."

"Her engine is all right, probably," was Mr. Prentiss's reply. "But her propeller is broken. We shall have to trust to Pollman."

"Captain Pollman is helpless, or he wouldn't be firing his gun," croaked Tillman. "All we can do is to pick up his crew when the boat strikes."

Captain Rogers looked around with a frown. In the excitement of managing the Harvey G. he had not thought much about the eyes which had given him such a feeling of horror when he saw them on the wharf. To his astonishment he saw, as he looked into the face of Robert L. Tillman, that the eyes, while close together, had lost their fierce, almost demonlike, expression.

"That fellow isn't human," was the muttered comment.

Captain Rogers did not comprehend the subtle fact that there are eyes which can quite change their aspect according to the mood of their possessor. If he had studied physiology—or perhaps psychology—he might have known that the malevolent passions of some men glow from their eyes only

sometimes. At others there is nothing extraordinary to be discerned. It is a curious abnormality, but to the worthy captain it was only an awe-inspiring puzzle.

"There's the motor life-boat," said Tillman, as he looked through the glass window. "She's going to help the Claribel. We can leave it to her. There would be no use risking the safety of the Harvey G. any further."

"What do you mean by that?" bellowed Captain Rogers.

"Why, that motor-boat and the other life-boat are both going after the Claribel, and they'll bring her in all right. We may as well go back."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," was the captain's fierce rejoinder. "We are going after the Claribel. That's what we came out for."

"Say, dad, what's his game?" asked Tom of his father in a low voice.

"I don't know yet. But we'll see. Oh, yes! There you are! I see the lights of a freighter coming in this way. It's the Arenac most likely. She's trying to make the harbor, but she's wabbling about as if not sure of herself. Tillman wants to—"

"Look here, Captain Rogers," interrupted Robert L. Tillman, with more energy than he had displayed heretofore. "There's a boat trying to get in, and she wants help."

"What for?" demanded Rogers. "She's making the harbor—not very fast, but she'll get there in time."

"Not with that pilot."

There was feverish anxiety in Tillman's voice now, and all three of the others looked at him inquiringly. Captain Rogers uttered a smothered sailorlike oath and turned his face away to bend over the wheel. That awful glitter had come into the close-set eyes, as if some one had lighted an infernal fire behind them.

"What's the matter with the pilot?" asked Tom Prentiss. "Isn't Captain Munson able to find the harbor entrance? He's as good a pilot as Captain Rogers or Pollman."

"Munson is not aboard the Arenac," snapped Tillman. "The man in that pilot-house is one of the crew. A good man in his way, and all right in decent weather. But he will never find his way through the gateway on a night like this."

"Well, he can stay outside till daylight," suggested Captain Rogers with a snort, "or get a tug to show him the way."



"There are no tugs going out to-night," Tillman interjected. "We'll have to help the Arenac in."

"Oh!"

Captain Rogers gave the wheel a vicious jerk as the boat yawed. Then he beckoned with his head to James J. Prentiss.

"What is it, captain?"

"The Claribel is in danger, and I want to go after her with the Harvey G. Now, Mr. Tillman says I must swing around and steam out into the lake to pick up his steamer, Arenac. What's the answer?"

Robert L. Tillman had uncovered his teeth in a vicious grin, while his eyes became like two points of green flame, so close together that they were almost one. If Captain Rogers had been looking at him just then, he would have found it hard to hold the wheel steady.

"I suppose Mr. Tillman wants to get the Arenac into port first, because he will win a prize for bringing in the first load of ore this season," replied James J. "But I don't see why he should not leave the Arenac outside till daylight. The only other boat that had a chance of winning was the Claribel, and she is not to be feared now."

"No, I'm afraid not," grunted the captain. "All the same, we're going to see what we can do for her. The life-saving crews won't mind us taking a hand, I reckon. As for this man who owns the Arenac, let me tell you something about him."

There was a threatening ring in the old man's tone that gave Robert L. Tillman an uneasy feeling he could not have defined, and he listened eagerly for what was to follow. Also, he tried to edge around so that he could fix his eyes on Captain Rogers. The latter carefully avoided looking in his direction.

"What have you to say, captain?" asked Tom Prentiss, who was not in the habit of hiding his curiosity.

"Just this," replied the captain, still keeping the nose of the Harvey G. toward Buffalo. "There was a man with eyes close together who went back on his comrade when the two of them were getting away from Sandusky prison in 1863. I have been looking for that scallawag ever since. To-day I've found him. I knew him first by his eyes. Now I'm sure of him, because he wants to do as dirty a trick as he did in Sandusky when he gave up one man's liberty to save his own carcass."

"What kind of story is this?" snarled

Robert L. Tillman, still trying vainly to look Captain Rogers in the face.

"It's a true story," replied the captain over his shoulder. "And the point of it is that the man with them there eyes is driving head on to perdition. And I'm the man that'll help him on his way."

"The old fool's drunk or crazy, Mr. Prentiss," said Tillman in the ear of James J. "Of course he means me. I was two years old in 1863. Did you ever hear of anything quite so idiotic?"

But James J. Prentiss did not answer. He was thinking of what the old captain had just said with so prophetic a confidence that the man who had betrayed Homer Prentiss nearly fifty years before *was* driving head on to perdition.

James J. Prentiss was not superstitious. But this day, above all others, he had felt that the evil done to his dead father would be cleared up, whether retribution followed or not.

Old Captain Rogers, his white hair flying in the wind that tore through the open window of the pilot-house, might indeed have been a prophet, sending forth predictions to be carried on the wings of the elements.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

WITH teeth set and the rain blowing in his face, the rugged old captain kept the head of the Harvey G. steadily toward the east. The engine worked well and the boat was thoroughly under control, in spite of the hurricane. It was a fierce blow—one of the worst ever seen on the lakes—and the thunder of the waves as they smote the solid breakwater seemed to grow more deafening every instant.

"By George, I see her!"

Captain Rogers's seventy-three years had not weakened his sight out of doors. Except for reading, he never had worn glasses in his life. His gaze was fixed keenly on a point far ahead in the darkness.

"What? The Claribel?" asked Tom Prentiss, also staring through the open window.

"Yes, sir. There she is, and she's making a blamed good fight. Whoever is at the wheel knows his business. He'll clear the breakwater yet."

James J. Prentiss and Robert L. Tillman crowded forward to look; but it was several



minutes before they could make out—first a bobbing light, and then the shape of a long freighter plunging up and down in the hurly-burly of foam and black water.

Over to the right was the dark line of the breakwater, with lighthouses guarding each opening; and, far beyond, the dim mass, dotted with points of light that they knew to be the great city of Cleveland, where more than half a million people lay sleeping.

"She isn't firing her gun any more," observed the captain.

"That's because she's all right, of course," croaked Tillman.

"More likely because the gun is disabled," suggested Tom shortly.

"That ain't the reason," growled Captain Rogers. "It's because the crew have no time to bother with guns now. They're getting ready for the smash when she hits the breakwater."

James J. Prentiss took no part in the controversy. He was trying to think out some plan for saving the *Claribel* and the lives of the devoted crew who were battling so manfully to get their boat out of danger.

"Bully!" suddenly shrieked the captain. "There's the big motor-boat and the other life-saver! They're going to keep her off. Look out! Shove your wheel over! Port your helm! Port! Holy—What's he doing?"

He was jumping up and down, staring hard at the laboring *Claribel*, now clearly in view, and addressing the man in her pilot-house, as if he thought it possible that his voice could be heard through all that turmoil and at such a distance.

The excitement of the old captain was shared by James J. Prentiss and his son as they realized the peril of the *Claribel* unless prompt action were taken. She had swung to the right, and seemed to be going head on to the breakwater.

They could not see who was in the pilot-house, of course; but it was evident the steersman, whoever he might be, needed no advice. Clearly his helm was hard a-port, for the boat began to skid even as they looked, and, instead of approaching the breakwater direct, slipped toward it sideways.

"Pollman can't hold her," exclaimed James J. Prentiss despairingly. "All we can do is to stand by to pick up the crew—if we can. There are two yawls on the *Harvey G.* Better have your men get them ready, captain."

Before Captain Rogers could reply, a long arc of red light shot over the dark expanse before them and dropped upon the deck of the *Claribel* forward. Simultaneously a muffled report came to their ears.

"It's a line!" shouted Mr. Prentiss. "Captain Manson's men are busy!"

"I don't see what good it can do," croaked Tillman.

"They are shooting another!" cried Captain Rogers.

A second red streak, like a sky-rocket, shot up from another part of the blackness, and, aimed as truly as the first, also dropped upon the *Claribel*—but amidships this time. Again they heard a muffled bang.

The two life-boats had each sent a line to the distressed freighter, using the small guns that they carried for that purpose, each of which could send a line sixteen hundred feet or more.

"Haul in! Haul in, you fellows!" bel-lowed Captain Rogers excitedly as he kept the *Harvey G.* going toward the *Claribel*. "Oh, I wish I was aboard there to give 'em a hand! Ah, that's right, haul in! Now, splice a cable to her! I wonder if they're doing it? Yes, they are! I can see the *Claribel* shiver. They're tightening on the line! Mr. Prentiss, they're going to save your boat, and—"

He bent over his wheel and turned the *Harvey G.* to the left, aiming to get as close to the *Claribel* as possible.

"Look out, captain!" warned Tom. "You're going to get caught between her and the breakwater."

"Don't you worry," retorted the captain. "I'm taking care of the *Harvey G.* But the motor-boat is signaling me, and I've got to get nearer."

He cut across the wake of the *Claribel*, and soon was so near the motor-boat that he could make out the form of Captain Manson standing in the bow waving a hand to him.

"What's he mean?" shouted Tillman.

Nobody took the trouble to reply; but Captain Rogers, with that inexplicable nautical sense that sailors acquire in course of time, so that they can read pantomime almost as well as they understand words, saw that he was to take a line from the motor-boat which had been hauled aboard from the *Claribel*.

It required clever navigation—combined with close calculation and a willingness to risk great danger—to get near enough to



the motor-boat in that heavy sea to receive a line. But Captain Rogers decided it could be done. Using the megaphone that hung in the pilot-house, he shouted orders to a group of men on the forward deck, and when Captain Manson sent the line whirling toward the Harvey G. they caught it and made it fast.

"Good work!" exclaimed James J. Prentiss.

"Yes," added Tom. "And, by Jove! those two reporters had a hand in it. I didn't know they were aboard."

"Like their cussed nerve, anyhow!" grumbled Captain Rogers, although his bright gray eyes twinkled in the light of the binnacle. "You'd better all get down below ready to lend a hand—all except Mr. Prentiss. We're fast to the Claribel."

This was the truth. Captain Manson had drawn a powerful cable from the Claribel by means of the half-inch line he had shot to the big freighter from his brass gun, and had passed it to the Harvey G. It was clear both to Captain Rogers and James J. Prentiss what he intended to do.

"The Harvey G. and that other boat are going to haul the Claribel on," said Mr. Prentiss. "But why doesn't Manson get a line to the motor-boat?"

The answer came on the instant when a third red line shot athwart the blackness, followed by the usual muffled report, and dropped upon the forward deck of the Claribel.

"That's the thing," shouted Rogers in delight. "With three cables, the Claribel has got to come, especially with a good man in the pilot-house."

James J. Prentiss did not reply. He realized that the job was a delicate one, and that the Claribel was not safe yet. The motor-boat steamed away out into the lake, pulling hard on her line fastened to the Claribel's port bow, while the other life-boat, propelled by oars, went the opposite way. She was fastened to the starboard side of the Claribel, aft.

The consequence of the maneuvering was that the freighter turned around and headed toward the harbor entrance, instead of in the direction of Buffalo, as she had before. The Harvey G., attached to the Claribel's bow, also turned.

Captain Manson had his megaphone to his mouth, and as he chugged alongside the Harvey G., but a long way to port, he bel-  
lowed:

"Ahoy' there, Harvey G.! Haul away!"

In another minute all three lines—attached to the motor-boat, the tow-boat, and the Harvey G., respectively—tightened, and the Claribel began to speed through the tossing waves in their wake. If the lines held, she was safe.

James J. Prentiss stood in the pilot-house for a few moments after this arrangement had been effected. Then he said:

"I can't do anything up here, Captain Rogers. But I might be useful below. I'll go down. If you want me, you can megaphone."

"I sha'n't want you, Mr. Prentiss. It's only a matter of careful steering. The Claribel can't do much for herself, but I'll take her along all right, with what help Captain Pollman can give. I'll have to hold her some distance out from the breakwater. In this rumpus and gale we need sea-room."

Robert L. Tillman and Tom Prentiss had both descended to the deck when Captain Rogers had suggested that they might lend a hand below. James J. saw Tom and the two reporters, with two of the Harvey G.'s crew, holding the slack of the cable twisted around an iron stanchion, by which she was doing her share of pulling at the Claribel; but Robert L. Tillman was not there. This had no significance, however. He might easily be in the shadow of the cabin, or perhaps inside. As James J. Prentiss had no desire to be near him, he gave no further thought to his absence.

Meanwhile, the Claribel boomed along through the heaving waste, tossing up and down from end to end, and rolling considerably at intervals. The breakwater, some quarter of a mile away, hurled back the waves that smashed vindictively against its stone front, and seemed to be roaring its chagrin at being cheated of its prey. Truly, until Captain Manson so dexterously put the Claribel in tow of the three boats it looked as if she must inevitably be dashed against the sea-wall.

James J. Prentiss had a wholesome dread of such a disaster. He remembered more than one craft going to destruction there. In the case of his big freighter the chances are that she would have broken in two, and that her whole crew would have been lost. The breakwater had a way of making a clean job of it. Everybody in Cleveland understood that.

"If we get the Claribel in all right, we'll



win the thousand dollars after all, dad," remarked Tom, making his voice heard with difficulty through the howling wind.

His father only nodded. It was easier than trying to talk. Then he glanced out into the lake, but nothing could be seen of the Arenac. If she was in the neighborhood, she was keeping quiet. Perhaps she had already gone into harbor, but he didn't think so.

James Prentiss was still trying to make out the Arenac through the blackness, so that his back was to the breakwater, when he was startled by a sharp ejaculation from Tom:

"Dad, look! What's this? We're going right into the breakwater, and taking the Claribel with us! Captain Rogers can't make the entrance from here. What's he doing?"

But his father did not answer. Instead, he dashed up the steep ladder to the pilot-house and rushed inside. The next moment Tom heard a confused thumping, and his father's voice raised in anger. James J. Prentiss was ordinarily a quiet-spoken gentleman, but he could roar like a very bull of Bashan when excited. Tom scurried up to the pilot-house to see what the trouble was.

He found Captain Rogers lying on the floor, seemingly unconscious, and his father and Robert L. Tillman locked in a fierce embrace, hanging over the wheel.

"Take the wheel, quick!" shouted James Prentiss. "Put her hard to starboard! This fellow was taking the Claribel straight to the breakwater."

With this, Prentiss wrenched the foaming Tillman away from the wheel and picked up the old captain. Tom Prentiss put over the helm, as he had been ordered; and Captain Rogers, coming to himself, fixed his horrified gaze on Tillman, muttering:

"It was those eyes! He come at me looking like that, and I had to give up the wheel! I had to, Mr. Prentiss—I had to!"

Robert L. Tillman grinned, but his close-set eyes glittered in the awful way that they always did when he was malevolently angry.

would have been too late. The Harvey G. had been suddenly deflected toward the harbor entrance so that she would almost have struck the foundation of the lighthouse at the end of the wall as she passed in. Of necessity this near shave would have caused the Claribel to smash into it broadside on. In that tremendous sea she would have been crushed like an egg-shell.

Tom could hear Captain Manson, standing up in the motor-boat, roaring something through the megaphone. The motor craft, with the other life-boat, had been dragged far out of its course by the swerving of the Harvey G., and all three—the two life-boats and the Claribel—were plunging about wildly. They were no longer in peril of collision, however, although they had been when Tom took the wheel.

"It's no use Captain Manson getting excited," he growled. "I can't hear what he says. If I could it wouldn't help matters. The Claribel is all right now."

Robert L. Tillman was still grinning as he leaned against the wall, clutching the brass railing, but his eyes had lost the direful expression that, according to Rogers, had caused the disturbance in the pilot-house.

"Upon my word, Mr. Prentiss," he said easily, "I don't know what to make of the captain."

"Those eyes!" muttered Captain Rogers below his breath.

Tillman did not heed this remark. Perhaps he did not hear it. At all events, he continued, still with an air of half-amused injury:

"A few minutes ago I came up to the pilot-house because I could get a better view of what was going on than below. Just as I stepped up to Captain Rogers, to ask him if he had seen anything of the Arenac, he flung himself upon me like a madman. He let go of the wheel, and, as I saw that we were driving on toward the breakwater, I took it to hold the boat steady."

"But I found him lying on the floor," put in James J. Prentiss.

"Yes, I had to throw him there because he interfered with me in steering. At that moment you came up, and thinking, I suppose, that I had attacked the old gentleman, seized me. I was excited, naturally—who wouldn't be?—and resisted. Your son came up and found us apparently fighting, and no doubt concluded that I was alto-

## CHAPTER X.

### WHAT COLONEL LOGAN TOLD.

TOM PRENTISS'S prompt work at the wheel prevented a catastrophe. But it was a close call. Another few seconds and it



gether in the wrong. The simple truth is that I was the victim of circumstances, originating in some peculiar hallucination on the part of Captain Rogers."

Robert L. Tillman made this rather long-winded explanation with smiling glibness, to which James J. Prentiss listened with the Y showing plainly between his brows. He was not satisfied, and he looked at Captain Rogers as if asking for his version.

But the old captain had nothing to say. He had recovered his equanimity, and, without glancing in the direction of Tillman, took the wheel from Tom Prentiss to guide the Claribel into harbor.

"We will say no more about it—at present, Mr. Tillman," remarked James J. Prentiss coldly.

Robert L. Tillman, still grinning, shrugged his shoulders and left the pilot-house. As Captain Rogers, intent on his steering, took the Harvey G. out into the lake in a wide circle, so that the Claribel would enter the harbor straight, Tillman, on the forward deck below, kept a sharp lookout for the Arenac.

But neither Tillman nor any one else on the Harvey G. or the life-boats saw anything of the Arenac. It was learned afterward that she had been blown a long way east of the breakwater, and that her pilot decided it was safer to let her go than to attempt to bring her around. She did not get into Cleveland until nearly noon the next day.

It was long after midnight when the Claribel, having left the life-boats at the life-saving station, was brought by the Harvey G. alongside the wharf of the Prentiss Shipping Company at Riverbed Avenue.

James J. Prentiss heaved a sigh of relief when his big, valuable freighter was safely tied up, and he jumped off to the wharf. She had brought the first load of ore of the season into Cleveland from the upper lakes, and his company had won the prize of a thousand dollars, with the much more valued honor of beating every other freighter in the same kind of service.

"Hallo, dad! Look over at the office! There's a whole lot of people there. Ladies, too! Why, by Jove! It's mother! And there's Colonel Logan and — and — Mrs. Tillman! This is a queer place for them to be—at this time of night especially. Isn't it?"

As Tom shouted this, the plump, good-humored Mrs. Prentiss ran down the yard

in advance of the others and seized her husband by the two elbows.

"Oh, Jim, I've been so frightened about you and Tom! Everybody in the city is excited over the storm; and when the *Plain Dealer* telephoned to the house to know whether we had heard anything of you, I was so nervous I determined to come down and see what I could find out in the office."

"How long have you been here?" asked her husband, as he put an arm around her, while Tom took her hand.

"For hours and hours! Colonel and Mrs. Logan were thinking of going home when the telephone came, and they rode down with me. They stayed at our house longer than they meant to do, because we were so interested in talking about the reunion."

"Yes, Mr. Prentiss, that's the only excuse we can offer for not going home at a respectable hour," smiled Colonel Logan.

"And when we were in the motor-car, about the start, I got a telephone from Mrs. Tillman," said Mrs. Prentiss. "She had heard that her husband had gone with you in a life-boat or something to see whether he could find one of his own boats that was out on the lake. So we called at her home, and she came with us. Ah, this is comfortable!" she exclaimed with a little shiver of pleasure as they entered the warm, well-lighted office.

The Tillmans, Colonel and Mrs. Logan—the latter had been waiting indoors while her husband and the others went down to the wharf—and the Prentisses were all in the office, together with the watchman, who had let the party in when they came down to inquire about the Harvey G. and those who had gone out in her.

"Captain Rogers says he'd like to speak to you, Mr. Prentiss," said the watchman quietly.

"All right, Higgs. Ask him to come in."

"I don't think he wants to come in," ventured Higgs.

"Why? Did he say so?"

"Not exactly, sir. But he asked me to bring you out, if I could, for he had something important to say—about a thing that happened in the war, fifty years ago."

"All right. I'll go out to him," said James J. hurriedly. Then, turning to Colonel Logan, he said: "Will you and Mrs. Logan excuse me a moment, colonel? And you, Mrs. Tillman?"

But he did not have to go out, for at this



moment Captain Rogers burst in, so excited that he could hardly speak coherently.

"I may as well say it before everybody here, Mr. Prentiss," he cried. "It's about that Mr. Tillman."

"About me?" said Robert L. with a snarl.

Captain Rogers carefully avoided looking into his face as he went on rapidly:

"I can't look at those eyes or I sha'n't know what I'm saying, Mr. Prentiss. I only want to remind you of what I said this afternoon—that the man with those glittering eyes, close together, shoved your father, Homer Prentiss, into the open when he was getting away from that prison on Johnson's Island, at Sandusky, so that he was caught and sent back. That's the man that did it," he added, pointing to Robert L. Tillman without looking at him. "Now, it's up to you. *He murdered your father!*"

"What rubbish!" croaked Tillman, with a chuckle of derision.

"Wait a moment, captain," said James J. Prentiss slowly. "You said this afternoon you did not know who the man was that the other soldier pushed out of the bushes in Sandusky that night in 1863. Now you say it was my father, Homer Prentiss. How did you learn that?"

"I told him, dad," interrupted Tom Prentiss. "He was in the office talking to me after you'd gone home to dinner, and he told me about seeing the man here who had given up his comrade at Sandusky. I told him that the man recaptured was Homer Prentiss, my grandfather, and he said he was going to let you know all about it as soon as he got back from Lake Superior with his load of ore. He didn't know then that you'd be back at the office to-night, or that we should have all that excitement on the lake. It was fine, though, wasn't it?" he added, as his blood tingled at the memory of the adventures he had just been through.

Colonel Logan had been listening intently to the conversation. Now, with flushed face, as he stroked the white beard which, like many old Southerners, he kept trimmed to a point, he stepped between James J. Prentiss and Robert L. Tillman. That he had something important to say was obvious, even before he began:

"Mr. Prentiss, I've heard this story about the escape and recapture of that Southern soldier at Sandusky just now, and I think I can throw some light on it."

"You?" ejaculated Prentiss in surprise, while Captain Rogers and Robert L. Tillman looked at him sharply.

"Yes. *I was there that night.*"

"What? Why—"

"Let me explain, Mr. Prentiss. It is nothing remarkable, but evidently you are all laboring under a false impression."

"I think they are, indeed," assented Tillman with a shrug. "Certainly, Captain Rogers doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Don't I?" exploded the old captain. "You'll find out when—"

James J. Prentiss placed a hand on the old man's arm to quiet him, and Colonel Logan continued:

"There were three of us—all members of an Alabama regiment—who broke away from the prison that dark, rainy night. One was Robert L. Tillman, and another Homer Prentiss. I was the third. We got hold of a skiff after getting out of the prison, and Tillman and I rowed across. Homer Prentiss was not fit to do the work."

"My poor father!" murmured James J.

"He had suffered more from the imprisonment than we had, and when we led him into the skiff he did not seem to realize where he was. Prison life had made him temporarily insane. We knew what was the reason of his ailment, however, and were sure he would come around when once we got him to a place of safety, where he could have proper care."

"Lots of men went crazy in Southern prisons, too," growled Captain Rogers.

"That's true enough," said Colonel Logan. "It was the fortune of war—and all old soldiers know what war is, without being told by General Sherman. Well, when we got across the water and were hiding in the underbrush, some Northern soldiers came down to the shore to row a boat to the prison. Homer Prentiss became violent as he saw the men he blamed for his sufferings, and before we could stop him he jumped out of the bushes and ran toward them. Tillman and I could not help him, and we darted off into the darkness of the woods and got away. That's the whole story. Nobody was to blame for Homer Prentiss's recapture except the men who had driven him out of his mind by keeping him in that Johnson's Island prison."

No one could doubt that Colonel Logan spoke the truth. His tone would have carried conviction, even if he had not been



known as a man of the highest integrity. There was not a more respected citizen in all the big city of Cleveland than Colonel Montgomery Logan.

For a few moments there was silence. Then Captain Rogers, brushing a gnarled hand across his eyes, as if to clear his vision, said deliberately:

"I'm glad it wasn't Robert L. Tillman or his father that did it. But—I'll have to think about it by myself before I can quite get it through me. Mr. Prentiss, will you come as far as the Harvey G. after a while? I'll be in the pilot-house. I can always see into things better when I have my hands on the spokes of a wheel."

He went out hurriedly, and James J. Prentiss, in a halting tone, said to Robert L. Tillman:

"I have not heard anything that gave me so much pleasure for a long time, Mr. Tillman. If I have done you an injustice all these years, I beg your pardon."

Robert L. Tillman grinned. Then he answered, with his favorite shrug, as for a fleeting instant the evil glitter came into his close-set eyes:

"I don't see why you should have had any ill-will against me, even if my father had looked out for himself first of all on that night in 1863. It is the right of every man to take care of number one. However, I am satisfied. I never had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Logan before, or perhaps I

might have known the facts of that old mix-up long ago. Agatha"—to Mrs. Tillman—"I reckon we'll go home. The rain has stopped, and it's going to be a clear morning, I think. We can get a taxicab this end of the viaduct. Come on. Good night, Mrs. Prentiss, and Mrs. Logan. Colonel, I thank you. Good night, Mr. Prentiss."

He bowed to everybody, including Tom, with the sardonic grin widening his lead-colored lips, and, his wife on his arm, stepped out of the office and closed the door after him.

"Do you think you and Mr. Tillman will be friends hereafter, James?" asked Mrs. Prentiss privately of her husband, while Colonel and Mrs. Logan talked at the other end of the room.

"I don't think so, my dear. Like Rogers, I don't care for his eyes. The only difference Colonel Logan's explanation makes is that I cannot so consistently blame Robert L. Tillman's treacherous, selfish disposition on heredity. His father may have been a decent man for anything I know."

"He couldn't have been," declared Mrs. Prentiss with the positiveness of her sex. "Now, let's go home. There's another meeting of the reunion committee at three o'clock this afternoon."

The *Plain Dealer* had a splendid first-page story about the rescue of the Claribel the next morning.

THE END.

*B*

### A RIME OF OPPORTUNITY.

THE trumpet is flinging its keen, urgent cry to you,  
The eager wind ruffles the mane;  
Comrade, good-by and good-by and good-by to you—  
Mounting and riding again!

So you go bravely while I am still trailing  
Low in the dust or the rain;  
But ride and fight stoutly! My heart is not failing;  
Some day I shall follow again.

Ride, then, and charge, then, right into the worst of it;  
So your new chance is not vain;  
'Tis a stiff fight, as we knew from the first of it,  
And you will be in it again!

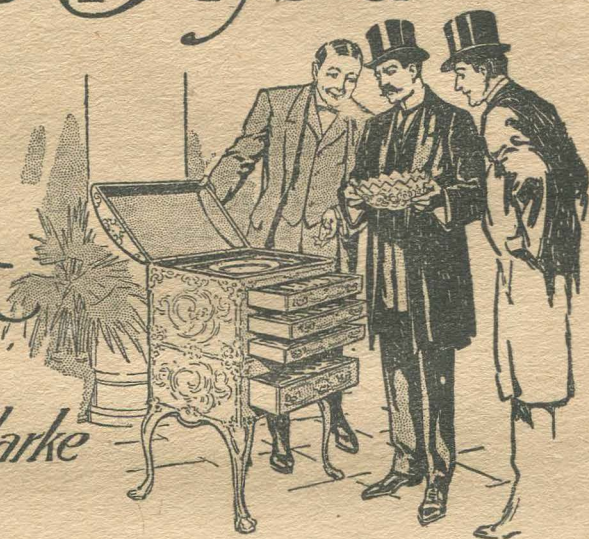
Remember not me, or remember uncaring,  
Unhurt by the failure and pain.  
Good luck go with you and follow your faring!  
Your foot's in the stirrup again!

S. H. Kemper.



# Mr. Scales Buys a Wedding Present

By  
*C. Langton Clarke*



MRS. SCALES, glancing over her mail at the breakfast-table, tore open a large, square envelope, took one look at the card which it contained, and threw it across to her husband. Mr. Scales, his left hand busily employed with his fork, picked it up with his right, and, with a slight frown, threw it back.

"Pretty short notice," he said. "Going to get married to-morrow and sent out an invitation only the day before. Anyway, she's not a particular friend of yours, so it doesn't matter."

"Oh, but she is, George," replied Mrs. Scales. "Quite a friend. I haven't seen much of her for the last few weeks, because she has been away, but before that we were quite chummy. It was through her that I heard of Mme. Laflamme, who makes my dresses now."

"I don't know as I owe her any particular gratitude on that score," said Mr. Scales grimly.

Mrs. Scales, who had been examining the postmark on the envelope, ignored this remark.

"It's not her fault," she said. "It's the fault of those stupid post-office people. This should have been delivered three days ago."

"I wish," replied Mr. Scales morosely, "that the stupid post-office people had delayed it a few days longer."

"But they didn't, so it's no use wishing," said Mrs. Scales crisply. "It's not too late to send her a nice wedding present."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Scales, to whom this view of the responsibilities entailed by the card had not occurred. "I don't see that we're bound to do anything of the kind. You can tell her when she gets back, that you didn't receive the invitation in time."

Mrs. Scales, her chin on her hands, regarded her husband steadily for several seconds.

"Really, George," she said, "at times I think I've married the meanest man in this city. To think that you would make your wife out a liar, and put her in a most disagreeable position, for the sake of a few dollars."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Scales with a visible air of relief. "If it's only a matter of a few dollars, all right—go ahead, and buy her a present. I thought perhaps you wanted to give her a cabinet of silver, or something of that kind. Go down to Mal-lory's this morning and have something sent up."

"I can't," declared Mrs. Scales. "I've got an appointment with Mme. Laflamme at ten. Then I must go to the dentist's at half past eleven, and this afternoon I am going to Mrs. Forrester's tea. No, George. You will have to do the buying."



"Me?" shouted Mr. Scales. "I won't do it. I never bought a wedding present in my life."

"Oh, yes, you will, George," replied Mrs. Scales calmly. "You are always bragging about your taste and originality. Now you have a chance to prove it. All you have to do is to drop into Mallory's on your way down-town, pick out something really tasteful and original, pay for it, and have it sent up to the house with our card attached."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Scales with bitter sarcasm. "That's all I've got to do, is it? And how much am I to pay for this tasteful and original article?"

"Not more than twenty dollars," replied Mrs. Scales.

Mr. Scales emitted a groan.

"You must think I pick money off the bushes," he muttered.

"I'm sure that isn't so very much," declared Mrs. Scales, with a sudden tightening of her lips. "Miss Heneage is a very particular friend of mine, and you know Mr. Waltham is a man who might be very useful to you in your business. I heard Mr. Forrester say the other day that he was a coming man. This is a case, George, where you simply can't afford to indulge your natural inclination toward stinginess. If you send up a silver-backed hair-brush or a plated pepper-caster, I'll never forgive you."

Mr. Scales rose wearily.

"All right," he said, "have it your own way. I guess I would better send up that cabinet of silver, and then you would be satisfied."

Mrs. Scales laughed lightly.

"If you like, George," she replied, "and I think you had better get Mr. Butterworth to help you in making a selection. He has excellent taste. I'll call him up and tell him that you will call for him on your way down-town. And George, please don't make any appointments which will interfere with your escorting me to the wedding-to-morrow."

Mr. Scales's countenance took on an additional shade of gloom.

"I'm certainly not going to the wedding," he declared. "I don't mind coughing up for a present, to a limited extent, but I don't purpose to immolate myself any further."

"Oh, yes, you will, George," replied his wife with an air of finality, and left the

room to call up Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Scales's *fidus Achates*, and requisition his assistance in the selection of the wedding present.

## II.

BUSINESS was unusually brisk for the time of day in the fashionable jewelry store of Mallory Brothers, when Mr. Scales and his particular friend, Mr. Butterworth, ro-tund in face and figure and beautifully appointed, entered it. Several of the clerks were out to lunch, and it was Mr. William Mallory himself, the junior, and sporting member of the firm who waited on them, leaving for a moment his attendance on an elderly and exceedingly prosperous looking gentleman who wore a decidedly harassed look.

"What we want, Mallory," said Mr. Butterworth, "is something tasteful and original in the way of a wedding present. Something, if you can produce it, that nobody ever thought of giving before. That's what you want, isn't it, Scales?"

"Don't be an ass," retorted Mr. Scales, who was inclined to take a serious view of his responsibilities, while Mr. Mallory, whose wandering eye indicated that he had been lunching rather injudiciously, smiled amiably.

"Choosing wedding presents is not a particularly easy task," he commented.

"Easy!" cried the elderly gentleman, butting explosively into the conversation. "I should say it wasn't easy. Here I've spent a full half-hour trying to choose a wedding present for my niece out in Wisconsin, and I don't seem to be much nearer a choice than I was at first. I should be glad if you gentlemen would give me the benefit of your advice. Which would you take, that or that?" and he pointed to two magnificent rosewood cabinets containing complete sets of silverware.

Both Mr. Scales and Mr. Butterworth regarded him with the involuntary homage which ability to purchase expensive articles so often inspires.

"This one," said the stranger, laying a fat forefinger on one of the cases, "costs six hundred dollars. This other, seven hundred and fifty, but, as you see, the ware is a little heavier and it contains a couple of sterling silver plates and a tray. Now, what would you advise?"

"The better one, by all means," said Mr. Butterworth, with an imperceptible



wink at Mr. Mallory. "No question about it. And if your niece doesn't throw several fits of delight when she opens the box, I don't know the sex."

"Then the best one it is," announced the other, with an air of relief. "Thank you for your advice, gentlemen. And now, as I have to catch a train, I'll close out the deal right at once."

He dragged from his hip-pocket a huge roll of bills, and, peeling off seven hundreds and a fifty, handed them to Mr. Mallory, who seemed a little confused at the rapidity of the transaction.

"Here," the purchaser added. "Get me a receipt—Mr. Peter Adams, 33 Marietta Street, and while you are doing it I will write out the address and the card to go with the package."

He busied himself for a few moments with a couple of cards and a fountain pen, then handed one of the cards to Mr. Butterworth, whom he seemed to regard as something of an *arbiter elegantiarum*.

"How would that do?" he inquired anxiously.

"First rate," pronounced Mr. Butterworth, reading aloud: "'With Uncle Peter's best wishes for a happy union and a long life, lit by sunshine and unmarred by shadows.' Neatest thing in the way of a sentiment I've heard for a long while. Says just enough and not too much."

He returned the card to the gratified writer, and Mr. Mallory received the two documents and several instructions as to the prompt shipment of the package. Then Mr. Adams, after again expressing his acknowledgments to Mr. Butterworth, hurried away.

Mr. Mallory, still in a sort of trance, flung the cards on the top of the cabinet selected, and turned to his new customers.

"What do you think of that for a quick wind-up?" he asked. "Mr. Butterworth, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. It means a cold bottle next time we meet. And now what can I do for you?"

The selection of a present by Mr. Scales took even longer than in the case of Mr. Adams. The twenty-dollar limit placed by himself, and the orders as to taste and originality imposed by his wife, proved somewhat of a handicap, but finally he chose a cut-glass bowl set in filigree silver-work which Mr. Mallory declared was the only one of its kind in the country. This, if not exactly original, filled the bill so far

as taste was concerned. Then, imitating Mr. Adams's despatch, Mr. Scales handed over a twenty-dollar bill, wrote his card, "With the best wishes of Mr. and Mrs. George Scales," gave the address of the consignee, and hurried from the store.

"Good work, Scales," commented Mr. Butterworth, joining his friend on the sidewalk, having followed at a more leisurely pace. "But don't you think you might have tacked on a few sentiments as Mr. Adams did?"

"No, I don't," snapped Mr. Scales. "Thank Heaven, that job is over. I wish to the Lord people wouldn't get married. Now I've certainly got to go to the wedding to-morrow."

"You're not alone in your misery," replied Mr. Butterworth. "I've got to go, too, but, thank Heaven, I was able to shunt the wedding present part of it onto my wife. I hope yours will be satisfied with your choice when you tell her."

"I'm not going to tell her," declared Mr. Scales firmly. "A cut-glass bowl doesn't sound like anything. I'll let her wait and see it to-morrow. Well, thanks for your help, which didn't amount to a row of pins, and ta-ta. I've got to keep an appointment," and Mr. Scales, with a curt nod, jumped on a passing street-car.

### III.

"WELL, George," said Mrs. Scales, when her husband returned that evening. "Did you buy that present for Miss Heneage?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Scales. "Did you ever know me to forget your confounded commissions?"

"Often," responded Mrs. Scales cheerfully. "But I'm glad you didn't forget this one. What did you get?"

Mr. Scales assumed an air of mystery.

"Something," he answered, "which is unique in this country, and with which no fault can be found on the score of taste."

"Really?" replied Mrs. Scales, somewhat skeptically, "but that is not a reply to my question. 'What did you get?'"

"I'm not going to tell you," said her husband, with an exasperating smile. "Wait until you see it among the other presents to-morrow."

And deaf to the almost tearful expostulations of his wife, who declared her solemn conviction that Mr. Scales had made a fool



of himself again, or he wouldn't be so secretive, he marched up-stairs to his dressing-room to prepare for dinner, nor could the third degree which his wife instituted during that meal extract any more information from him, his invariable reply being, "Wait and see."

At eleven o'clock the following morning Mr. Scales, correctly habited in wedding garments, a form of dress which he particularly detested, accompanied by Mrs. Scales, radiant in one of Mme. Laflamme's latest creations, arrived at the Heneage home, and were welcomed in the spacious hall by the mother of the bride, a voluble and gushing lady of some fifty years, whose main object in life was to look like thirty.

"My dear Mrs. Scales and Mr. Scales," she cried, seizing a hand of each and gazing from one to the other with beaming eyes, "how can we ever thank you for your most magnificent present? It is one of the most lovely things I ever saw. I'm sure," and she addressed Mrs. Scales, "that it was your exquisite taste which selected it."

Mrs. Scales regarded her husband with an unusual look of respect, while Mr. Scales assumed an air of complacent triumph.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Heneage," said the lady, "that I cannot claim any share in the selection. We received your invitation only yesterday morning, and as I had a horrible lot of appointments to keep, I was obliged to leave the choice to Mr. Scales. I admit I had not much confidence in his taste, but I am glad he did so well. He was awfully pleased with himself, I know, because he was so fearfully secretive. All I could get out of him about it was 'Wait and see.'"

"My dear Mr. Scales," cried Mrs. Heneage, dropping Mrs. Scales's hand to seize Mr. Scales's in both of hers, somewhat to his embarrassment, "how can we ever thank you? It is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. I'm sure no one can question your taste. If Adeline was up in the night to look at it once, she was up half a dozen times."

Mr. Scales appeared somewhat mystified at this exuberance. That a cut-glass bowl, no matter how chaste and elegantly adorned, should induce a prospective bride to rise several times in the night to inspect it, was a little beyond his comprehension. However, he put the statement down to Mrs. Heneage's natural disposition to gush, and replied, with an awkward laugh:

"So glad she liked it. I'm not much of a hand at choosing presents, so it is all the more creditable to me."

"You will have to keep it up," said Mrs. Heneage archly, "or you will be getting into trouble with the brides to come," and with another squeeze of Mr. Scales's hand she turned to greet new arrivals.

"Really, George," observed Mrs. Scales, "you seem to have surpassed yourself. What is this wonderful present? I am dying to see it."

Mr. Scales was about to reply, when a tall man with a military carriage and a long, heavy mustache addressed him.

"Well, Foxy Grandpa," was his salutation.

"Why that appellation in particular, Forrester?" demanded Mr. Scales, as he shook hands.

"Ha, ha!" replied Mr. Forrester, nodding genially at Mrs. Scales. "I suppose you didn't know that Henry B. Waltham, the bridegroom-to-be, would be one of the three commissioners to buy extensive park lands for the city. It's in the papers this morning, but I suppose you had inside information."

"I didn't have time to look at the papers," replied Mr. Scales testily, "and I don't know what you are talking about. I haven't had any inside information, and if I had, I don't see what difference it would have made."

"Just took a chance, eh?" said Mr. Forrester. "Well, it was a good one. I met Waltham this morning and he said: 'I owe that chap Scales something for giving Adeline so much pleasure. I hope to be able to do him a good turn some day.' He's a smart fellow, is Waltham, but for a man who has seen as much of politics as he has, he has a singularly unsuspicious nature."

"What's got into everybody?" cried Mr. Scales explosively. "Mrs. Heneage has been gushing over me, and now you start your mysterious comments. Just because I send Miss Heneage a common, ordinary present—"

"If that's what you call a common, ordinary present," broke in Mr. Forrester, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he turned away, "I wish you would include me in the list of recipients."

Mr. Scales was staring after him when a hand fell on his shoulder, and he turned to confront Mr. Butterworth and his wife.



"Well, Scales," remarked Mr. Butterworth, "your present seems to have made quite a hit. I heard Mrs. Heneage telling one of the guests to go in and take a look at the gifts, and be sure to see what a perfectly by-ooo-ooo-tiful one Mr. and Mrs. Scales had sent. You appear to have put everybody else's nose out of joint."

"I can't think what has possessed you all," cried the harassed Mr. Scales. "Next time," and he turned to his wife, "you set me to buying wedding presents, the thermometer will register about two thousand below zero. So much talk about nothing. First Mrs. Heneage tells me that her daughter was up half a dozen times in the night to look at a trumpery gift, and then Forrester starts some mysterious hints about my trying to curry favor with this chap Waltham."

"Don't take him seriously, Mr. Butterworth," laughed Mrs. Scales. "He is really as pleased as *Punch* with himself. He wouldn't even tell me what he had bought, and I am quite in the dark as to this wonderful present. I believe my husband has been guilty of some extravagance, and is afraid of a scolding. I am just dying to see what he got."

And Mrs. Scales, followed by her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, led the way to the library, where the presents were displayed.

The room was almost empty, with the exception of a group gathered at the far end, and the lightning glance which Mr. Scales sent over the array of silverware, cut-glass and toilet accessories, laid out on the tables, failed to discern the bowl with filigree silver setting which he had expected to see conspicuously on exhibition.

"Where is it?" demanded Mrs. Scales breathlessly, as her husband concluded his survey.

"I don't see it," responded Mr. Scales.

"It must be where all those people are collected," hazarded Mrs. Scales. "Really, George, it must be something worth looking at. I am proud of you," and she led the way to the center of attraction.

A lady on the outskirts of the group, looking back, murmured: "Here they are," and the party opened out, leaving a lane, down which Mr. and Mrs. Scales and Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth marched in single file to deploy in front of the table on which the gaze of the others had been concentrated.

For a few seconds Mr. Scales's heart stood still, and guests and wedding presents swam in a whirling haze before his eyes. Conspicuously displayed on a carved table stood a huge rosewood cabinet, the raised lid exhibiting a silver tray flanked by two silver plates, and the numerous drawers, opened to the widest extent, affording a view of serried ranks of knives, forks and spoons gleaming in their nests of purple velvet. Propped against the lid was a card bearing the words:

WITH THE BEST WISHES OF MR.  
AND MRS. SCALES.

With protruding eyes and open mouth, Mr. Scales gazed upon this appalling spectacle, until he was roused from his nightmare by a strangled gasp from his wife, a squeak of surprise from Mrs. Butterworth, and something resembling an oath from her husband. Before any of them, however, could find words to express their various sentiments, acquaintances among the group, pressed up and showered congratulation and admiration on the donors of the wedding gift.

"Handsomest thing I ever saw," said one lady. "Adeline almost cried over it, her mother tells me," observed another. "No wonder," added a third. "If any one gave me a present like that, I should take heart failure."

To these remarks Mr. Scales replied with a wild and stony glare, which those present took to be the cloak of modesty with which a generous donor seeks to cover his munificence.

"But I thought—" began Mrs. Butterworth, who was the first to regain her speech. She ended her sentence with a little squeal as her husband's warning hand closed with a sharp grip on her arm.

"I'm glad that Adeline and you all like it so much," said Mrs. Scales, banishing with a strong effort all signs of perturbation and astonishment at her husband's unwonted generosity. "But I cannot claim any credit. It was Mr. Scales's choice. I left it entirely to him. He would not even tell me what he had bought, though I might have guessed," and her little peal of laughter would have done credit to the most finished actress, "because I remember now



when I was giving him the commission he mentioned a silver cabinet."

Mr. Scales, with an ill-suppressed groan, seized Mr. Butterworth by the arm, and drew him out of earshot of the garrulous group.

"This is awful," he said in broken tones. "What the deuce are you grinning at?" for Mr. Butterworth in times of stress for his friends was noted for lack of control of his risible muscles.

"I can't help it," pleaded Mr. Butterworth, his grin expanding. "It's too funny."

"Funny!" retorted Mr. Scales, red in the face with the effort to give vent to his feelings without raising his voice. "It is an outrage. It's that infernal fool Mallory's fault. I thought he was half full, and now I'm sure of it. He got those cursed cards mixed."

"Sure," assented Mr. Butterworth. "It doesn't require the faculties of a *Sherlock Holmes* to deduce that. Say—wouldn't you like to see the face of that niece in Wisconsin when she opens rich Uncle Peter's present, and finds only a cut-glass bowl?"

"Hang the niece in Wisconsin and Uncle Peter, too!" cried Mr. Scales, infuriated by this callousness. "The question is, what am I going to do?"

"Pay and look pleasant," replied Mr. Butterworth. "If you can ever twist those distorted features of yours back into an appearance of beneficence, what else can you do? What is a paltry seven hundred and fifty dollars beside the reputation you have earned? Everybody is saying what an open-handed, warm-hearted fellow George Scales is. It doesn't matter that you are nothing of the kind. You have gained the character and the report will spread. You can't make any explanation, and besides you can't afford to get Waltham sore on you. He can throw things your way, and from what I heard Forrester say you are the white-haired boy with him just now."

Mr. Scales's reply was a monosyllabic expletive from which advocates of reformed spelling would eliminate the redundant "N."

"My advice is this," continued Mr. Butterworth: "Pretend you bought that cabinet intentionally, even to your wife. Mine knows what you really did buy, but I will guarantee that she will keep her mouth shut. The only trouble is that Mrs. Scales may expect you to show the same recklessness in

expenditure in the domestic circle, but you will have to live it down. Well," as a trim maid approached and stood to attention.

"Excuse me," said the girl, "but there is a gentleman in the little breakfast-room who is waiting to see Mr. Scales. He says his business is most important."

"More complications, I suppose," groaned Scales. "Come down, Butterworth, and give me the benefit of a little more of your advice, such as it is, but first put a stopper on your wife's tongue."

Mr. Butterworth, beckoning his better-half out of the group, imparted a few brief instructions as to silence, and followed Mr. Scales to a small room in the rear of the house, where stood Mr. William Mallory, wearing an apologetic air and bearing a semispherical object neatly wrapped up.

"Very sorry, Mr. Scales," he said, as the two men entered, "but I'm afraid we made a little mistake about that present you bought yesterday."

"Little mistake!" roared Mr. Scales, no longer under the necessity of restraining his voice. "Little mistake. What do you call a big one?"

"Most unfortunate," replied Mr. Mallory smoothly. "But this sort of thing is bound to happen sometimes. I handed Mr. Adams's purchase and yours, with the cards to our man who attends to the shipping and delivery, and in some unaccountable manner he got them mixed. We did not discover the error until half an hour ago, and I hurried up here to put matters straight."

"And how do you propose to put matters straight, Mallory?" inquired Mr. Butterworth suavely, Mr. Scales being beyond the power of speech.

Mr. Mallory shrugged his shoulders.

"I have brought the bowl with me," he replied.

"And do you suppose," cried Mr. Scales, finding his voice again, "that I am going to put myself in any such position as that? Have everybody congratulating me on sending a cabinet of silver, and then substitute a measly cut-glass bowl. I should be the laughing-stock of the city."

Mr. Mallory replied with another expressive shrug.

"In that case," he said, "I don't see anything for it but for you to pay for the cabinet."

"I won't do it!" shouted Mr. Scales.

"Or," continued Mr. Mallory calmly, "for me to make the substitution myself."



There was a long silence, Mr. Scales glaring murderously at Mr. Mallory, who bent a contemplative look on the carpet, and Mr. Butterworth lost in admiration at the jeweler's diplomatic way of handling the situation.

Mr. Mallory was the first to break the silence.

"In view of the fact," he said, "that some of the blame attaches to a member of our staff, I am willing to make a proposition. Of course we cannot stand to lose, but I would be willing to knock a hundred dollars off the price. You have already paid twenty. Send us a check to-morrow for six hundred and thirty dollars, and we will call the incident closed."

"It's about the only way out of the mess," advised Mr. Butterworth, and after some more argument in the course of which Mr. Scales freely expressed his opinion of firms which conducted their business after the manner of a party of kindergartners, playing store, the matter was adjusted, Mr. Scales undertaking to send his check in the morning and Mr. Mallory taking his departure with the bowl under his arm, well satisfied with the outcome of an error which in spite of his reduction in price still netted his firm a nice profit.

On their return to the library where they had left their wives, Mr. Scales and Mr. Butterworth found Mrs. Butterworth still wearing a slightly dazed look, but of Mrs. Scales there was no sign.

"I still don't understand," said the lady in a low voice. "Mr. Butterworth told me you had bought a bowl, and now it turns out to be a silver cabinet. I do wish, William, you would not try to mystify people."

"The fact of the matter is," said Mr. Butterworth airily, "there was a slight mistake made and the wrong present was delivered. It was too late to rectify the error and Scales has submitted with a good grace; at least, what amounts to a good grace with him. You wouldn't have recognized it, perhaps. Everything is fixed up lovely, and all you have to do is to restrain your natural feminine inclination to tell all your friends about it."

"I'm sure I'm not given to tattling," responded Mrs. Butterworth sharply. "I suppose Mrs. Scales is to know."

"Nothing of the kind," declared Mr. Butterworth imperiously. "Let the poor woman for once in her life regard her hus-

band as a prince in the matter of generosity. Eh, Scales?"

"I would sooner she didn't know," assented Mr. Scales gloomily.

"Very well," replied Mrs. Butterworth with a sharp little laugh, "but I think you are making a mistake, and will be sorry for it. You had better have told her."

There was so much meaning in Mrs. Butterworth's tone and she shook her head with such an air of pessimism, that Mr. Scales was seized with a sudden alarm.

"How do you mean—sorry for it?"

Mrs. Butterworth shook her head again, and at this juncture Mrs. Scales reentered the room.

"It's all right, Grace," she said jubilantly. "They are going to send it up by the first delivery. Really, George," and she turned to her husband, "I don't know what to say to you, whether to give you a good scolding for your extravagance, or to thank you for your generosity. When you talked about the cabinet of silver yesterday I thought you were joking in a silly, sarcastic way, and I had no more idea that you intended to buy one than a piece of the moon. It was perfectly lovely of you."

Mr. Scales did his best to look as if these compliments were deserved.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Scales, "I knew you would never have spent so much money, unless you had just made a lot on one of your deals, and could well afford it. So, as I am a great believer in what Solomon says about striking while the iron is hot, as soon as you and Mr. Butterworth went out I asked Mrs. Heneage to allow me the use of her phone."

"What does all this rigmorole mean?" demanded Mr. Scales, with a brow suddenly overcast. "Talk sense, and say what you have to say, can't you?"

"I am coming to it in a moment," replied Mrs. Scales calmly. "I wish you wouldn't get so excited about little things, George. The day before yesterday I was in Gunther & Walkem's dress department, and there I saw the most exquisitely lovely evening gown—old-rose silk with gold net hand-embroidered. One of their best Paris models. It was marked down from four hundred and fifty dollars to two hundred and seventy. Of course, I thought then that you would never be able to afford it; but as soon as I was assured that you must have plenty of money, I went down to the telephone and ordered the dress sent up."



"You—you mean to tell me—" gasped Mr. Scales, glaring at his smiling wife with the eye of a basilisk—"that you have just ordered a two hundred and seventy dollar dress?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Scales, unmoved. "I'm sure, George, that if you can afford to give comparative strangers presents that must have cost nearly a thousand dollars, you can afford to give your own wife one that only costs about a quarter of that amount. Isn't that so, Mr. Butterworth?"

But Mr. Butterworth, after one look at the inflamed visage of his friend, was too much occupied in restraining a burst of uproarious laughter to make a coherent re-

ply; and after repressing his feelings by a herculean effort, offered Mrs. Scales his arm to escort her to the scene of the wedding ceremony.

"I told you, Mr. Scales," said Mrs. Butterworth in a low voice, as they trailed on in the rear, "that if you didn't tell Mrs. Scales the truth you would be sorry. I was right, wasn't I?"

But the only reply she received, a reply which she rightly regarded as assent, was the grinding of Mr. Scales's teeth over a mental picture of his bank-book with a reduction of a full thousand dollars as the result of his selection of a wedding present.

### WARNED IN A DREAM.

LAST night I dozed in my easy chair,  
For my active brain was tired;  
And she came and stood beside me there—  
The girl I had long desired.

I knew that this was another life;  
And it seemed more old than strange,  
For she said like a real and living wife,  
"Say, Harry, I want some change."

She told me the baby had a rash,  
And the cook was drunk all day;  
She spoke of her urgent need of cash,  
And the bills she had to pay.

She said that Tommy had hurt his knee,  
And Bessie had had a fall,  
And I might stop to-morrow and see  
If the doctor could not call.

She owned that Johnny had grown too large  
For her to correct any more;  
And would I kindly take him in charge,  
And investigate why he swore?

She said there were holes in the kitchen sink,  
And the skylight leaked again,  
And Bowers, the plumber, didn't think  
The boiler would stand much strain.

She asked me what was the price of wheat,  
And hinted I should have known  
Enough to keep away from the Street,  
And to let "such things" alone!

In her calm, persistent way she spoke  
Again of the butcher's bill;  
And then, with a lucky start, I woke—  
A "lonely bachelor" still!

*Anonymous.*



# The Amiable Aroma

by  
Edgar Franklin



## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

IN settling a legal matter in which the Grimm heirs are concerned, Anthony Doane, attorney at law, with an ambition for a five-hundred-thousand-dollar income, sends out for a doctor to revive a fainting woman. Rather threadbare, Dr. Gray responds, and instead of smelling-salts, uses the contents of another bottle by mistake. This contains a liquid of pungent odor, which latter appears to have the strange effect of turning every one who sniffs it amiable for the moment. Doane, seeing big things in exploiting around, offers to buy the recipe. The doctor acts very strangely over the matter, but finally agrees to take a thousand dollars for a week's option. By the use of the odor on his handkerchief, Doane then gains access to the private office of John Lenton, multimillionaire, whom he has in view to finance the deal. Lenton glares at the intruder for an instant, then, as Doane presents his card with a flutter of his handkerchief, the big man's hand goes out with a smile, and he murmurs: "My dear Mr. Doane, I can't tell you *how* I appreciate the honor of this call."

## CHAPTER VI.

### BIG BUSINESS BEGINS.

**A**GAIN the amiable aroma had served its amiable purpose!

Lenton's smile, astonished though it might be, was broadening steadily. He waved a hand toward the leather armchair beside his desk and added:

"Upon my word, I'm glad to see you!"

Mr. Doane turned and edged the chair nearer to the desk before settling into its depths.

"I—I don't know why I should be glad to see you, because I don't remember ever seeing you before—or hearing of you, for that matter!" the money king chuckled. "But I *am* glad, just the same!"

He sat down and beamed, and words came to Mr. Doane:

"I'm very grateful for this reception," he said, truthfully.

Lenton nodded cordially.

"I give no personal interviews as a rule, but I'm glad to see you!" he cried. And

again his face clouded a little. "I'm sure I don't know why in thunder I should be glad," he muttered again. "But there seems to be a regular tidal wave of bliss coming over me."

He blinked pleasantly at Mr. Doane.

"I suppose I have met you somewhere before?"

"No."

"But I have! I must have! I'm associating you, unconsciously, with something very pleasant, Mr. Doane. You've forgotten, evidently." He rubbed his chin and pondered. "Possibly Newport, last summer—or were you, by chance, on that mastodonic yachting party of mine, Mr. Doane?"

"You've never seen me before, sir."

"Then why in the name of common sense does your confounded presence send a warm glow all through me? You're not a hypnotist, because you're not transfixing me with a penetrating stare or making passes!" Lenton laughed boisterously. "Yet I feel as if I'd located a long-lost brother."

Began January ARGOSY. Single copies, 10 cents.



"You're sure you do feel that way?"

"Sure!" Lenton's head went back again. "Do you suppose I don't know when I feel happy?"

"Well, I've called for the purpose of explaining that feeling," Doane said quietly.

He looked the other over keenly. Above and beyond all things, Lenton was the stern, well-balanced man of big business affairs. With the uncanny spell removed, he would be able to look back, calmly and coldly, on this spasm of geniality—and having gained his entrance, Doane asked no more than just that.

Silently, with Lenton's sparkling eyes on him, he picked up the heavy crystal paper-weight and walked to the window. He threw up the sash, and, having laid his handkerchief on the outer sill, anchored it firmly. He walked back to his chair and sat down to look at Lenton again.

"In about two minutes we'll talk business," he said.

"Eh?" The big man was frowning slightly now—and the heavy aroma was dissipating rapidly.

"And if you breathe deeply it may be less than two minutes," Doane went on. "In fact, from your expression I judge that you're almost ready to talk business now, sir."

Lenton had straightened up with a jerk, and his smile was wholly gone.

"What the dickens do you mean?" he demanded. "What sort of business? What brings you here, anyway? Who allowed you in here?"

"No one—actually."

"Then—"

"But your confidential man had a sniff of the same handkerchief that is drying out there, and after that he seemed to have no scruples at all about passing me in here!"

Doane waited for the words to sink in, and he had not long to wait. Lenton's puzzled eyes strayed from his visitor to the white thing fluttering at the window, and returning they settled upon Doane with much curiosity.

"Do I understand that that—odor had anything to do with the sudden fit of merri-ment that came over me?"

"Yes!"

The magnate's lips pursed.

"You know, don't you, Mr. Doane, that I'm not exactly the man to make a monkey of, as it were?"

"I do," said the lawyer seriously.

"Talk your business, then."

Once more Lenton's eyes wandered to the handkerchief, then he walked over and sniffed at it; then, some traces of the aroma appearing to linger, he returned to his chair and waited. Doane came to the point at once:

"You've seen the demonstration, you've experienced its workings yourself; is it worth financing?"

"Is *what* worth financing?"

"The amiable aroma, as I call it for want of a better name." Doane leaned forward earnestly. "Tell me candidly, sir! When you were breathing in that stuff, would you have granted practically any request I made of you? Think!"

Mr. Lenton thought.

"As a cold fact, yes," he confessed.

"Then I repeat the question: Is it worth financing?"

Again Mr. Lenton considered, looking at the ceiling; then:

"Yes!" he said flatly.

"And to what amount, sir?" the lawyer asked eagerly.

For the third time Lenton took a little space for thought.

"To any amount, Mr. Doane!" he said.

"You really mean that?"

"I don't consider money any more a subject for jest than death!" the big man observed tartly. "If I did I should not be sitting here!" His hard stare rested upon the lawyer. "Go on! Tell me about it!"

"You know already all there is to tell—except, of course, that I control the stuff, its formula, and so on. It is a fluid that will pass for a perfume; it is inexpensive to manufacture; to the best of my knowledge it will bring anybody around to the frame of mind you wish! That's the whole thing in a nutshell!"

"And?"

"I want you to pay the expenses of marketing it and take me in as full partner!"

This time Lenton's eyes opened wide.

"Marketing it!" he gasped. "You mean *selling it to people*?"

"Certainly!"

"Well, Heaven bless my soul!" the big man cried in dismay. "And you looked like a business man when you came in!"

"I—"

Lenton's eyes narrowed. It was very evident that his brain was gripping actively at the proposition now. He leaned forward and spoke rapidly:



"You've brought a very remarkable notion in here, young man! Nobody's going to sell that stuff if I have anything to do with it—and if it is all that it seems I shall have much to do with it. Did you discover it yourself?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"Somebody else," said Mr. Doane.

"Possibly, after all, you are a business man," Lenton said, dryly.

"But I have all the rights necessary to disposing of the discovery," Doane hurried on. "Be sure that I can convince you of that at the proper time. What I want is your assurance of financial backing."

"Well, in the sense of letting you take this out and peddle it at so much a bottle, you may be dead sure that I'll never back you to the extent of one dime. In the sense of your making a reasonably large pile of money out of your—what was it? amiable aroma?—you've come to the right place."

"And you propose to use it—how?"

"In a thousand and one ways that might or might not suggest themselves to you, sooner or later!" Lenton said, crisply and enigmatically. "Do you want me behind you in this thing?"

"What? I—yes!"

"Then don't bother me with questions about what we're going to do with it, just yet. We can discuss all that later on, when I'm fully convinced of what I'm doing. I'm not that, as yet, by any means. You, or the stuff, had a remarkable and powerful effect on me for some minutes after your arrival, and that's all I know definitely so far. You'll have to let me have some of it."

Mr. Doane eyed him smilingly.

"Hardly!" he said, coolly.

"The idea being that I'd hand it over to a chemist for analysis?"

"I didn't say that."

"Possibly, after all, you were cut out for a business career!" Lenton remarked, dryly. "I wished only to make a trial myself, when you were not around."

"For the present, I'll make any trial you specify," Doane smiled.

"You've made plenty yourself, severe ones?" Lenton asked, with genuine interest.

"Yes."

"And you're ready to tackle any stunt I lay out for you?"

"I—yes, I am!"

Mr. Lenton chuckled as he tilted his chair

back and studied his evidently interesting ceiling. A minute he remained thus—and two minutes—and at the end of three, he tilted gently forward again and said:

"All right! I'll outline a test for you to make!" He grinned. "Listening?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Doane, you have heard of a certain person named Marling—Henry Marling?"

"Naturally," Doane said, catching his breath.

"Good!" Lenton smiled. "They tell me that he has money, and I believe they are right. That gentleman, as you may have heard, has spent the last twenty-five years fighting me with his money, for he hates me about as cordially—well, about as cordially as I hate him."

Doane nodded. It was history.

"And for two years, as the papers will have told you, he's been fighting me on the score of a certain railroad merger, popularly known as the C., T. and P. Up to date, that fight, Mr. Doane, has cost me nearly fifty millions of dollars, most of it in the last year."

"I've heard of it."

"So much the better," Lenton said. "Go to Marling and have him call off the fight."

"But—good Heavens!" Doane gasped.

"Take your stuff to Marling, and have him send me assurance—positive assurance, you understand—by yourself that that C., T. and P. matter is off for all time, and I'll believe anything you claim for your—ah—amiable aroma, Mr. Doane."

"But—"

The lawyer stopped. After all, Lenton was asking him to do nothing more than he had claimed so glibly; and, for that matter, nothing more than was perfectly possible. It was the bigness of the thing that staggered him, but he was in big business now, and intended to be in bigger—and the sooner he grew accustomed to it the better.

"Very well, Mr. Lenton," he said as he rose. "How long shall I be able to find you here?"

The big man stared at him incredulously.

"You're actually going to try it!" he cried. "Well—you'll find me here until two o'clock, Mr. Doane."

The lawyer buttoned his coat.

"I shall hope to bring you the assurance before that," he smiled placidly. "It's only a little past twelve now."

Word that Lenton had permitted a per-



sonal interview, it seemed, had passed through the office ahead of Mr. Doane. Clerks, big and little, stared at him with popping eyes and breathless respect; the little buttons who guarded the outer door bowed almost to the ground as he held the portal open for Mr. Doane to pass.

Yes, and word had traveled even farther than the office itself, he discovered! Out near the street, the special policeman looked at him and raised his cap as he said "Good morning, sir." And a very bright-faced young man popped magically from the side of the elevator shaft and approached Mr. Doane with:

"Mr. Doane? Pardon me, but I'm the *Evening Star*, Mr. Doane. I understand that you've been in conference with Mr. Lenton, and I wish you'd tell me—"

Doane's first astonishment passed quickly. He shoved his way by the bright young man with:

"Nothing to say! Nothing to say for publication!"

"But—" The fellow was running along beside him. "Later on, perhaps?"

"Perhaps!" muttered the lawyer, as he dived into the crowd.

So he had become a personage in one little morning! He laughed excitedly as he hurried for the corner.

Marling's office lay but the briefest distance away; and when he went in *there* and asked for an interview—! Doane declined even to think of it. Once upon a time, a maniac had thrown a bomb at Marling; they said that nowadays when a person simply insisted upon an interview with the millionaire, the attendants knocked him senseless first and investigated him afterward.

However, his bottle was safe—and his handkerchief? That happened to be on Lenton's window-sill, and Mr. Doane turned into a little furnisher's and laid in half a dozen new ones, huge, thick, cheap affairs, which lowered him to the bottom notch of the clerk's estimation.

And over here was Marling's establishment, grim, old-fashioned and forbidding. Doane grinned as he ran up the few steps and was stopped short by a uniformed guard. He'd been in here once, several years ago, on some bit of business connected with one of the departments; he remembered the geography of the place and even the name of Marling's private and personal secretary and the office with the anteroom,

which that functionary occupied. So that, smiling tolerantly, he said merely:

"I want to see Mr. Berry, my man."

He was passed in—and down a railed corridor at the side of the general offices—and eventually to a dark little inner room, where the office boy left him and entered the farther apartment. It was the time for a quick move and, having had one rehearsal, Doane made the move smoothly; when the boy opened the door and beckoned, Mr. Doane was dabbing at his forehead with an extremely damp and pungent handkerchief.

Berry, a dapper, tired-looking young man, glanced up expectantly. Puffing, Doane hurried to the side of his desk and allowed the handkerchief to rest there as he said:

"I've come to see Mr. Marling himself on personal business!"

"And you'll have to see me instead, sir—as you doubtless know." The secretary smiled suddenly.

"On the contrary, what I have to say is for Mr. Marling's ear alone, and you'll have to take me to him!" Doane insisted gently, his heart quickening.

Because the queer stuff was working as perfectly as usual; Berry's smile had broadened wonderfully; yes, and Berry had risen and, a little confusedly, was saying:

"Well, if—if it is for his ear alone, I suppose you'll have to see him, sir! This way, please!"

He walked to a door at the side of the office and, opening it, smiled Mr. Doane into the inner region. For the second time within that magic hour the lawyer had passed an impregnable door to millions, leaving a trail of his amiable aroma behind him. And the door closed with a click.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PRICE OF THE PRICELESS.

LIKE other people, Doane observed, very large millionaires seemed to have their individual tastes. Lenton's establishment had run to heaviness and modern magnificence; this very private office of Henry Marling's made no such pretensions. The hardwood floor was very plain, the few rugs good enough but far from being works of art, the black walnut furniture of a pattern co-eval with the Civil War.

Marling himself, though, was sufficiently



modern in his frock coat, over by the ancient desk. Doane had seen him at close range just once before. Then he had been impressed by the eagle eyes above the short, pointed, gray beard; now he caught his breath, for the eyes were boring straight through him as Marling asked very quietly:

"Do you come from—er—"

"Er—no!"

"Did Berry admit you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you!" The eagle eyes glittered furiously, albeit the voice had risen not half a tone. Mr. Marling turned and reached for a button at his elbow—and quite startlingly, perhaps, when one considered that he might be on the point of throwing another bomb, Doane darted forward and cried:

"Just one moment, before you press that, sir! You're going to summon your—your guard?"

"I am going to summon Berry and dismiss him, if it interests you. Will you kindly leave?"

"Then wait, *please!*"

The lawyer was at the side of the old desk now, and truth to tell, his heart sank a little. The rest of them had been human and susceptible to the amiable aroma; this man was something less than—or more than—human; hard as steel, unemotional as an ox, the stuff wouldn't penetrate him or—

Oh—phew! A gusty sigh escaped Doane, and it was a sigh of relief; for Marling's hand had dropped away from the button, an astounding proportion of the ugly glitter had left Marling's eyes suddenly, and with an expression of keen interest, Marling was sniffing at the heavy perfume that rose from a certain handkerchief resting on his desk. And then, almost cordially, Marling looked straight at Doane and smiled!

"Well, sir, perhaps we can postpone the unpleasant ceremony for a few minutes. Who are you and what do you wish?"

"In the first place my name is Doane, and I'm a lawyer—although it isn't legal business that brings me here. Here's my card, sir!"

It was daring, perhaps, but the blotting pad before Marling was too tempting. Mr. Doane squeezed powerfully at the handkerchief and a shower of drops poured down upon the thing and soaked it! And Marling, having stared uncomprehendingly at the phenomenon, for an instant, laughed outright!

"Mr. Doane," he said, "you're the first man in seven years to enter this office without my consent, and I admire you for it! Yes, sir! I admire you for it—you're a man after my own heart. And—and I want to shake your hand, sir!" he ended explosively!

The lawyer extended his own chilly digits and Marling caught them eagerly and wrung them heartily—and wrung them again and even again as he continued:

"People of your energy and determination and tact are too rare altogether these days, sir. Every one nowadays is too—too infernally good-natured, I think!" He laughed suddenly and causelessly, and stopped short, amazed at himself, it appeared—and ended by laughing again. I'm proud to know you, Mr. Doane!"

After which flattering statement Mr. Marling threw back his head and literally guffawed; until, with a yank, he brought himself to face Doane again and giggled:

"What the deuce's the matter with me, anyway?"

"You seem to be in a good humor, sir—as you always are!" said Doane.

"And what's that perfume?" Marling demanded. "Have any of my young women taken to using perfume in business hours? Because if they have, I'll—" He broke off short and stared at Doane. "Bosh! no, I wouldn't, either; I wouldn't fire one of these girls—they're the best and most capable lot of girls in New York."

"I have no doubt of that, sir."

The man of money leaned forward and emitted a little chuckling sigh.

"Well, Doane, what can I do for you?"

"I've come to talk to you, Mr. Marling—I've come to talk about a matter that you've been viewing in the wrong light altogether, I think. In fact—in fact it's a matter which every one seems to be viewing in the wrong light, and—and that's what I've come to talk about!"

He was floundering wildly; and it seemed to matter not at all. The most perfect actor under the sun could have studied out no more cordial, receptive, attentive expression than the one Marling was wearing!

"In a word, I—I hate to see people fighting—cutting each other's throats—costing each other money to no end at all. And I came to ask you if you would not drop that old C., T. and P. fight with Lenton!"

"Eh?" The smile faded ever so little—and returned.



"Frankly, *is* there any sense in that battle?" Doane demanded.

Marling seemed to consider; he considered for perhaps ten seconds; then he looked straight at Doane.

"No, sir!" he said astoundingly. "There's not! I've been in the wrong, and I'm prepared to drop the whole business!"

"For—for good?" Doane almost choked.

"Yes, sir, for good and all!" Marling said heartily.

He brought down his fist emphatically and faced the lawyer steadily! He meant it—and for an instant Doane's head reeled! The aroma was rising thickly as the blotter dried; it was getting into the most remote recesses of Marling's hard self; for the time at least the man meant what he said!

"May I tell Mr. Lenton that?" the lawyer asked.

Marling beamed benevolently.

"I am quite willing. Indeed, I shall be glad to have you do so, Mr. Doane. And you will make the message as graceful and convincing as possible!"

His quick smile came again, and Doane's heart throbbed! He would go the limit—if there was any limit!

"Marling," he said fraternally, "why not write him a line to that effect? I should be glad to take it to him!"

Two seconds the millionaire thought.

"You're right!" he concluded, as he reached for paper and pen. "You're perfectly right, Doane. I'll send the scamp an autograph note, sir!"

He chuckled as he wrote rapidly. Doane's hair began to tingle; Marling was actually doing this thing! Had he, Doane, quite realized the lengths to which his amiable aroma was capable of stretching, he might have hesitated at communicating the secret to a single soul! But Lenton, at least, knew of it now—and Marling was handing him a written sheet, inquiring genially:

"Does that read well?"

Doane's dazed eyes rested on the few lines. They surely read well! They were as gracefully, completely apologetic and penitential as—he turned quickly as the door opened. And he caught his breath in terror as he felt a strong draft rush past him! The blotting pad was drying too quickly, anyway, and with this current to stir the air, there might not even be time for his escape or—

"I am quite all right, Berry!" Marling said. "Close the door."

The lawyer folded his note. He then rose quickly and picked up his hat. He thrust out a hand to Marling—and he saw that the mischief had been done! Marling smiled no longer! In place of the beaming benevolence, something akin to terror was in the magnate's eyes; he swallowed hard and clutched at the arms of his chair; he whitened suddenly, until it seemed almost as if he were about to faint; and ignoring Doane's hand altogether, he cried hoarsely:

"Sit down there!"

"I—"

"*Sit down!*"

His escape was cut off; if, with or without his note, he was to leave quietly, it behooved Doane to obey. He dropped into the chair and waited.

"What is it? What was it? What have you been doing to me? Why did I write that idiotic note?" Marling rasped.

"Because—"

"That's a lie! You know better! I know better!" the magnate hurled at him, his tongue darting out to lick his dry lips. "Something—"

He stopped short and stared at Doane, lips parted, and into his fiery eyes came an altogether new expression. The keenest, quickest thinker of the financial world, the man who foresaw everything and provided against it, Marling had been struck with an utterly novel idea! He was putting two and two together and making ten out of them, as was his wont; yes, he was getting at the truth! Doane saw it in his eye and turned limp suddenly—and his suspense was ended, for, very softly, Marling was hissing at him:

"Young man, did that perfume, with which you took care to soak my blotting pad, have qualities which turned my brain while my lungs were full of it? Was that darned stuff the source of all the imbecile good will that overcame me? Answer me!"

The lawyer sought to turn away; the unholy eyes held him fast, glaring into his very soul.

"Yes!" whispered Mr. Doane!

"Did you come here for the purpose of trying it on me and getting that note?"

"Yes!" the lawyer whispered again.

Inch by inch, Mr. Marling's terrible face was coming nearer; it was not a foot distant now, as the magnate choked:

"Did Lenton send you here for the purpose?"

"Yes!"



"Does he know of this stuff?"

"Yes!"

"Is it something of your own discovery?"

"Er—yes!"

"And he is hiring you to coerce me with it?"

"He—I—no!" Doane cried wildly. "You—don't understand! Don't look at me like that! This—this was to be—a test!"

"To convince Lenton of the virtues of your hypnotic poison?"

"Yes!"

"The idea being that he will buy it of you?"

"Perhaps."

Like a dreadful mask, Marling's face remained motionless before the startled lawyer for another little space, until:

"How many people know of this stuff?"

"Only three or four."

"But no—no men of real power—capital—great wealth—no others like Lenton—no one who cannot be silenced?"

"Eh? No!"

The magnate sat back, scowling heavily. But his eyes were off Doane; and with the tension removed, the lawyer sat back and mopped his beaded brow in good earnest! The secret was a secret no longer; Marling had snatched it out of secrecy in a twinkling it seemed—and what was going to be the result? For the time, Mr. Doane forebore speculation; he would have to wait—that was about all!

Five heavy minutes and Marling was looking at him again, gravely this time, as if he had reached a decision.

"Be perfectly candid with me, Mr. Doane. I am not in error in any detail of this remarkable matter? You have come here and caused me to write a note which, ordinarily, no power in the world could have made me write, by the agency of an aromatic, volatile substance, with the properties of which John Lenton is entirely familiar?"

"That is correct, sir."

Marling rose slowly.

"You have ended the greatest money feud in the country's history!" he muttered.

"Come, Mr. Doane!"

Doane started.

"Where?"

"To see John Lenton!" said Marling, as he started for the door.

"But—"

"We have not spoken for twenty years, but—come, Mr. Doane, come!"

He led the way out and Doane followed dazedly. In the outer corridor, he spoke to a clerk, and the young man raced away; and there, for a little time, they stood in perfect silence. The clerk returned, then, nodding to his exalted employer, and with a hand on Doane's arm, Marling left the offices.

Three stalwart men, apparently unknown to each other, appeared from somewhere and kept close behind them as they walked to the street—Marling's bodyguard. A brougham stood at the curb, its footman holding open the door; Mr. Marling motioned the lawyer into the conveyance ahead of him and, with a word to the servant, followed. Behind, the three big men entered a taxicab which seemed to have popped up through the pavement, and the little drive began.

Marling chose to say nothing at all. Doane was very nearly incapable of speech and thankful for the silence. What, baldly, was he up against now? What was going to be the upshot of this astonishing visit? Most important of all, what was to be its bearing on himself—what would these two extremely big business men do to his own section of big business? He did not know; but he did know that, if ever in his life, a perfectly calm, utterly confident demeanor would have to mark his passage through the next hour!

The carriage stopped at the curb before Lenton's offices. Swiftly, the taxicab drew up behind, and the three men, in the most casual fashion, sauntered to positions between curb and entrance. In the doorway, the special policeman gasped aloud at the face at the brougham window—on the crossing the regular policeman recognized the turnout and rushed forward as well.

The particular bright young man who had accosted Doane was there, too, and half a dozen other bright young men with him; they, too, hurried toward the brougham even before the door opened. People stopped—two or three of them and then two or three dozen of them, and the lawyer heard mutterings of "Marling—that's Henry Marling!"

Quite oblivious to the excitement he was causing, Marling stepped out and turned for Doane, who followed hastily. The eager young men surged forward; the big men pushed mysteriously and unexpectedly be-



tween; and they were within the building and hurrying toward the steps at the rear.

Word of their coming, it seemed, had gone ahead. As the pale "buttons" opened the door for them, and two of the big men loitered up to the outer side and remained there, funereal stillness settled on the place. Men, young business women, boys stared with astounded eyes; faces appeared at glass partitions and gaped, frozen! Faces appeared at windows and stared, wrinkled with amazement.

Parkins, gulping, had approached from somewhere or other, Doane noted, and was bowing them toward the inner sanctum. Now he stood with the door of Lenton's private office wide open, and the big moment was at hand.

All things considered, Doane thought, as the door closed on the trio, the meeting lacked much of the dramatic element one might have expected. Two hard men, sharing between them much of the country's money power, faced each other steadily for a few seconds. Lenton reddened then and turned on Doane:

"Have you—" he began.

"Doane has told me nothing at all, Lenton!" Marling's penetrating, quiet voice interrupted. "I learned for myself what was afoot." He paused an instant. "Lenton, this gentleman has brought a new force into the world. You and I know of it. I have come to bury the hatchet!"

There was a tense little pause. Lenton approached, then, with outstretched hand.

"Upon my word of honor!" he cried, hoarsely. "Five minutes ago I dared to hope that something like this might be arranged!"

Their hands gripped, earnestly, and Doane caught his breath. Most certainly, his entry into the realm of big business had been signaled by one miracle at least! The two of them, enemies for quarter of a century, were standing there—friends!

Marling, ever wholly business, broke the silence.

"And our first act of peace, Lenton, will be to secure from Mr. Doane—"

A quick smile came to Lenton's lips. With his eyes, he stopped the other; and he turned briskly to the lawyer.

"Mr. Doane, I have been thinking about you. I am willing to close with you—so far as buying your discovery is concerned. Mr. Marling, you understand, is with me in this. Now, sir! The price we wish is

for the sole rights to your secret and your oath neither to make your substance nor communicate its formula to any one else! Name your cash figure, Mr. Doane, and let it be low!"

He smiled, briskly, encouragingly at the lawyer. His whole being vibrated impatience—and he was impatient to buy all that Doane had to sell and be rid of Doane himself.

The lawyer saw it quite clearly, as a wild swirl of crazy figures went to his brain. He could ask a million—two millions, perhaps—and get it! He could be a rich man within two minutes—

"Well, sir? Well, sir?" Lenton snapped.

A remarkable calm came over Doane. He eyed the other squarely and quizzically.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fear that you underestimate the importance of what I offer. Still, since you ask my terms, I will give them. First, I do not ask the precise uses to which you and Mr. Marling purpose to put my little discovery; but I do ask—and demand—a full one-third interest in all net profits that may accrue from its use at any time hereafter!"

Together, they stared blankly at him. A little whistle came from Lenton; Marling's brows contracted.

"And in addition to that," Doane pursued, slowly and distinctly, "I demand a cash bonus, payable *now*, or as soon as the formula shall be delivered, in money or negotiable paper!"

Marling's voice was very quiet indeed as he said:

"That is reasonable, Mr. Doane. Be sure that we are willing to recompense you amply. We will dispense with argument and name an extremely generous figure at the beginning; we will give you ten thousand dollars, Mr. Doane!"

The lawyer smiled faintly.

"I thank you, Mr. Marling," he said, "but I fear that it will have to be a trifle more than that. Possession of that formula will cost you two gentlemen just *one hundred millions of dollars!*"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WITH THE PRICE SETTLED.

IN Lenton's sanctum, the crash of a dropping pin would have been deafening; one could have heard a dust-mote settle upon the polished desk as Doane's voice ceased!



The two biggest money men were regarding the unknown lawyer with open mouths; so they continued to do possibly ten seconds—until Marling gave vent to a hoarse, cackling little laugh.

"As a humorist, Mr. Doane you stand alone in the whole world! he said.

Doane smiled quietly.

"Then be sure that I know enough not to make jokes at my own expense, sir!" he replied.

"Is my price satisfactory?"

"No, sir!" the visiting capitalist exploded, violently. "It is the most idiotic thing—"

Lenton had returned to his desk.

"Oh—bah! Ridiculous!" he said pleasantly. "You talk like an ass, Doane!"

The lawyer flushed angrily.

"In that case, sir, I shall ask you to listen to me no longer!" he said, as he turned toward the exit! "Good day!"

"But—" Marling began hastily.

Lenton, glancing at the other, turned white.

"Wait a minute, Doane! I—I beg your pardon!" he cried. "I spoke hastily, but—oh, talk reason!"

Mr. Doane considered him.

"I've been talking what seemed reason to me," he said. "Perhaps, when you have had time to think it over, your own ideas may change. If so, will you kindly phone me? The number is on the card."

Marling held up a hand, and the third finger snapped down on the palm with a pistol-like report!

"Wait!" he ordered. "Doane, we are, of necessity, perfectly frank with you. We have no intention of letting you loose, to return or send some one else with your outrageous stuff and force us to assign our very souls to you! We are going to make a deal with you—that's certain. And it is just as certain that we are not going to pay you any hundred millions! Be seated, please."

"But, if you feel that I am asking too much—" Doane began.

Lenton smiled slowly.

"You'll do!" he said, dryly. "Sit down. For a minute or two, you took the breath clear out of my body, Doane, with your modest valuation—but, after all, I suppose you're entitled to more than ten thousand." He scratched his chin and looked at Marling. "It is absurd—utterly absurd!" he added. "But we have evidently to pay this person if we want what he has to sell!"

Marling smiled faintly and nodded.

"And since our own financial standing is unhappily pretty well known, Doane, I presume that we shall have to pay well. Therefore, we will go the limit in good earnest, in fixing this cash bonus of yours! We'll give you—yes, hang it! We'll give you a million dollars!"

"Apiece?" Doane queried.

"What?" Marling shrieked.

"No!" thundered Mr. Lenton.

"Because, it would do for a first payment," the lawyer explained. "Indeed, it is about what I was going to ask!"

There was utter silence for a little while.

"It is painfully plain that you are not a maniac, Mr. Doane," Marling said at last. "Just why do you think these extreme figures?"

Doane looked steadily at him.

"Because I know what the stuff is worth and you know what it is worth. You two gentlemen, working together with your money and my—my amiable aroma can do anything under the sun that you please!"

"I should hesitate to say that."

"Not if you were perfectly honest about it!" the lawyer smiled.

The gray-bearded man grew extremely grave; Lenton, on the other hand, was flushing.

"There may be some reason in what you say, Doane. Certainly you're putting a wholly exaggerated value on the stuff, but—come! If we are really forced to go above a million—and I don't say that we will, you understand—what would *really* be your lowest figure?"

Mr. Doane cleared his throat.

"One hundred million dollars!" he said.

"But—"

"And, gentlemen, I don't want to spend the rest of the day arguing the point!" the lawyer went on. "You two are the most important people of your kind in the country. That's why I'm sitting here and trying to make a deal with you. At the same time, there are other men in the United States capable of collecting a hundred millions to pay me—and there are quite a number of people in Europe who would, doubtless, raise the figure!"

His heart pounded; he was giving them pure impudence, and they were taking it! And since there seemed to be no earthly restrictions on him that morning, Mr. Doane crowned his impertinence with a brazen:



"So that's where we stand, and I am waiting for an answer! Do you want the stuff or don't you want it?"

If eyes alone could kill, Mr. Doane's demise would have been recorded in the death-list of the dailies. Marling, usually cold as stone, was turning purple; and he all but gasped:

"Yes!"

Doane's heart stopped!

"One-third of all your profits and one hundred millions down?" his quiet voice queried at a great distance.

"Yes!"

"Good!"

The lawyer seemed to return to the office after a momentary flight through space. Marling had actually said it, and Marling's word was as good as his bond! He, Doane, at that moment, had himself become one of the richest men in the world!

One vast fortune was literally in his hand—and with that strange liquid annihilator of opposition in control of these two, Heaven alone knew how many vast fortunes were coming to him. Yet Doane's voice, when he found it again, was calm and serene!

"Shall we close now?" he asked.

"Yes!" Marling assented.

Lenton, too, struggled back to speech.

"What—what terms do you—propose, Doane?"

The lawyer's hands clasped.

"I will write contracts which you will find absolutely binding," he said. "When we sign them, here and now, you will each pay me one million dollars! Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes!"

"And we'll want some of our stuff to experiment with in private!" Marling put in quickly.

"And when I hand it to you, which will be to-day, you will each pay me an additional five millions!" Doane smiled quickly.

"But—great Heaven above, man!" Lenton choked.

"Bonds—securities—deeds to real estate—anything negotiable will do!" the lawyer suggested. "I fear that I must insist on that?"

"I will—try to manage it!" Lenton said, thickly.

"And the balance will be paid when I produce the formula."

"And assign it to us outright!" Marling snapped.

"Not just that, either," said Mr. Doane. "My idea is this, gentlemen: we will take the formula and all papers and instructions connected therewith, and lodge them in a safe-deposit box which can be opened only by all three together, or by either of the surviving two, should one die—or by the survivor, should two die. I will manufacture the stuff in a laboratory to which both of you shall, of course, have access whenever you elect. I will furnish it in whatever quantities you desire and leave the handling of it to you. I ask no voice in its management!"

Marling smiled grimly.

"We appreciate that last concession, sir!" he said. "We appreciate it deeply. Draw your papers!"

Doane considered for an instant.

"And I'd better draw them up in long-hand, right here!" he suggested.

Silently, Lenton produced paper and handed it to him. Doane walked to the smaller desk at the side and settled down, with throbbing pulses and beautifully working brain. The other two chatted in an undertone, and he promptly forgot them in his task.

A full half-hour the pen scratched on, slowly, carefully, as Doane picked words and phrases—and in the end, when he handed the papers over for a reading, he noted a slight smile of satisfaction on both faces. As documents, they were very nearly perfect.

Parkins and another senior clerk were called, and in total silence they witnessed the three signatures to the triplicate agreement. Alone again, Marling went to the private telephone and talked long and earnestly with his treasurer; he turned back with an almost ghastly smile to find that Lenton was sending for the man in charge of his own ready wealth—and the golden cloud began to carry Doane away on a new trip through rose-colored space!

He returned to find them writing checks. Two minutes more, and half a dozen slips of paper were in his hands—and his staggered eyes, reading over and over again, reached ever the same glorious end: together, they totaled two millions of dollars!

"And now," Marling's voice came like the shriek of a file over steel, "may I be permitted a single stipulation?"

Doane looked at him.

"Lenton and I have done this morning about the most outrageous thing in the his-



tory of our lives," the magnate went on crisply. "We have taken you, a perfect stranger, on faith, Mr. Doane. This little matter is not going to lag along, unsettled for a month, you understand. I suggest that you hand each of us an ample sample of your compound, that we may experiment with it privately between now and this hour to-morrow afternoon. With these samples you will give us satisfactory proof that you are a reliable person, sir—from the personal standpoint, of course, of such well-known men as you may have done business with, since all this seems to be on a purely personal basis!"

Doane thought quickly.

"And for my part, you know," he said, "I have only your word that you will not hand such a sample to the nearest chemist, in the attempt to discover the secret. It's impossible, I may say that!" he risked. "But—"

"You have my word of honor, Mr. Doane," Marling said gravely.

"And mine," Lenton added quietly.

"Then will you wait here until I return with the stuff?"

"Yes!" Marling said frankly, and quite regardless of the well-known fact that their business minutes had been estimated as worth thousands!

Doane left with a rush! There were faces in that outer office, thousands of them, staring at him as he came out alone. He paid no attention to them—indeed, he no more than saw them. There were men in the outer corridor, too, who tried to stop him and to speak with him; and, curiously enough, the same big men who had trailed them to the Lenton establishments mysteriously plowed a path for Doane; and on the sidewalk one of them whispered quickly:

"Is the chief coming out soon, sir?"

"Eh? No!" Doane emerged from his abstraction for a moment.

"Then don't you want to take this taxi, sir, and get out of this?" the man pursued, piloting the lawyer to it—and into it.

Vaguely, Doane was aware that a score of interested faces had pressed close to him at the curb as he sat down. The cab was in swift motion, then, and he rubbed his eyes and looked about.

It had all happened! For a few moments there, after leaving the pair, he had fancied himself in a queer dream—but it had all happened! The conference had

taken place; in his pocket was a crisp little bundle of paper slips; and the cab was steering uptown.

Whither? Doane started and smiled. He was bound for Dr. Gray's as fast as wheels could take him; and he leaned forward to give the address—and leaned back again quickly, as a new thought entered his brain like a dart!

As yet, there was no real need of telling Marling the true discoverer of the amiable aroma! This driver, doubtless, was permanently in the millionaire's employ; he'd report Doane's destination—and the lawyer suspected that Gray might sell his secret for rather less than one hundred millions!

Mr. Doane's smile broadened as he told the man to drop him at the Howton Building—for it chances that a corridor runs straight through the ground floor of the Howton Building, from the main entrance to the street behind.

They halted there presently, and having paid for his ride Mr. Doane added a wonderfully sly wink and the suggestion that the man needn't mention, later on, where they had stopped. After which, walking sedately through the building, the lawyer made for a crosstown car.

Dr. Gray's establishment looked even more forlorn than before as he rang the bell. Doane smiled confidently. His plans had quite rounded themselves out these last few minutes. Having already sold the formula, it was as well that he buy it now himself with all despatch. Gray would have recovered from his uncertainty by this time, too; having basked for a few hours in the sunshine of that one-thousand-dollar bill, he would have a better grasp of the meaning of money—and it was more than possible that he had already fixed his own price.

Doane smiled again as steps approached within. Undoubtedly, the little doctor would name a price that seemed outrageous to himself, but would it make even an impression on the two preliminary millions in Mr. Doane's pocket?

Gray himself opened the door—and he started and whitened a bit at the sight of the visitor. He caught himself quickly, though, and spoke:

"You are the one man I wanted to see, Mr. Doane! I was almost on the point of going to your office."

With an effort, Doane nodded carelessly.

"That's good. Been thinking it over?"



"Yes, I've been thinking it over—I've been thinking it over, Mr. Doane," muttered the doctor as he closed the door and started for the rear.

"And I hope you're ready to talk quick business?"

Gray glanced at him for an instant.

"Yes, sir. I think we shall settle the business speedily."

So he was ready! The lawyer found considerable self-restraint necessary to keep his feet from doing a dance-step; for he knew men and he read Gray! That solemn person had resolved on a big price, perhaps as much as twenty or thirty thousand dollars! He'd hem and haw and try to lead up to it—and Doane had no time for such tactics.

"Well, doctor," he said briskly, as the office door closed, "we won't mince matters! We—"

Beside his desk the doctor faced him squarely.

"No, sir!" he said. "We won't waste words or time! I've decided, Mr. Doane, that I'm out of this!"

Toward the astonished lawyer he extended the one-thousand dollar bill.

"What?" Doane cried.

"I—I can't sell the—the secret of that stuff under any circumstances!" Gray said doggedly.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A PUZZLING PHYSICIAN.

GRAY's jaw was set; the hand that held the big bill was perfectly steady and the eyes remained on Doane. Dr. Gray, evidently, meant what he said—and Mr. Doane sat down weakly.

"What—what the dickens are you talking about?" he gasped.

Gray took his own chair.

"I—I've been thinking and I—have decided!" he said, less certainly. "I can't sell out—that's all there is about it."

"But why not? I'm willing to pay you—and pay you ten times what you have any right to expect!"

Gray's eyes grew almost scared again.

"In spite of that—" he said hoarsely, "well, I can't sell!"

His lips contracted, almost as if in pain; his gaze wandered furtively about the room, and his long hands fingered nervously at the chair-arms. Doane's face was a mass of wrinkles as he leaned forward and persisted:

"Why? Why? Why? What the deuce is the matter with you, Gray?"

"I have changed my—mind!"

The doctor did not face him. Mr. Doane leaned forward and laid a soothing hand on his knee; if nothing more serious than Gray's mind were to be dealt with, he fancied that he had had an unnecessary fright, after all.

"Why have you done that, Gray?"

"I have—my own reasons!" the lucid doctor muttered.

"I don't doubt that, but I want to know what they are!"

"I—can't tell you, sir!"

"Look here!" Doane cried. "Doesn't this stuff belong to you? Aren't you the discoverer of it, Gray?"

"Eh?" The shabby medical man glanced at him again for a moment. "Of course I am, sir! I told you that once before."

And now an idea came to Mr. Doane! Gentlemen like Lenton and Marling, with their perfect, noiseless organizations, might possibly have beat him to Dr. Gray! It was a trifle hard to believe, yet it was perfectly within the range of possibilities, and—

"Somebody been getting at you, Gray?" he asked sharply.

"What?" The doctor stared frankly.

"Somebody else has been trying to buy this thing!"

"Oh! I understand," Gray smiled faintly. "No, Mr. Doane, nobody else has been trying to buy it!"

"Then *what is it?*" the lawyer demanded desperately. "I thought that we had this matter settled, Gray. I paid you a thousand down to bind the bargain!"

"It is there, sir! I have returned it to you!" the physician said faintly.

"But I don't want it!" Doane's sharp eyes studied the other afresh, for half a minute—and failed to find the answer. Gray's mouth was twitching now and he was winking rapidly; the man was under some sort of stress; and Doane tried a new tack. "It's conscientious scruples, eh?"

Gray stared blank inquiry.

"I mean, you're afraid to—to let so much power loose?"

"I—I don't think that it is at all as—as powerful, as important, as you imagine, Mr. Doane." The sickly smile came again. "No, sir; that aspect of the case had not appealed to me."

"Then it must be that you don't need the money!" Doane cried helplessly.

"Need it!" Genuine human emotion



leaped into the doctor's tone, and he looked straight at Doane. "God knows how I need a few thousand dollars just now, sir! No—you're wrong there."

The lawyer laughed angrily.

"Then I give it up!" he cried. "You're evidently deluding yourself in one way or another, and in spite of it, I'm going to hold you to your original bargain, Gray! Good Heaven! I'm willing to *pay* for this! I want it! Do you know how much I'm willing to pay you for your formula?"

The hunted eyes shot toward him again for an instant.

"No. How much?" Gray asked.

"One hundred thousand dollars in cash for the formula to-day!" Doane said flatly.

A shriek escaped the doctor and he leaped from his chair! Eyes dilated, he looked at Doane almost like a madman for a little; and then, turning limp, the astonishing person dropped back into his chair and muttered:

"It's no use! I can't do it, Mr. Doane!"

"Not enough?"

"The price is satisfactory, but—I can't do it!"

Down-town, two of the most important gentlemen in the country were waiting for Doane while this little two-cent physician hemmed and hawed and went through his mildly hysterical performance; and thinking of the two millionaires, suddenly the lawyer quickened.

"Listen to me, Gray!" he said so sharply that the other came up with a jerk. "I don't pretend to guess what's the matter with you; I'm no expert psychologist, and just now I haven't time to spell out your case and your trouble; but tell me this, on the dead level: this thing *is* your own discovery?"

"Yes."

"And no one but—er—you and I and Mr. Burr know of it?"

"No one, Mr. Doane."

"Then I want to remind you that we've already made a bargain. You're to sell me this thing within a week—and if you choose to drag it out to the end of the week, do so. But you are going to sell it to me, Gray, and if you want more than a hundred thousand, I'll give it to you. I came in here this afternoon prepared to close the whole business. Can't we do that, even now? Won't you hand me the formula and take your money?"

Whatever ailed the unhappy physician,

Doane noted, he seemed to be passing through a new struggle.

"Not—not yet, sir!" he choked.

"Very well, let it go at that, then!"

Doane sat back with an impatient sigh. "I want two more pint bottles of that stuff, Gray!"

"Now?" The doctor looked at him wildly.

"Right now! Quick!" And as the possession of much money surged over Mr. Doane, the while his eye caught strange refusal tilting on the doctor's lips, one hand went into his trousers pocket and brought forth his remaining four thousand dollars! Two of the big bills were stripped off and laid beside Gray's original deposit, and Doane chuckled: "There! A thousand dollars a pint, Gray! That's more than you figured on when you made the stuff!"

The doctor was shaking violently! Hands clutching his desk again, he leaned forward and croaked rather than spoke:

"You—you insist on holding me to the bargain?"

"I do that!"

"All right! So be it!" Gray's voice soared and he laughed wildly. "At the end of the week, we'll close!"

And he strode out of the room, while Doane stared after him, wide-eyed.

The man was a lunatic! Not, to be sure, that there was much cause for astonishment in that; any one who devoted his life to inventing amiable aromas of this kind and then was staggered at being offered a mere hundred thousand for them, was lacking mentally somewhere, but—oh, what did it matter? Doane shrugged his shoulders and thought feverishly as he waited.

It was within a very few minutes that Gray returned, white and drawn of countenance, with a freshly washed bottle of colorless liquid in either hand. He avoided Doane's eyes as he set them upon the desk and said simply:

"There they are, sir!"

"That's good!" Doane pocketed them without formality. "Have you been making up more of the stuff since I saw you?"

"I—I—no!"

"Then you got a lot of it made up!" the lawyer said cheerfully, as he poised his hat on the back of his head. "You don't know how much we're going to need now!"

"Are we—going to need much—right away?" Gray choked.

"Can't tell, you know. Get ten or twelve



gallons mixed up, anyway, Gray, and—oh, what hours of the day are you here?"

"From this time forward, I shall be here at all hours!"

"That's good!" said Mr. Doane, as he patted him on the shoulder. "And now you'd better get some rest, old man! You've been working too hard, I think—you're all upset and shaky. Don't lose your head because one dream's coming true—and I'll bet that you always *have* dreamed of knocking a few thousands out of your science at a lump, eh?"

"Yes!" said the hollow voice.

"Then don't kill yourself before you have a chance to enjoy it!" the lawyer said patronizingly, as he made for the street door. "If you decide to close up the deal before the week's out, let me know. I'll probably drop in before that time, anyway."

Hazily, he knew that Gray was fairly tottering as he followed to the door; and in the open street, Doane wondered hard for a minute or so. What the deuce *was* the matter with Gray, anyhow? Was he merely rattled or—oh, yes, that was it! The man was staggered at the vision of anything larger than a two-dollar bill; and up the block a cab was cruising around as if in search of a fare.

The millionaire lawyer dived after it and, having captured it and given his orders, sat back to watch the populace dodge and to hold his two precious bottles safe from jar against the sides.

The taxicab had returned to its place at the curb before Lenton's; the three big men were visible; the reportorial crowd, considerably augmented, all but surged down on him as his own vehicle halted. A little shout went up from them, too, and a battery of cameras popped into view—and then, with neatly concerted action, the three big men were about Doane and had rushed him into the building and through the doors of the offices.

In the inner sanctum, Lenton and Marling were still quite alone; and as they faced him Doane's quick eye took in one detail instantly. They had had time to talk him over, to discuss his proposition in private; and, not to put too fine a point on it, their expressions indicated that they had concluded two million dollars to be sufficient recompense for him! Indeed, the move came more swiftly than Doane expected, for Marling greeted him with a brisk:

"Get the stuff?"

"I did."

"Mr. Doane, we have been talking this over, with particular regard to the ten million dollars you so calmly demanded upon delivery of your samples!"

"Ah?" Mr. Doane set before each his mystic bottle!

"We have concluded, sir, that your mental vision as to money isn't quite clear!" Marling pursued. "Ten million dollars, sir, is a tremendous sum! It could wreck a dozen banks—or a country, in a crisis! And yet you demand it of us, two mere business men!"

"And before you go any further with that little speech, sir," Mr. Doane put in, "let me ask one thing: wouldn't it be possible for either of you two to sit down and write a mere note for five millions of dollars which any of the two or three biggest banks in the city would discount as cheerfully as they would my own for five cents?"

"Possibly, sir, but—"

"That's all I want to know!" said Mr. Doane, as he sat down and smiled.

Because Lenton had removed the cork from his sample and was sniffing strongly—and Marling was doing the same now!

And abruptly, Lenton smiled and said:

"Marling, a bargain's a bargain! We agreed, tacitly at least, to hand him that five millions apiece; I'm going to stick to my end!" He turned to Doane. "I'm going to take you at your word and give you a note. You will not be able to walk into a bank and walk out again with the cash, you understand—but they'll take care of it for you!"

Marling, who had poured a few drops on his palm and sniffed it curiously, sighed lightly and chuckled!

"And please handle your notes gently and judiciously!" he said, as he brought out his fountain-pen. "This is the most outrageous transaction in all finance, and there's no use turning Wall Street upside down by advertising it!" His nostrils dilated at the aroma from his right palm! "But it's a winner!" he cried. "It's a winner!"

Mr. Burr, alone, did not leave his friend's office immediately. For one thing, he was rather dumfounded; it would be as well to wait half an hour or so, until whichever one of the hospitals had received Doane, telephoned in news of the maniac! For another thing, Doane's offices were rather more cheery than his own.



At one, no news had come; but a client of Doane's, with a job that must be prepared instantly for court, had appeared; and after a meager lunch, Burr himself had gone to work on it.

At four, a prolonged session of dictation was at an end, and the younger lawyer sat back, genuinely concerned for his friend—when the door of the private office opened and Doane entered after the gentle fashion of a Kansas cyclone!

With a mere nod, he slammed the door, tossed his hat to the table and strode to his desk! His hair was wild; his eyes glowed and snapped strangely; yet he was perfectly self-controlled, for he turned on Burr with the crispness of a commanding general and said:

"Busy these days, Bob?"

"What? No!"

"I want you to take my practise and handle it—permanently, probably! The income will be yours, of course!"

Burr's jaw dropped.

"Well, I—"

Doane's forehead wrinkled.

"The executive end alone, of course—we'll hire clerks for all the detail work, because I want most of your time myself! Bob, I want you for my extremely private and confidential associate henceforth. I'll pay you well!"

"Yes," said Mr. Burr, curiously. "How much?"

"I'll pay you one hundred thousand dollars a year!" said Mr. Doane, as he turned to his desk. "Any mail?"

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BIGGEST THING ON RECORD.

BURR's teeth closed with a click. He had suspected the worst, strongly; now he knew the worst and his heart ached!

Poor old Tony, hustling, prosperous Tony, had snapped at last! He had seen other men go the same way—not as violently, to be sure, but—oh, it was too bad! And just on the eve of his wedding, too! A quivering sigh of genuine grief escaped Burr.

"Ah, come on home, Tony!" he said brokenly.

"What?" Doane faced about in frank astonishment.

"Come along, old man!" Burr patted his shoulder affectionately. "I'll get you into bed and look after you!"

Mr. Doane laughed outright—and quite sanely, by the way.

"You think I've gone crazy, Bob?"

"Not a bit of it!" Burr laughed boisterously. "Not in a million years, only—"

"Well, cut out that soothing business!" Doane spoke impatiently. "I suppose—well, I suppose it does sound odd, but—"

"It doesn't sound a bit odd to me," Burr assured him; and then, in the hope that his mind might be shunted back to his old life: "Oh, Tony, I called up Doris and told her!"

"Eh?" Doane started a little.

"She wasn't as pleased as she might have been. She wanted to know why you hadn't called up yourself!"

Mr. Doane winced; for a second or two he thought hard; and then he shrugged his shoulders. Doris might misunderstand things to-day; she wouldn't to-morrow or next day, when he went to her and showed her the millions which were to be theirs. Doris was everything in the world to him, and—

"I'm sorry, but I didn't have time—and I won't have time—and that's too deuced bad, but—"

He jabbed at the button beside his desk; and within a few seconds the stenographer entered.

"Miss Fiske! Call up Morley's and tell them I want a bouquet of roses—no, hang roses! Tell 'em I want some orchids—fifty of the choicest orchids—sent to Miss Vane at once, with my compliments! And call up Bevan's and tell them that I want a ten-pound box of their finest confectionery sent to Miss Vane also—and find out if there isn't some particularly choice kind of box they can furnish. Never mind the expense!"

The staring girl backed out, nodding vaguely; and Doane turned to Burr with:

"Now we can talk business!"

"You bet we can!" said that gentleman heartily. "Stick that hat on your head and come with me! That candy and flowers business finishes it!"

"What? Candy and flowers tickle any woman!" Doane said, in genuine astonishment.

"I guess so," said Mr. Burr, as he stepped forward threateningly. "Come on, my boy! If you don't come peaceably, I'll knock you on the head and take you! You've raved enough for one day—in public, anyhow! Come!"

Mr. Doane laughed outright.



"Stop the nonsense, Bob!" he said. "It all sounds odd to you, but that's because you're not accustomed to it. It seemed odd to me at first, but I'm getting used to a little loose change in my pockets now! Sit down there!"

A long look at his friend, and Burr obeyed limply.

"Now! What was it that scared you most, Bob?" the millionaire lawyer asked patiently. "The idea of a hundred thousand a year?"

"Oh—that startled me a—little!" Burr murmured helplessly. The wild spell, apparently was going right on; he wouldn't get Doane out of the office without a mess, and—

"A hundred thousand dollars a year is a mighty small income!" Doane informed him soberly. "Sit down and I'll tell you why, and—" He paused a moment and studied his friend rather sheepishly. "Say! I thought I had the nerve to ask it of you, but I haven't—particularly when I'm counting on having you do at least half the work. That salary will be two hundred and fifty thousand a year, Bob!"

"Yes! Thanks!" Burr said throatily.

"And don't sit there and stare at me as if you expected me to jump on you and tear your head from your shoulders!" the lawyer pursued, with some irritation. "I'm quite all right! I've been mixed up in some big business, and—"

"Yes, where the dickens have you been?" Burr cried anxiously. "Tony, you haven't been keeping up on drugs, or something, and taken an overdose, have you? Because—"

"Oh—" Doane began savagely.

He stopped there, for a loud mumble of many voices came from the outer office. He listened; and even as he listened, the stenographer slipped in, staring excitedly.

"Mr. Doane!" she said. "I—I think all the reporters in New York want to see you!"

Her employer looked up with perfect calm.

"Many of them?"

"Nearly twenty!"

Being a man of big business, the lawyer merely rubbed his chin and thought for three seconds.

"Say that I will see one of them for five minutes, Miss Fiske. Only one, and for only five minutes."

The girl backed out dumbly. There was a little pause, during which Burr watched the door with lively interest; then it opened and through it came a tall, well-groomed

man and another shorter man with a camera. This latter seemed to shrink into the wall as the tall man advanced; later, he walked stealthily from spot to spot, snapping pictures.

The tall man, however, came directly and respectfully to Doane's side.

"This is Mr. Doane?" he began.

Doane bowed.

"Mr. Doane, it is reported that Mr. Lenton and Mr. Marling actually held a personal conference to-day, and that you were present!"

"Ah?" said the lawyer.

"It is the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes—and that's all I care to say about it!" Mr. Doane informed him.

"But we want you to say a good deal more, Mr. Doane," the visitor smiled. "As I have the story, you called at Lenton's office and went straight in to him—and after a conference you left and got Mr. Marling. And the two of them, they tell me, were together for hours—may be together even yet!"

"I'll say that that is essentially correct."

The visitor leaned gracefully on Doane's desk and smiled winningly.

"That's about as interesting as anything that has happened in the financial district since the Civil War!" he said. "What was it about, Mr. Doane?"

"I have nothing to say!"

"Well, will you tell us for whom you were acting?"

"For myself!" Doane could not resist.

"As agent for—eh?"

"As agent for myself, and nobody else!"

The visitor smiled.

"Are you personally interested, financially, with these two gentlemen, Mr. Doane?"

"I am!"

"Then tell us about it, Mr. Doane!"

"I have nothing further to say!"

"But you should have—you owe it to the public, sir! You evidently have no idea of the rumors this conference has started! The whole city is talking about it and all sorts of things are predicted! You see, if the two great money powers of the country have become friendly at last—why, almost anything may happen! Almost every security in the Street was fluttering when the market closed. Will you say Lenton and Marling are friends now?"

"I'll say nothing at all," said Mr. Doane, with a suspicion that he had already said too much.



"Will you turn this way, sir?" the photographer queried.

"What?" Doane faced him.

"Thank you, sir!" said the photographer, as the camera clicked.

"Now, Mr. Doane!" the reporter went on encouragingly.

"See here!" that gentleman rapped out sharply. "There is nothing that I can give out now, under any circumstances! That's final. Later, I may—possibly—say something for publication. But not now!"

The visitor studied him for a little. Doane, evidently, meant what he said. The visitor straightened up.

"You may be willing to talk to-morrow, sir!"

"Not to-morrow. Perhaps a week from to-morrow!" Doane smiled.

The photographer, his fell work accomplished, was drifting toward the door. The tall man followed, after a fruitless question or two—and for a few seconds Burr's bewildered eyes beheld a perfect mob in the outer office, a mob standing on tiptoe, standing open-mouthed, for a glimpse of the small room which held the very remarkable Mr. Doane!

The telephone-bell was clattering wildly, out there, too; indeed, Burr recalled now that it had been clattering for the last twenty minutes—and then the door closed and they were alone once more.

"I say! You acted as if you'd been interviewed every day since you were seven!" the younger lawyer ejaculated.

Mr. Doane smiled calmly.

"I've been dodging that crowd most of this day!" he said. "And now—now I want to talk to you! Wait a minute!"

He rang for his aide. The girl came, breathing heavily.

"Cut off the telephone, Miss Fiske—and I shall see no one else to-day. You may leave at five, as usual. That is all!"

The door closed, and Doane faced his gulping friend.

"And now, as I remarked before, we shall talk!" he cried. "I want you to help me plan, Bob! I want—oh, I'll tell you what I want later on. But now I'll show you what we have to bank on, for a start!"

Before Mr. Burr a handful of paper slips were thrown—white ones and pale blue ones and pink ones! The younger lawyer examined them and turned pale; until at last:

"Are these—genuine?" he croaked.

"Yes!"

"Twelve—million—dollars!" seemed to issue from the soles of Mr. Burr's feet. "I take it all back, Tony! You're not crazy!"

At six they were planning—just what, Burr did not know. They seemed to have merged all the railroads in the country, though.

At nine they were still planning—and by this time Burr had lost all track of what. Ocean liners and a consolidation of the world's automobile industry seemed to be playing tag with one another, somewhere in the endless tangle of words; and Mr. Burr munched on through the dinner he had ordered unostentatiously by telephone.

Mr. Doane hadn't looked at a morsel, to be sure; but Burr at least needed human nourishment; and this wild task was going to take all night.

It did not, however. At eleven, even Doane ran down. The conference was brought to an end; and if Doane knew quite all the things that had been outlined, he had a decided advantage over his younger legal associate. Messrs. Marling and Lenton, apparently, were going to do something or other; but they were side issues. Mr. Doane himself, starting with a capital of a hundred million dollars and counting, apparently, on as much more annually, was going to readjust the world and derive not less than one thousand billions eventually. And the amiable aroma was at the bottom of it all!

Mr. Burr, whose feeble imagination had dropped dead some hours back, stopped in a perfectly conventional saloon and purchased a five-cent glass of beer, the while he munched a cracker and calmed himself for slumber. Both tasted better than usual.

Only at his own corner did the terrific relax come to Doane. He was tired—shriekingly, horribly tired! His narrow brass bedstead loomed up as the one priceless thing in the world. And there, on the steps of his apartment-house, a dozen men were camped! He knew them; he had seen several of them before that day—and he dodged wearily back and made for a big hotel.

There, having registered as "Philip Meade" from Chicago, he gathered a sheaf of evening papers and shuffled to his room. Collar and coat and vest and shoes came off with a rush; and then, groaning joyous weariness. Doane sat down upon the bed and stared at the papers.

Every blessed first page dealt with himself! There were pictures of his office—of



himself at Lenton's curb—of Marling waiting during the instant in which Doane descended from the cab—of Burr glancing at the camera!

And the articles! His blinking, heavy eyes hardly caught the sense of the headings: "Anthony Doane, Cedar Street Lawyer—" and something about "Lawyer Brings Together Marling and Lenton After—" He lost track of that one, too, between winks.

One scare-head, though, did strike him forcefully. One or another of the reportorial crew, over-exuberant, had headed his effu-

sion: "The Biggest Thing On Record!" Mr. Doane, holding it and staring at it, chuckled drowsily; little as the fellow might know it, he had hit the nail on the head with that title! Mr. Doane resolved to read it.

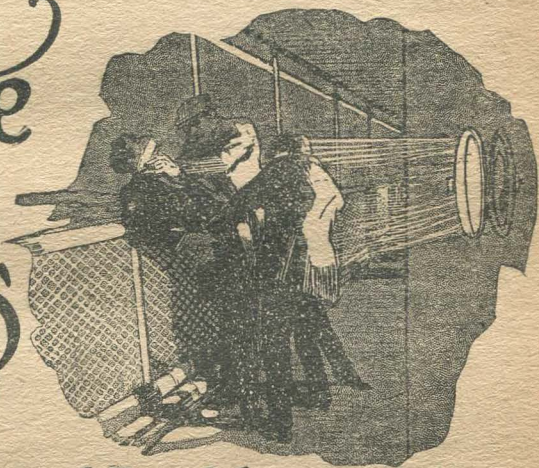
After which, gentle nature coming noiselessly to his side as he sat on the bed, Mr. Doane crumpled like a pricked balloon and emitted a loud, long snore!

But if he had only been able to look in on little Dr. Gray at that precise moment, Doane would not have slumbered so peacefully.

(To be continued.)

# Desperate Measures

by Leslie Havergal Bradshaw



"WONDER who our companion is going to be," said Lambert, indicating the unoccupied seat at the table.

It was the first night out on the westward voyage. The saloon was filled, and apparently every passenger was down to dinner.

There was, however, one exception. In the alcove at the far end of the port side were three men. The fourth seat in the alcove was empty.

"Hope we don't have any one there," said Fenning, taking an olive. "We don't need small talk. The fewer people we see just now the better."

"Well," put in Morrison, "luck's against us. It looks as if this fellow's headed our way."

An athletic young man had turned into the saloon, paused a moment to speak to a steward at the entrance, and was now ap-

proaching the alcove. As he came nearer, Lambert touched Fenning sharply.

"That's the fellow I talked with at the hotel at Nice," he whispered.

Fenning looked up with a start.

"What! Not the fellow you let everything out to?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the same, worse luck."

Fenning smothered an oath.

"Why, that's Castleton, the *Despatch* fellow," he said; "the man who got on our track and started to show us up."

"Hasn't he already cabled his find over?"

"I don't think so. He'll probably work it up to a big thing on the voyage, and the paper will run it when we stand trial—if we ever do. I hope we hear from Barnes soon. In any case, I shall have to deal with this Castleton before we land."

A second or two later the newcomer was in his seat and giving his order to the stew-



ard. Glancing up, he caught sight of Fenning's face.

"Ah, Fenning," he observed. "And friend Lambert! This is well met. So you're going back to Uncle Sam?"

"You again, Castleton!" growled Fenning.

"Guessed it the first time," said Tommy Castleton, approvingly. "Clever of you."

Dinner progressed in silence. It was not until the saloon was nearly empty that Fenning spoke to the newspaperman again.

"You're going back to Manhattan with something special, I suppose," he said.

"I have," admitted the other, "a few items for my paper. In fact, one distinctly big feature. The *Despatch* must not lag behind its competitors. Where they walk, the *Despatch* runs. Where they take a car, the *Despatch* takes a taxi. Perhaps that was why they sent me to Europe. I like Europe. Especially Nice."

If Fenning's remark had meant anything to Castleton, Castleton's meant more to Fenning. The latter seemed on the point of replying, but checked himself and got up. His two companions also rose, and moved silently away.

"Come for a stroll on deck," suggested Tommy genially. "In the bow, far from the madding crowd. You can then smoke your cigar and think of life."

Fenning turned round, took a step backward, and bent over the table.

"You—wait," he said with great deliberation.

"I intend to," said Tommy graciously. "So-long, little one."

But when left to himself he turned serious and his face took on what the novelists call a grim, tense expression.

He knew more about Fenning and his companions than they cared for him to know. And from Fenning's manner it was evident that they were aware of it. Castleton scented danger. It was not the first time he had faced it in the performance of his duty as a newspaper reporter, but he felt distinctly uneasy.

## II.

SOME time previously Castleton had begun, in the *Daily Despatch*, to lift the veil from the methods employed by a firm of gigantic swindlers. Their activities were chiefly concentrated upon get-rich-quick schemes (through which nobody ever got

rich, except themselves), but airy mining stock had its share of attention. The *Despatch* articles, while not too specific, had showed Fenning that his secrets were known and that he was in danger. Shortly afterward it happened that he was prosecuted by the government. He and his two leading partners had got out on bail. Things were a trifle too warm for comfort, and they had fled to Europe.

It was while they were at Nice that Castleton had run across Lambert in a state of intoxication which, fortunately for the former, was intense but not speechless. Lambert had unwittingly let out a good deal of damaging inside knowledge before Fenning appeared and stopped him.

It was the sudden discovery that Castleton was the man to whom Lambert had talked so indiscreetly that had moved Fenning at dinner. He had clever lawyers defending him, and trying to prevent the case ever coming to trial, but the chances for their success were none too rosy, and the facts that Castleton now knew, combined with editorial attacks, at the time of the forthcoming trial, might have a very disastrous effect.

As Fenning left the dining saloon, one thought was preeminent among the many that crowded his nimble mind—Castleton must not be allowed to tell what he had found out.

Sitting at the deserted table pondering over the situation, Castleton guessed what was passing in Fenning's mind. It would be only a question of time before Fenning would open negotiations for his silence.

He got up thoughtfully, and went out to smoke his cigar. After a while he passed on up to the boat-deck, still thinking. He had a chat with the Marconi operator, who proved to be an old friend, once a newspaper telegraph-operator, and then went below.

Except at meals, when a grim silence prevailed, Castleton did not run across his three enemies the next day. But on the third day out they made overtures.

It was in the smoking-room, and late. The ladies had long since departed; the chess enthusiasts had followed suit, and none but the seasoned ocean travelers remained, dotted around the room in little groups.

Castleton was in a corner, writing. As the clock struck eleven-thirty, he happened to glance up, and caught sight of Fenning



in the doorway watching him with curiosity. A minute later the get-rich-quick expert had crossed the room and seated himself opposite the writer.

Castleton looked up coldly, and proceeded with his task. Fenning, whose intentions were evidently friendly, offered him a cigar. It was politely declined, and there was a short silence. Then Fenning spoke.

"Writing out some notes preliminary to the big exposure of myself and friends?" he inquired.

"Possibly."

"Now, see here," said Fenning briskly. "I want to talk with you."

"Go ahead. Here I am—the tall, handsome fellow with the intellectual forehead and firm chin. Sitting opposite you."

"I want to talk business with you."

"Talk away. You have our ear."

"I suppose you think you're going to do the patriotic, loyal-to-the-public act in writing up the information you got out of Lambert that night in the hotel at Nice? Duty and all that mawkish stuff. Well, let me tell you right now, young man, it won't pay you!"

"Oh, yes, it will. We get double space rates for matter of that sort, you know."

"Yes, but wait until you hear my proposition. I don't want to quarrel with you. You're a clever fellow and you can write. I admit, too, that you've got the goods on us and you can, to a certain extent, hurt us, whether the case is tried or not. If it does come to court you can probably do us a whole lot of harm. But you won't do anything if it is made worth your while not to, will you?"

Castleton looked him straight in the eye.

"I have certain facts, and I intend to turn them in. Whether they are used or not is not up to me. But you are right in saying that our information will harm you. It will put you in bad. Distinctly so. Yea, even on toast, if I may use the expression. Still, you can always trust to luck. We may have an absent-minded managing editor. The copy may be lost. I may—something *might* happen to me before I reach the dock."

"It would be a pity," said Fenning, addressing space, "for a smart young man to have his career cut short abruptly, especially when he might go so far in it."

"You put it prettily."

Fenning leaned impressively over the table.

"If you agree not to use a word of what

you learned from Lambert that night," he said, "I will pay you five thousand dollars."

"You will pay me nothing."

"Think it over," urged Fenning. "Five thousand dollars. For writing the whole thing you won't get a fiftieth of that. And you don't need to lose your job. I will let you say something about us, but I will read and correct the copy myself. After all, you must admit that it was a piece of sheer luck, your getting hold of Lambert while the fool was in that state. You weren't given us as an assignment. You will simply be five thousand in."

"Nothing doing."

Fenning hesitated.

"Seventy-five hundred?" he suggested, lowering his voice.

Castleton shook his head with decision.

"Ten thousand, then?"

Castleton rose.

"We waste time," he said. "Pardon the implication, but you should have your beauty sleep. Me, too. Let us therefore away to our little cots."

Fenning did not move.

"Wait a moment. You may picture yourself as the young hero, but let me tell you something. We have expert lawyers working for us. Barnes is one. You know Barnes. It is a good deal more than probable that they will have the indictment quashed, and so render trial unnecessary. In that case your silence also would be unnecessary. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"We shall know," said Fenning, "whether they succeed or not before we reach New York. If they are successful, we shall not care what you say. But if they fail, we shall most urgently request you to reconsider our proposition."

"I gave you my answer," said Castleton, "five minutes ago."

"Then," said Fenning, with the air of a card-player who trumps his opponent's ace, "listen to this. It is our limit. If you give me your word of honor right now to keep silence, I will guarantee you the ten thousand *whatever* the result of Barnes's efforts. What do you say? The chances are that they will succeed, and then your story will be worthless. If you agree, you stand to win everything in any case. If you refuse, you will get nothing."

"There is a good chance that they will fail."

"Hardly."



"Well," said Castleton, as he started to move away, "I am going to bank on that chance."

"You fool!" cried Fenning, trying to detain him. "You don't und—"

But Tommy Castleton had gone. The smoking-room steward came round to announce that lights were going out. Smothering a curse, Fenning left the place.

Outside, Castleton was making his way rapidly to the boat-deck.

### III.

FROM that time on, war was declared between Fenning and Castleton. To the latter this meant no change. He had been on his guard since the first night of the voyage. Now he was even more watchful.

He knew that Fenning and Lambert would stop at nothing to achieve their ends. He suspected that if Barnes failed, Fenning, realizing that bribery was ineffectual, would resort to desperate measures—personal violence—to gain his silence.

And even as Fenning had boasted that his lawyers would win, his voice had not carried conviction. They had a very slim chance, and Castleton knew that Fenning knew that he knew it.

Two days passed. A change came over Fenning and Lambert. Some of their assurance was gone. The ship was now within reach of wireless from America, and several passengers had already received forwarded messages that were of importance.

But it was evident that Fenning had received no word from Barnes. His anxiety increased hourly.

By the following afternoon they would be in port. The climax in the drama was approaching. Castleton never relaxed his vigilance for a moment. There was no telling what his enemies might do. He had heard stories of revenges at sea—of how men had vanished in daylight and been hurled overboard under cover of darkness.

But he saw nothing of either of the three, and toward the end of the afternoon relaxed tension enough to take an interest in the preparations for the dance that was to be held in the evening. An energetic Pittsburgh girl had started the movement, and with the cooperation of the officers, an elaborate scheme of decorations for the deck "ballroom" was being carried out.

The ship's band struck up "Temptation Rag" punctually at nine o'clock, and the

opening two-step started. Fortunately the evening was fine. The "floor" was crowded. All the passengers seemed to be present. In the companionways and at either end of the deck were large knots of interested spectators. The second cabin was represented by an enthusiastic contingent at the barrier rail who kept in touch with the proceedings by chatty and outspoken comment and much whistling.

Tommy Castleton regarded the scene with interest. But watching other people dance is an exasperating pastime, after all, and it was not long before he turned away to enjoy a cigar. He promenaded up and down the other side of the deck, and then, finding that he was the cause of embarrassment to several couples who were "sitting out" and whom he had not noticed at first, fled to the deck below.

Here there was no one—not even a light.

There was only a first quarter of the moon shedding its ghostly glimmer.

He had paced the deck about a dozen times, when he heard a stealthy footstep behind him. Turning sharply, he saw the figure of a man skulking in the shadow.

He stopped. The man sprang at him. In a moment Castleton recognized him as Morrison, Fenning's jackal. Then he closed with him, and the two men reeled down the deck.

Castleton was strongly built, and with only Morrison to best, would have felt comfortable. But suddenly Fenning and Lambert appeared. The first intimation the newspaperman had of their presence came when he felt a sickening thud in his back.

He weakened, and loosened his grip. The three threw themselves on the staggering figure, and bore him to the deck. It only took them a minute to bind and gag him. Dimly he heard Fenning's sharp command: "Up with him!"

They raised him, still resisting, to the rail, and swung him there between life and death.

"Now," said Fenning, with a short laugh, "what do you say to the proposition? I fancy you are in a position to accept. If you do not—" He stopped ominously. "The ship sometimes lurches," he concluded, smoothly. "It is said to be the pleasantest death."

Castleton was silent.

"I will give you three minutes," added Fenning.

Summoning all his strength, Castleton wrenched off the gag, and yelled for help.



"Curse him," cried Fenning. "Cover his mouth."

They gagged him again, and held him tighter than ever, awaiting the word to let go.

"This is your final chance, Castleton," said Fenning. "Will you or will you not—" "Mr. Fenning!"

Fenning wheeled sharply. A steward was approaching. Quick as lightning Lambert and Morrison lowered their burden. Fenning advanced down the deck to the steward, who handed him a small envelope. It was a marconigram. Fenning nervously broke it open and read the message at a glance.

"Saved!" he cried, as he hurried up to where the others stood. "Barnes has fixed it. Undo the young fool, Lambert."

Lambert and Morrison freed Castleton. He seemed dazed, and lurched a little as he started to move toward the companion-way.

"Wish you'd accepted the guarantee now, eh?" sneered Fenning. "I told you how it would be. Your information is worthless now. Utterly worthless."

"Perhaps," muttered Castleton.

"Now, if you say anything about this little joke—" began Fenning.

"Oh, it was a joke, was it?"

"Of course," laughed Fenning uneasily. "What else would it be? 'Pon my word, Castleton, you surprise me."

"You won't forget this *joke*, Fenning. And by gad, you cur, I'll get even with you on a better one! See if I don't."

And Castleton turned shakily away.

#### IV.

THE doctor's boat had come and gone, the pilot was on board, and the liner was slowly making her way past the Statue of Liberty. Everybody was on deck, talking chiefly baggage, customs duty, and time-tables.

Fenning, Lambert, and Morrison were laughing and chatting in the best of spirits. They gave Tommy Castleton an affable salute as he passed. He nodded patronizingly, and looking straight ahead of him, smiled faintly, as though he saw something amusing on the horizon.

Half an hour later, to the excited tooting of two tugs, the ship was berthed, the gangways thrown out, and the passengers picked up their grips preparatory to going ashore. But they were delayed a few moments by a little party of serious-faced, sharp-eyed men, who suddenly appeared at the foot of

the gangway, nodded to the captain up on the bridge, and stepped onto the ship.

A few moments later Fenning, Lambert, and Morrison were neatly arrested as they stood talking at the entrance to the smoking-room. The sharp-eyed men gazed on their work with approval. It was a much-needed capture.

Curiously enough Tommy Castleton happened to stroll by, and as he did so, caught Fenning's eye.

"*Fenning!*" he observed. "How sad! What a pity for a smart young man to have his career cut short. I feared something of the sort. And you mentioned something might happen before we reached New York, didn't you? Evidently it has, as per illustration. Speaking at a venture, I should say that you had got it in the neck. You are, so to speak, up to the fetlocks in the consommé."

Fenning controlled himself with an effort, and put up a bluff.

"You forget something, Castleton. This is a mere temporary annoyance—something wrong with our bail. You forget our news from Barnes."

"On the contrary, I remember it. The marconigram? I wrote it myself."

Fenning turned livid.

"What!" he gasped.

"Don't take on so. It was only a joke, you know. One good joke deserves another. I anticipated yours. The message Barnes actually sent would have grieved you. You would have felt unkindly toward me if you had seen it. It was positively pessimistic. So I destroyed it and did my best for you. You see, I had had several chats with my old friend the Marconi operator, especially after your bright little talk that evening in the smoking-room. I suspected that you would try to do for me on the last night, as you had had no message. So I commissioned a steward, bearing my happy composition, to keep an eye on you."


Fenning glared.

"Please don't make faces," complained Castleton. "It isn't pretty. Look me up when you get out of Sing Sing, won't you? And be sure to read the accounts of your operations. You will find them in— Fenning, Fenning, where *do* you learn these wicked words? Not from me, I am sure. As I was saying, you will find the accounts in a bright little sheet called the *Daily Despatch*. All news-stands, one cent. Buy a copy and see life."



# Wresting a Pittsburgh Secret

By  
George C. Jenks



## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

FRED BARRINGTON takes charge of his father's glass business after the latter's death, but cannot find the formula called No. 1, for a certain kind of glass for which there is important demand. Its process of manufacture is known only to Carl Steiner, late foreman at the Barrington works, and he has now set up in business for himself. Fred disguises himself and obtains a position there as workman in an effort to find out the secrets in the process, but is discovered by Steiner and dismissed. The next day he receives a letter from an important customer, Marlowe & Johnson, countermanding their order for No. 1 glass, explaining they understand the Barrington people no longer have facilities for manufacturing it properly. Meantime, Willings, the taciturn present foreman at Barrington's, is supposed to have some knowledge of how to make the glass, but refuses to explain it to Fred, although assuring the latter that he will have the glass ready for delivery by Friday. So Barrington sends a telegram to Marlowe & Johnson, telling them that their cancellation arrived too late. He is talking over the matter with his friend, Jim McKee, and Lucille Steiner, Carl's step-daughter and late secretary to his father, when there is a ring at the outer door and Jim opens it to admit no less a person than Carl Steiner himself.

## CHAPTER V.

### LOCKING HORNS.

**H**ALLO, Lucille! I didn't expect to see you here," were Carl Steiner's first words.

His keen, shifty eyes had taken in the whole office and its occupants at one sweeping glance.

"I came to get a few things I had left in my desk. My apron and two books," she explained.

"H-m!" was his comment.

Verification of her statement was afforded by her employment at that moment. She was wrapping a black alpaca work-apron around her stenographic note-book and a popular novel. Primarily she *had* come to the office for her property.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mr. Steiner?" broke in Fred Barrington, glaring at him.

"Steady, old man!" admonished Jim McKee in a low tone. "Don't fly off the handle."

A sarcastic smile, that momentarily uncovered Steiner's yellow teeth, showed he had overheard.

"A telegram came to me this morning from Marlowe & Johnson, of New York," he said, slowly and distinctly. "It placed an order with me for chemical glass of a special kind."

"You mean No. 1!" shouted Fred furiously. "If you dare to manufacture that—"

"I am not manufacturing No. 1," interrupted Carl Steiner, still without excitement. "That is the patent of the Barrington Glass Company, and protected by its trade-mark."

Jim McKee cut into the conversation at this point. With a careless smile, he asked:

"Then, Mr. Steiner, why do you come to tell *us* about your order from Marlowe & Johnson? So long as you are not infringing on the rights of the Barrington Company by making No. 1, it is no business of ours what orders you take."

Carl Steiner turned on the imperturbable



McKee swiftly with what he intended to be a withering scowl.

"Your name is McKee, isn't it?" he demanded.

"That is my name."

"Of the McKee - Jordan Steel Works, Soho?"

"Yes."

"Then what right have you to interfere in this matter?"

"Mr. McKee is interested in the Barrington Glass Company," said Fred. "He represents the firm when he speaks."

"Oh, very well," returned Steiner with a shrug. "Marlowe & Johnson have wired me that if you can fill the order for your No. 1 they sent you by mail, I am not to make my own chemical glass for them. I have come here so that I may report to them that I have asked. It is a mere matter of form. I know you cannot turn out the glass, and—"

"It's dangerous to jump too hastily to conclusions."

Fred Barrington picked up the copy of the telegram he had sent to Marlowe & Johnson, and handed it over. Carl Steiner looked at it and threw it upon the table.

"You can't do it!" he shouted. "The secret of making No. 1 died with your father. You are going to work off an imitation on these people. I'll warn them. It's a swindle. A vile—"

Carl Steiner did not get any farther. Fred Barrington leaped at him with his clenched left hand set for a blow.

But Jim had been prepared for just such an outbreak. He knew Fred's temper. So he caught the impulsive young man's arm at the right moment and spoiled his aim. The fist brushed the tip of Mr. Steiner's ear and wasted its energy on the atmosphere.

Steiner was not lacking in courage. He snatched up a chair and swung it over his head. McKee caught the chair behind and wrenched it away.

"Quit this foolishness, both of you," he expostulated. "Mr. Steiner, I'd advise you to get out."

"And remember that we're making that No. 1," thundered Fred. "It isn't an imitation, either."

"Whether it is or not, I'm going to fill Marlowe & Johnson's order," was Steiner's retort. "Lucille, when you are through talking to *your friends*, I'd like to see you at the factory."

He made a tempestuous exit, slamming the door after him. Jim McKee grinned. Fred looked at Lucille as he said rather bitterly:

"He doesn't seem to like our being friends. I suppose he feels you owe loyalty to him because he is related to you—"

"By marriage," threw in Jim.

"Perhaps you'd better hurry after him. I don't want to make things unpleasant for you at home."

"They couldn't be worse than they are," she replied. "My stepfather and I seldom speak, even at meals. For that matter, we do not often sit down together."

"As bad as that?"

"Yes; he didn't treat my mother well," answered the girl softly.

"Oh!"

"But I *do* want to go to the factory now. I'm going to find out whether he really is making Barrington No. 1. I don't know all the process of manufacturing that kind of glass, but I can tell the material when I see it."

"That's exactly the way it is with me," said Fred. "When shall we see you again?"

"I'll telephone when I have anything to tell. It will take some time to mix the glass, you know. Good-by! Good morning, Mr. McKee."

She took up the two books and went out.

"That girl is on our side, Fred—spiritually and physically," remarked Jim. "I see the reason, too. She told us just now. Steiner didn't give her mother a square deal. A girl will forgive a stepfather almost anything but that. If he's been mean to her mother, she'll have it in for him to the last whoop."

"Yes, I think we can depend on Lucille," returned Fred thoughtfully. "It's very fortunate, too. We had to have somebody to tell us what Steiner is doing. It's a fight to a finish now."

"That's what. A scrap to a fare-you-well. And we're going to win. Don't make any mistake about that."

"We've *got* to win. That's our slogan. Well, if we get out this Marlowe & Johnson No. 1, that will be something. I wish Willings hadn't gone out."

"Perhaps he's back."

"No, he told the other men in the factory he would be away two hours, and—"

There came a sharp rapping at the door leading to the factory.



"By George!" exclaimed Fred. "That sounds like his knock. I don't see how it can be, if— *Come in.*"

The door opened half-way.

"Come in, can't you?" bellowed Jim. "What are you hiding back there for?"

Willings stepped into the office. He was not in a hurry. He did not seem to see that both Barrington and McKee were flushed with impatience. A soft hat pulled down over his eyes, and a short, light overcoat that may have been fashionable when Grover Cleveland was President the first time, indicated that he had only just returned to the factory.

"My assistant said you wanted to see me, Mr. Barrington."

Willings's tone and manner were reposeful. So was his countenance. He was as calm throughout as a frozen well. And, in Jim McKee's opinion, he was just about as deep.

"What about that Marlowe & Johnson order?" asked Fred, trying to emulate his foreman's tranquillity.

"It will be ready on Friday. I thought I had told you."

There was gentle reproach in Willings's voice.

"But I didn't think you had the material for it," protested Fred.

"Yes, I find there is enough left over from the last batch made by Steiner to get out all the glass called for by this order—if we are careful."

"If you're careful?"

"Yes. We mustn't have any spoiled, or we may run short. That's why I went out this morning to see if I could get a little more."

"Get a little more?" echoed Fred. "Why, who could have the mixing of our No. 1 glass? Certainly no one but Steiner. And he—"

Willings ignored the interruption, and continued in his peculiar, unruffled sing-song:

"I wasn't able to get any more outside. I hardly thought I should. But that won't matter. I shall make out all right with what I have. The glass will be ready to ship to New York Friday night."

"When will you begin to blow the No. 1?"

"This afternoon—late. The first mixing will go into the pots at once, as soon as I get back into the factory. We shall use the furnace on the upper floor. We always

do for No. 1. All the molds are up there. There are eight different patterns called for in this order."

"You'll put your best men on the job, of course?"

A frosty smile cracked Willings's face in two or three places.

"Naturally I shall, Mr. Barrington. This is particular work. I'll use the men who did it under Steiner. That is, all who are left."

"Eh?"

"Four of our best men went with him, you know—to work in his new factory."

"Why, the infernal, ungrateful—"

Jim McKee's hand was on Fred's arm in an instant as he murmured in his steady voice:

"Don't go up in the air about that, old man. Steiner had a right to hire men wherever he could find them."

"But the men themselves! Why did they go with him? They've always been well treated here. The—the—traitors!"

"I have all the men I need," announced Willings. "We've been a little slack of late. Is there anything else?"

"No. I'll come in and see how you're getting on when you have the No. 1 in hand."

According to his custom, Willings turned on his heel and glided into the factory as silently and smoothly as a ghost on skates.

"There is nothing for you to wait here for, Jim, if you have anything else to do," suggested Fred.

"What are *you* going to do?"

"Nothing particular. I have no stenographer, now Lucille has gone, and I shall tinker at the typewriter in answering the mail. My work on the machine is always rather bumpy, because I'm never sure of the shift-key; but it will have to go. Toward evening the No. 1 will be well under way, if Willings keeps his word."

"He will," interjected McKee.

"Yes, I'm pretty well satisfied of that now. Well, that's about all. You see, there's nothing to hold you for."

"Well, the truth is the governor did want me around the mill to-day," confessed Jim. "He and Professor Shaw, our regular chemist, are trying out a new steel-making process in the blast furnace, and the first run takes place this afternoon."

"Why didn't you say so before? Do you suppose I'd have you bothering around my glass-house if I knew you ought to be at



your own mill? Confound you, Jim! I never saw such a—"

"Oh, can it, Fred? Of course you wouldn't. That's why I didn't tell you. But if you hadn't been here yourself to-day I should have *had* to be Johnny-at-the-knot-hole, shouldn't I? Throw the clutch on that noise-trap of yours, will you? I'm going to beat it now. I'll be back this evening. Will you be here?"

"Yes, I'll have to live at the factory for a week or two. I phoned to the house this morning early that I might not be home to-night. Mother knows there is a great deal to do here, so she understands."

"I'll run up there and explain, if you like. I shall be home to dinner before I come over here most likely."

"You needn't trouble, Jim. Of course, if you're near there, why—"

"I can't help being near there if I go home, when we live only two blocks away. Well, I'll see. So-long!"

Fred Barrington smiled as soon as he was alone. He knew perfectly well that Jim *would* go there. Just as he knew that his sister Gertrude would have a smile for McKee brighter than she ever vouchsafed anybody else.

Through the day Fred did the ordinary work of the office. He met people who dropped in, took one or two small orders for glass, received condolences on his father's death, talked over the telephone now and then—with the customary impatient side remarks to "Central," and between-whiles laboriously wrote answers on the typewriter to the letters that dribbled in with every mail.

So occupied was he that he did not notice the coming and passing of the luncheon-hour. But, though he forgot that he was hungry, he never lost sight of the difficulty he was in over the Barrington No. 1. The only consolation he had in connection with this embarrassment was his resolve to get at the secret somehow. His fighting blood was up, and that is always a warm and comforting thing to a healthy man.

"I should like to wring Carl Steiner's neck till he gave it up," muttered Fred, as he put stamps on his final batch of letters. "In these days of penal statutes you can't do that, worse luck. They call the thrashing of a rascal 'felonious assault,' and put you in jail for it. Well, never mind. I'll beat him at his own game. And yet, somehow, there is nothing gives a fellow quite so

much satisfaction in a case of this kind as to land a good solid punch—even if he gets a harder one in return. Men are made that way."

He was deep in a pugnacious reverie, when the telephone-bell jingled. It had rung many times in the course of that day, and Fred was rather tired of answering. So he took up the receiver listlessly and sent a colorless "Hallo!" over the wire.

Then, as he got a response, his manner and voice changed to one of eagerness.

"Yes, yes!" he called. "I know! Well?"

There was a long silence in the room, while Lucille Steiner, at the other end, told her story. Fred's face would have shown that he was pleased with what she was saying if there had been anybody to see it. He chuckled more than once. At last came his turn to speak, and it seemed as if he wanted to crawl inside the transmitter as he began:

"Say, Lucille, this is good news, because it saves a lot of bother. So Steiner is not making the chemical glass ordered by the Johnsons. Well, that's where he shows his wisdom. It was just bluff he was giving me in the office this morning."

He waited while Lucille said something more to him, and then responded:

"Yes, *we* are making the No. 1. Willings had enough of the mixing, and everything is going on all right. We'll ship the stuff on Friday. Hold the wire a moment. Willings has just come in."

"Here's something I want you to see."

As Willings said this, he placed in Fred's hand a queer-looking tube of glass, with a large bulb at one end.

"What is it, Willings?"

"It's the first piece of No. 1 we've finished for the Marlowe & Johnson order," replied the foreman phlegmatically. "I just wanted to report it to you, to get your O. K."

To Willings's intense disturbance, Fred Barrington gave him a tremendous slap on the back that almost doubled him up. Then he picked up the telephone and called out:

"It's all right, Lucille. The No. 1 glass we are doing is as good as any I ever saw, even in my father's time. (*Pause.*) Oh, you are coming over? Well, I'm glad of it. I want to show you this No. 1. Be here in about half an hour? All right! Good-by!"

As he hung the receiver on its hook, the letter-carrier came in with more mail. Fred



picked up one that had on the envelope the name of a big firm of opticians and dealers in laboratory apparatus in Chicago. He tore it open, and ran his eye over it.

"Holy Mike! Here's a bigger order for No. 1 than the other! Now, what *am* I going to do?" he exclaimed.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GETTING A MOVE ON.

FRED turned to consult with Willings. But that self-possessed individual, being assured that his sample of No. 1 was satisfactory, had gone back to the factory. Fred's first impulse was to tell him to return. Indeed, he had the private telephone instrument in his hand when he changed his mind.

"What would be the use of asking his opinion?" he muttered. "He would only tell me he couldn't make the glass without the formula. I know that, as well as he does. There doesn't seem to be any way out. He is using all the No. 1 material that was left over for the Marlowe & Johnson order. Now, here's this M. B. Atkins Company, of Chicago, wanting more than twice as much."

He read the letter over again with deliberation, noting each point. As he laid it down he shook his head gloomily.

"They want a full line of chemical laboratory goods, with twenty-five thermometer tubes of assorted sizes. All are to be made of the standard Barrington chemical flint glass, known as No. 1. Yes? Well, let's hope they'll get it."

He bounced out of his chair and strode up and down the room, as his habit was when worried. Then he looked at the letter again as it lay upon the table.

"There's one thing that isn't bad, and that is that they give us till the 1st of November to deliver the glass. Let me see. This is the 9th of October. There are thirty-one days in the month. We must ship the goods on the thirty-first. Nine from thirty-one leaves twenty-two. Three weeks and a day. Hum! It will take about ten days to make the glass—if we do make it. That gives twelve days clear to find that formula or make Carl Steiner give up."

He kept up his perambulation, hands behind him and eyes fixed on the floor, for ten minutes longer. Then, as if he had been touched by a live electric wire, he

flew to the private telephone and rang up the factory.

"Fool! Ass! Blockhead!"

He spluttered these epithets in a series of three sharp explosions, while waiting for a reply on the wire. Whom they were meant for did not appear at first. There was no one but himself in the office. Was he aiming them at some absent person, the thought of whose mental shortcomings irritated him? But Fred Barrington soon disproved this surmise as he continued violently:

"To think that I could be such an imbecile! Why didn't I think of it before! I must be losing my mind! My mind? Did I ever have any? I don't believe—*hallo!*"

This last word was bellowed into the telephone, followed, in stentorian tones, by:

"Willings! That's who I want! Send him to me quick! Do you hear? Willings! Willings!"

For once the foreman moved with something like despatch. He must have done so, for he was in the office before Fred had ceased bawling his name into the transmitter.

"Look here, Willings! You have some of that No. 1 mixing not yet melted, haven't you?"

Habitually frugal of words, Willings nodded.

"Bring me some. Say, a couple of pounds. You can put it in a small box, if you have one. Let me have it here, at once."

Willings did not reply, either by word or gesture. He merely went out. In a remarkably short time—for Willings—while Fred still fumed up and down the office, he came back with a wooden box containing exactly two pounds of the raw material. Willings believed in being precise. He had carefully weighed the stuff.

"This is the No. 1 you are using for the Marlowe & Johnson order, eh?" asked Fred, sifting it through his fingers.

A nod.

"All right. That will do."

Willings went back to his work. He had hardly vanished through one doorway when Lucille Steiner, from the street, came in at the other.

As she stood there for a moment, in the red glow of the setting sun, Fred knew she had something important to tell him. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her dark eyes sparkled even more than usual.



"I ran nearly all the way here," she began breathlessly. "I want you to come with me to our house, on Mount Washington."

Fred Barrington looked at her in astonishment. She understood, and went on in rapid, decided tones:

"You think it strange I invite you to my stepfather's, when you are not on speaking terms. But, if you come, you will see why I do it."

The sun suddenly dived behind the mountain ridge in the west. The room became almost dark on the instant. It annoyed Fred, whose eyes had been fixed upon the girl's face. He switched on the electric light impatiently.

"Of course I'll go with you, Lucille," he replied. "I suppose it has something to do with our No. 1?"

"It has."

"Yes; but I'm doing something here that may give me the secret. In fact, I don't see how it can fail."

He took up the box Willings had put on the table and gave it a shake, so that the stuff inside could be heard rattling.

"What is that?" asked Lucille.

"It is the mixing of the No. 1 we are making for Marlowe & Johnson. It was prepared by your stepfather, before he left. I am going to ask Professor Shaw, the chemist at the McKee-Jordan mill, to analyze it. Jim McKee will fix it for me with the professor, I know."

"A good idea."

"Yes; it's such an easy way to get at it that I've been kicking myself all over the office for ten minutes because it didn't occur to me before."

"When will you get a report from the professor—if he analyzes the material?"

"Well, I'm afraid it will be two or three weeks. That's the worst of it. These high-brow chaps take so long to do anything. You can't hurry them, either. I shall see Jim to-night. He will get hold of Professor Shaw to-morrow. Then the professor will take about three days to let it soak into him what he is to do. After that, it may be anywhere from two weeks to six before he lets us know what he has found out."

"Is that the kind of man he is?" asked Lucille with a smile.

"Lord! I don't know. Never saw him. But I suppose he's some old fossil, or he wouldn't know so much. He's considered the greatest metallurgist in Pennsylvania."

"Suppose you get more orders for the glass in the mean time? Can you afford to wait for the professor?"

Fred Barrington shook his head, as he picked up the Atkins letter from the table and held it out to Lucille.

"You see, that kind of difficulty is on me already. Here, these Chicago people want all this No. 1. Just glance over the items. They're a terror—under the circumstances. To make all that glass they give me three weeks."

"Well, that ought to be done easily," interrupted Lucille. "You could fill that in a week if you worked your men extra hard."

"It all depends on Professor Shaw," he replied. "I'm convinced of that. I've figured that I have rather less than two weeks to learn how to make this No. 1. If I can get the professor to hustle, he ought to give me a report in less time than that. The question is, how fast can Jim McKee induce him to work?"

Lucille reflected for a few moments, with the letter in her hand. Then she said:

"Now, if you want my opinion—"

"Of course I want it," blurted out Fred. "It was good enough for my father, and so it is for me."

"Then I should advise you to give this box of material to Professor Shaw at once, if he will take it. If not, find some other chemist. There are plenty of them in Pittsburgh."

"But only one Shaw," objected Fred. "I wouldn't trust a stranger. This is an important secret. No; I want Professor Shaw to do it. I'm depending on Jim McKee for that."

"But, while we are waiting to find out whether Professor Shaw will help you, why not strike out in another direction?"

"I don't exactly—"

"Have you forgotten that I want you to come up to Mount Washington?"

"Of course I haven't. Ought we to go right now?"

"The sooner the better."

There was a resolute expression in the pretty face of Lucille, as well as a business-like ring to her voice, which made Fred feel that it would be idle to question her. He sat down at the big table and dipped a pen in the ink.

"I'll leave a note on the table for Jim. I'm expecting him this evening. How long shall we be up on the hill, do you think?"

"Some hours, perhaps. You'd better ad-



vise Mr. McKee not to wait, unless he can stay all night."

"But I wanted him to take this box to-night, so that he could give it to the professor without delay."

"Leave the box and a letter explaining what you want. If you'll dictate the letter, I'll take it on the typewriter."

She took off her gloves and had the machine ready while Fred prepared his first sentence. In ten minutes the letter was written, sealed and directed. With a suggestion from Lucille here and there, Fred had managed to make it clear that he wanted Jim McKee to persuade Professor Shaw to analyze the contents of the box and report within a week, if possible.

Fred nailed down the lid of the box, wrapped it in heavy paper and tied it securely. He placed it on the table, with the letter on top. Jim McKee could not fail to see them as soon as he came in.

"Jim has his own key to the office," remarked Fred, as he and Lucille stood outside. "Here's a car coming. It will take us somewhere near your house, won't it?"

"Three blocks," she answered. "I couldn't get one coming down. So I had to walk—or run."

"You haven't told me yet what I am going for," Fred reminded her.

"You are going to find out how to make the Barrington No. 1," was her reply. "That is, I hope so."

They got off the car at a dark corner, after traveling up-hill for twenty minutes or so. As they alighted they found themselves near the brink of a mighty precipice. The great city, somber under the black sky, sprawled, several miles square, far below them.

Somebody is credited with having called Pittsburgh "Hell with the lid off." In all probability, he stood on Mount Washington when he made that historic observation. From that point, some four hundred feet above the level of the three rivers that engirdled it, Pittsburgh at night looks like a huge cluster of active volcanoes. Through the smoke that covers everything—even the highest of the sky-scrapers that have sprung up within the last fifteen years—the tongues of red and yellow flame leap forth from hundreds of smoke-stacks in all directions.

Occasionally the murk is driven aside by a blinding white light, that turns green,

yellow, red, and back again to white, as if Beelzebub were playing with fireworks. This marks where a steel furnace is in blast. It is a common sight in Pittsburgh. It lasts only a few moments, and then everything in that particular locality is black till the next time.

The only suggestion of human presence is in the twinkling lights that gem the blackness by hundreds of thousands. All else might belong to beings with cloven hoofs, crooked horns and forked tails.

Fred Barrington was a Pittsburgher, familiar with the every-day aspect of his city. He knew every street and alley of it. But it was only once in a great while that he stood on one of the surrounding heights, where he could observe the place in all its demoniacal majesty. When he did, he could understand how it impressed a stranger.

"We'd better hurry," admonished Lucille. "I want to get you into the house without being seen."

Fred took the hint and reluctantly turned his gaze away from the fascinating panorama. He had only gone a few steps by the side of the girl when he stopped short, and asked:

"I'd like to know what this is all about before we go any further. What is all the mystery? Why have we to go into your house without being seen?"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Surely you understand," she replied a little reproachfully. "I expect to get at the secret of the No. 1 for you. If we are careful we may see my stepfather in the very act of mixing the Barrington glass—although he will not call it by that name. You don't think you would have the chance to see him if he knew you were there, do you?"

Before Fred could reply, another voice broke into the conversation just behind Lucille. At the same instant a large, good-natured-appearing woman of about forty, bare-headed and with the sleeves of her calico gown rolled above her elbows, came into the light of a street-lamp.

"Come on wid ye, *acushla!*" said this lady. "Sure an' me heart is bruk wid waitin' fer the two av yez, so it is. Th' ould man is growlin' loike a pig wid a bee in his ear—bad cess to him!—bekase I haven't given him his supper."

"Why didn't you give it to him, Delia?" asked Lucille, with a nervous little laugh.



"Faith, he c'u'd wait till th' joodgment day fer it ayez hadn't come. Don't ye know, as well as meself, that he'd be into that workshop av his, wid th' furnace goin' an' bad shmells t'roo th' house, as soon as he'd swallowed a bite. An' didn't ye tell me to kape him out av it till yez come home?"

"That's right, Delia," was Lucille's soothing response. "You're a jewel. Come on, Mr. Barrington. Walk very softly when we get indoors."

Delia O'Toole—for that was her full name—led the way down a side street to the back of the great, square, forbidding house in which Carl Steiner was waiting for his supper.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A PEEPING FRED.

ONCE inside the house, it was only a few steps to Delia's kitchen. The odor of steak broiling over the natural-gas fire brought an appreciative sniff from Fred Barrington. He was reminded that breakfast had been his last meal.

Delia turned the steak over with a fork, and prodded it professionally.

"'Tis for his supper," she remarked. "I have th' dure locked, or it's himself w'u'd be in here afther it. Yez'd better be ascindin' th' stairs, in case he comes. Av he knocks hard enough, I'll have to let him in, onyhow."

Fred glowered at the steak with the wolfish interest of a very hungry man. Delia had confined herself to pronouns, but he knew she could refer only to Carl Steiner.

"Will he eat all that meat?" he asked.

Delia took a steady look at the young man, and replied:

"Indade he won't, av ye want some of it. Faith, ye have the face of a starved pup. Ain't ye had yer supper?"

"No, and I missed my luncheon, too."

"Howly saints! That's cruel. Here!"

She hastily spread butter on a huge slice of bread. Then she cut off a fair portion of Carl Steiner's steak, and, placing it on the bread, thrust it into Fred's hand.

"There ye are. An' may th' Lord send ye th' blessin' of digestion afther ye've ate it."

Delia had only just time to utter this pious hope when the handle of the door

leading to the dining-room shook violently. This was followed by several thumps that threatened to smash the panels.

"Git him up-stairs, Miss Lucille," whispered Delia. "Thot's th' ould man, an', be jabers, he's ragin', so he is."

Carl Steiner, on the other side of the door, corroborated this by roaring at the top of his harsh voice:

"Hey, Delia! Where's my supper? What have you got the door locked for? Let me in, will you?"

Delia made desperate signs to Lucille and Fred to go out at the side door, where the stairs could be seen. As they retreated, closing the door after them, they heard the diplomatic Delia reply to Steiner:

"I forgot the dure was locked. I did it to kape the cat out. Shure I'm just takin' up th' steak. I'll be there in a minute."

She hurriedly placed the steak on a hot dish from the oven. Then she ran to open the door. The explanation about the cat was thin enough to cause Steiner to look suspiciously at Delia. But he saw his supper was ready, so he made no comment, but stalked back to the dining-room.

Meanwhile, Fred was following Lucille up the wide, old-fashioned staircase. It was rather dark, but he was glad of it, for two reasons. One was that he was not so likely to be seen if Carl Steiner should happen to come to the foot of the stairs. The other advantage was that Lucille felt it necessary to hold his hand to guide him.

Her fingers were slender, warm, and soft. Moreover, they conveyed a sort of galvanic thrill that he had noticed often whenever he chanced to touch her hand.

Some day he meant to tell Lucille about this thrill. She might be able to explain what it signified. He had had it in his mind to mention it to her several times in the course of the past year. He had held back on account of his father.

Fred knew it was the wish of his sire that he should marry some of the steel-made millions which go with many a pretty girl in Pittsburgh "society." With his handsome personality, good breeding, and *savoir faire*, his father expected it of him. Perhaps his mother had the same sort of ambition. But Fred believed he could bring *her* to his own way of thinking without difficulty. Mothers generally are easier to manage than fathers.

"It's at the top of the house," whispered Lucille, as they paused at the third story.



Fred mumbled something. But, as his mouth was full of bread and steak, no one could have told what he said.

It never had been explained to him how he was to learn the secret of No. 1 in this house. Now, with Lucille holding his left hand (the hot sandwich was in the other), he did not care how long he might have to wait to find out.

The half-apologetic tone in which she intimated that there was another flight of stairs, found no response in his bosom. He wouldn't have minded if there had been a dozen.

As they climbed to the fourth floor, there came some relief from the darkness. A dull red light shone across the landing from a partly-open door.

"No one ever comes up here, except my stepfather," volunteered Lucille. "I mean, we are not supposed to. But Delia has her share of curiosity."

"Has she?"

Fred had been eating very fast. He was swallowing his last mouthful of his impromptu supper. He was moved to make a feebly facetious remark to the effect that Delia was not the only curious person in the house that night. But the quip choked itself on a morsel of crust and was lost in a suppressed paroxysm of coughing that stopped only just short of apoplexy.

"Don't make a noise, please," pleaded Lucille, in a whisper.

"I won't, if I die for it," was Fred's reply—and it was not far from the literal truth. "What did Delia find?"

"You will see for yourself soon. What she told me made me come up myself. That was a month ago. Since then I have been on this floor often. I found out that my stepfather mixes a certain kind of chemical glass up here."

"No. 1?"

"He does not call it that, but it is the same thing. He has been making laboratory supplies for some time—standard goods, that are often called for."

"And selling them to Barrington customers?"

"I don't think he has put any of them out. He said, a day or two ago, that, when the Barrington factory failed, there might be a supply of glass as good as No. 1, in a place where no one expected to find it."

"The miserable rascal! He—oh, I beg your pardon, Lucille. He's your stepfather, and, of course—"

"Don't remind me of that," begged the girl. "I agree with you as to his character. Here's the place."

They had reached the fourth landing and were looking into the room from which streamed the red glow. It was a large apartment, taking up about two-thirds of the area of the entire floor. A furnace, of the ordinary glass-making pattern, stood in front of the fireplace. A pipe connection carried the gaseous fumes up the chimney.

The furnace was much smaller than those commonly used in factories. It had room for only three pots. Fred, with the eye of an expert, noted the trio of arched openings at once. The natural gas fire was on. That accounted for the red reflection on the landing.

There were shelves along two sides of the room, on which was displayed a quantity of finished glass. It was in the form of articles used in chemical laboratories. Fred saw all kinds of vessels, alembics, retorts, crucibles, with many glass tubes intended for thermometers, barometers, gages, and kindred devices.

He could have told off every piece of glass by name if he had desired to do so. He had handled all of them, by samples, hundreds of times in displaying his "line" as a salesman on the road. It was clear that this was the supply of chemical glass that was to capture the trade of the defunct Barrington firm when the time came.

"So he expects the Barrington house to go under, does he? We'll see. Is he making some of our glass now?"

"Only 'frit,'" replied Lucille. "He doesn't go any further with the process than that in this house."

"Just makes the 'frit,' eh?" said Fred, smiling at her use of the technical term. "Are you sure you know what 'frit' is?"

"Yes. Your father took the trouble to explain it to me long ago. I never forgot what he told me. It is just the mixing, partly fused, and before vitrification. That is, before it becomes actual glass."

"Correct. What is more, I see why Carl Steiner makes only the 'frit' here. It is to keep the secret from his men."

"Of course that's it," assented Lucille. "When the stuff is calcined, he has it taken down to the factory. There it is melted again and finished in the regular way, with the blow-pipe, mold, and iron table—or 'marver.' You see, I know the trade name of the table, too," she added with a smile.



"Your father said it came from the French word '*marbre*.' But let's go into this other room. He's likely to be up at any moment."

She led him to the other end of the landing and into a dark room. Closing the door, she moved a bolt softly into its socket. As she did so, they heard Carl Steiner stumbling up-stairs, growling to himself all the way.

"He's mad because his supper was late," whispered Lucille. "He may be going to work all night. He does sometimes."

"I should like to see him at it. Is there any way of peeping from this place?"

"There's a transom over that door communicating with the laboratory, as he calls it. You can see the light shining through. It's not very plain, because there's red calico nailed over the glass. If you get up on the table you can make a slit in the calico and look through."

"Is there a table? I can't see anything."

"Here's a good, solid one, against the wall. This is a lumber-room. I've been in here several times lately, and I know how things are arranged. I don't have to see. Will you help me move it?"

Would he help her? What a question! Wasn't she helping *him*, and taking more risks over it than most girls would face for an accepted lover? He wasn't her lover—yet. But—

He found one end of the table in the dark, and raised it. It *was* solid, and heavy. Altogether too much for a girl to handle at all. He wished he could lift it by himself. He would if it weren't such an awkward shape, and if he had a little light. He conveyed as much to her in an earnest whisper.

Her only response was a warning "Hush!" as she continued to struggle valiantly with the unwieldy thing.

Carl Steiner seemingly had no misgivings that he might be watched. Why should he? Lucille had gone out in the afternoon, leaving word that she would not be home for supper. That left no one in the house but Delia, and *she* was busy in the kitchen with her dishes.

There certainly was no fear of Delia O'Toole coming up four flights of stairs just to see how her employer was amusing himself. Carl Steiner knew Delia better than that—or thought he did.

Of all things, it never occurred to him that somebody might be looking at him

through the transom. The dirty red calico was apparently undisturbed. As a matter of fact, however, a neat little penknife slit had been made in the stuff, and Fred Barrington's eye was behind it.

He and Lucille had got the big table to the door after considerable labor. Fred had climbed up, so that his face was level with the transom. The table creaked and wobbled slightly, in spite of its solid mahogany legs. Lucille, on the floor, steadied it as well as she could. She knew her step-father had sharp ears.

Steiner went to work in a businesslike way as soon as he was in the laboratory. First he lighted a flaring natural gas jet. Then, after a casual glance around, he threw off his coat and put on overalls.

"Everything all right!" he muttered. "How's that 'frit'?"

He lifted several irregular lumps of calcined mixing from the furnace and inspected them thoughtfully. The "frit" was satisfactory. He would have it all taken to the factory in the morning, to go through the next process.

He shut off the natural gas in the furnace. There were half a dozen dull reports as the flames vanished. Having made certain that all the fire was out, he turned to something else. The furnace was cooling rapidly, with a fussy sort of cracking, as if it objected to losing its warmth.

It was now that Fred Barrington stared harder than ever. Steiner went to a large bin which stood along the wall not occupied by the glass-laden shelves. The bin had several divisions. He shoveled out certain quantities of material from each compartment, gaging the relative proportions with his eye. Thus, from one place he took silica, from another potash, from still another oxid of lead, and so on, until he had put into an iron tank by the side of the bin all the component parts of fine flint-glass.

Fred was rather disappointed. Was he not to learn the secret, after all? Steiner was mixing the materials he had gathered from the bin, but there was nothing extraordinary about what he had done. Anybody could make that kind of flint-glass. It was the regular formula, known to the whole trade. What was the use of standing on a shaky old table, at a transom, to see this?

But the young man suddenly became more interested. With a cautious look about him—which seemed to be merely



habit, rather than fear of being seen—Carl Steiner unlocked a cupboard door and threw it open. Fred, standing on tiptoe in his eagerness, noted that it was lined with sheet-iron. Inside stood a sack filled with some soft substance. But for the color of the sack, which was a very dirty brown, it might have contained flour.

Steiner picked up an iron scoop from the floor inside the cupboard. With this scoop he lifted from the sack about a couple of pounds of grayish-looking powder. This he carried carefully to the iron tank and threw it in with the other materials from the bin.

He was scrutinizing the mixing in the tank as he slowly stirred it in with the scoop, when a tremendous crash made him jump back. The noise came from the lumber-room adjoining. The first smash was followed by an intermittent banging that sounded to Steiner as if a houseful of furniture had fallen through the roof.

Before the noise had quite ceased he turned off the gas-jet, leaving the whole place in black darkness.

What had happened?

Just this: The wobbly table against the door had given way under Fred Barrington's weight, and he and the table had gone down together in a chaos of splintered mahogany.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CARRIED BY STORM.

"ARE you hurt?"

It was Lucille who asked this, in a low tone, as she fumbled among the fragments in the pitchy darkness.

"No; it's all right."

Fred Barrington's voice was muffled and he spoke in jerks. One of the ponderous legs of the table, with a slab of two-inch thick mahogany attached, lay across his chest.

"Can you get up?"

"Yes, if I can crawl from under this load of lumber. How many legs had this table, anyhow?"

"Four."

"That so? I thought I had counted seven of them piled up on me in one way or another. But perhaps there are some chairs in the heap, as well."

The dialogue had been so soft that it

could not be heard in the other room. Not that it would make any difference. The alarm had been given, anyhow. Carl Steiner could not help hearing the racket when the table collapsed, and naturally he would come to see what it was all about.

"If he catches us here, I don't know what he might do," said Lucille. "And I can't even find you in the dark."

"Well, I'm here all right," declared Fred grimly. "Are you quite sure about the number of legs belonging to this table?"

"Yes, yes! Can't you push them off?"

The response was a crash almost as loud as the original one. At the same moment came a fortissimo banging at the door into the hall.

"Wow! I've shaken off the table," announced Fred. "But the big brute has left its marks on me, I'll bet—a regular map of Grand Rapids! Isn't that where this furniture came from?"

Fred Barrington was so badly shaken up by his fall that it was easier for him to talk nonsense than to take a serious view of the situation. Yet it *was* serious, in all conscience. He and Lucille were cooped up in this lumber-room, while Steiner thundered at the door and shouted to some one to throw it open. Moreover, he barred the only exit.

"Who's in here?" he roared. "Delia! Is it you? What are you doing?"

There was an interval for a reply that did not come. Then Mr. Steiner thought of something else. He kicked at the door with the iron-shod toes of his heavy boots. They were the hobnail brogans he wore in the glass-house. Sooner or later they were bound to come through.

"Listen to the old rascal!" ejaculated Fred. "Shall I go out and throw him down-stairs?"

"No, no! Don't you see that that would—"

"Yes, of course I see," interrupted Fred. "It would get you into trouble with him. I'm a fool! Jackass is my other name!"

The kicking stopped. But only to give place to another mode of attack. There began a straining and crackling which Fred recognized as coming from the insistent pressing of a shoulder and knee against the door. A few minutes of that would surely carry it off its hinges.

"What about the other door, leading into the laboratory?" whispered Fred.



Lucille's soft hand found its way into his at this moment. He squeezed it tenderly. Not because such a proceeding would help to solve their difficulty. Only—somehow—he couldn't resist the temptation.

"It's locked," she replied. "Has been for years. The key was lost long ago. We couldn't get through that way."

Her hand was still in his. She suffered it to remain there because it was desirable that they should not lose each other again in the darkness.

Carl Steiner resumed his boiler-making tattoo. Then he used knee and shoulder once more. No ordinary door could withstand such an assault for long.

"Delia!" he bellowed. "Come out of that room! Open the door! What do you mean by spying on me?"

"He's guessed what we're doing, all right," observed Fred. "But he's got the wrong name."

"Hush! Let's find some way out," was Lucille's only comment.

"Well, yes. I'm agreeable. We'll *have* to get out. Unless we are going to face your amiable stepfather. He'll follow those busy feet of his through the door in another half-minute."

Fred said this with an anticipatory coolness that did not escape Lucille. Now that he had recovered a little from the jar of his tumble, he was inclined to enjoy the adventure for its own sake. He was full of battle. The stealing of his father's secret had made him fighting mad from the beginning.

What he would have liked to do now—and he would have done it but for the fearing of causing annoyance to Lucille—was to open the door at which Carl Steiner was alternately kicking, pounding, and shoving, and ease his soul by dealing out a few scientific jabs and uppercuts.

Not that Fred would have had it all his own way. Steiner was a wiry, active man, even though he *was* rather past middle age. He had the reputation of being the most determined rough-and-tumble scrapper in the whole glass-house district.

Fred knew this, too. But it only made him the more anxious to "mix it" with the man who was trying to rob him of his patrimony. It would be a fight worth while, and—

"Mr. Barrington!"

Lucille interrupted with a jerk the train of thought which had run away with him.

"Oh—yes—Lucille! I—I—beg your pardon. I forgot where I was for the moment."

"You *forgot*? What? With Mr. Steiner kicking the door down, and excitement all about you?"

"It was only for a minute," he pleaded. "I was thinking how I'd like to have it out with him with my bare hands. A sort of rose-colored day-dream, you know. But it's gone now."

He stirred energetically, to prove that he was no longer dreaming. In doing so he pushed over the heavy mahogany table, which had been teetering on end. It slammed against the door. There was a sound like the breaking of a lot of dried sticks, only much louder.

"Look! Look!" cried Fred. "See that long splinter of light at the side of the door. By Jove! It's broken! Come on!"

It chanced that, just as Fred almost shouted this, there was a pause in Steiner's kicking. His breath was giving out.

"Here, you Delia!" he thundered. "I hear you speaking. I *knew* you were in there! Open this door, before I kick it down!"

"Good Lord! Do I talk like Delia?" asked Fred in comical dismay, as he dragged Lucille toward the door into the laboratory. "I didn't know I had a brogue."

"Delia has a very deep voice," explained Lucille. "You have noticed that, of course. My stepfather could not hear very well through the door. He might easily be mistaken. But never mind about that! Let's try this door."

Scrambling over the broken table and the chairs that had been overturned in the general smash was a great deal like "shooting the chutes" the reverse way. But they did it somehow. Carl Steiner, getting no answer to his frantic appeals to "Delia," had resumed his kicking and shoving.

"The door is off one of its hinges," said Fred. "If I can break it away from the other we'll have a clear road."

"We'll both push—together," suggested Lucille.

They did push, with all their might. But the hinge developed a tenacity hardly to have been expected, considering how old and rusty it was. The door shook and swung away a little. But it would not move far enough to permit Fred to squeeze through.



"We'll have to hammer it with something heavy," decided Fred. "I wish we had the use of your stepfather's hobnailed boots. Ah! Here's something! Can you help me lift this part of the table? I hate to ask you, but I can't do it alone."

"I'll do it. This is nothing."

Lucille was only too willing to do anything that would assist. She was not the kind of girl to stop for such a trifling consideration as a lack of physical strength. Fred was pulling industriously at something or other. He had to depend entirely on his sense of touch.

"The top of the table didn't get broken much," he said. "It is nearly all in one piece. Here are two of the legs still fastened to it. I'm sorry for that. It will make it all the harder to handle. What I want to do is to get it on my back. Then I could throw all its weight against the door, with my own added."

"Let's try it."

"What a plucky kid she is!" muttered Fred.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Can you get a good hold on that end of the table?"

Yes."

"Then, up with it!"

While Carl Steiner kept up his iron-shod disturbance at one door, Fred Barrington and Lucille deliberately went about the work of knocking down the other. The massive slab of mahogany, with the two heavy legs, was a cumbersome affair to lift. The darkness made the task still more difficult.

But it had to be done. And it was. With some pardonable grunting, Fred, assisted by Lucille, managed to hoist the table on his back, as he doubled himself forward. He got several hard pokes from sharp corners of the table-top during the operation, and once a leg swung around and rapped him so smartly on the side of the head that it made him dizzy.

Lucille escaped all these bruising visitations. But it was through sheer good luck. She never thought of avoiding personal injury by backing away. Now came the instant for knocking the door down—if it could be done.

"Stand clear, Lucille! Are you ready?"

"All ready!" she returned in her clear tones, as she stepped back.

Crash!

Fred Barrington, with a mighty effort,

propelled himself, table and all, at one certain part of the door, as close to the refractory hinge as he could aim. There was a splintering sound, but the door still hung in place.

At the other, leading into the hall, Carl Steiner was kicking and pounding like a maniac. It had dawned on him that somebody was trying to break his or her way into the laboratory. But he knew the strength of that communicating door, and had no fear of its yielding. Incidentally, he made up his mind to discharge Delia O'Toole in the morning.

"It gave a little," panted Fred, speaking to Lucille. "Another smash may do it. Hallo! What's that?"

Something had banged loudly against the door, causing the hinge to tear away a little from the wood.

"I was using a leg of the table as a battering-ram," explained Lucille quietly. "I picked it up by accident, and thought I'd try what I could do with it."

"Well, you've started the hinge, and that's more than I could do."

"Nonsense! It was you who did it, with the heavy table-top. I only helped. Let's run at it together this time."

"Lucille, you're a brick!" was Fred Barrington's admiring response. "Ready! Let her go!"

They charged at the door simultaneously. The extra force supplied by Lucille, with her improvised battering-ram, was just enough to turn the scale. The table-leg, used end-on, and Fred Barrington's heavy slab of mahogany, together, were too much for the hinge.

There was a bang, followed by the tearing apart of wood-fibers—one of the most ominous sounds mankind ever hears—and down went the door! Fred, unable to stop himself, went after it, table and all. He was on his feet in an instant, anxiously peering around for Lucille.

"I'm all right!" she called out in response to his unspoken query.

The moon had come up since Carl Steiner had turned out the natural gas, and a pale glow flickered through the uncurtained windows which enabled Lucille and Fred to distinguish each other. At that height—four stories—and with no other houses near, Carl Steiner knew he could not be spied upon. So he never pulled down the old yellow window-shades that had been on their rollers for more than a decade.



"Get some of that powder from the cupboard," whispered Lucille hurriedly. "It's the No. 1—the Barrington secret."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. What else could it be?" she returned impatiently. "Take enough to have it examined. Then you will be able to make it as you need it. But get out of this place as soon as you have it. I'll attend to my stepfather. He sha'n't trouble you."

The confidence in her tone would have reassured anybody. Fred dashed over to the cupboard and threw open the door. There was the sack. But how was he to carry away any of the powder? He stepped back, thinking hard. His foot struck something on the floor that rattled metallically.

It was the iron scoop. Steiner had thrown it down when the alarm came that made him turn out the gas. Fred darted at it and dipped it into the sack. He brought it out filled with the gray powder which would mean so much to him.

"I don't see Lucille. I guess she's *attending* to her stepfather," he muttered. "Well, if he gets in my way, I'll do for him."

Lawless as this may sound, it is to be feared that Fred Barrington meant it. He pulled open the door of the laboratory and rushed down the hall to the top of the stairs. The scoop was in his left hand. His right was clenched—for Carl Steiner, if he should appear.

But Fred did not see anybody. The door to the lumber-room had given way at last before Steiner's kicks and pounding, and he was inside, blundering about in the dark.

As Fred went down the stairs, two at a time, he heard a torrent of profanity, in Steiner's voice, coming from the lumber-room. It was mingled with the rich Milesian accents of Delia O'Toole, who was telling him he ought to be ashamed to use such language in "th' prisince av a dacent, rispictable gir-r-l."

"So Delia is up there, after all," thought Fred, as he hastened from the house, with the secret of No. 1, in the iron scoop, hugged to his bosom.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CRIMSON MARK.

FRED BARRINGTON still hurried after he had reached the street. While he did not

fear that Carl Steiner would take the scoop from him, he did not want an altercation in public. In such a happening Steiner would have all the better of the argument.

Had not Fred entered the house surreptitiously, with the avowed object of purloining certain property? Had he not been heard ransacking an up-stairs room. Was he not even now running along a dark street with the aforesaid certain property in his possession?

Thus would Carl Steiner state his case to the policeman who would surely come up. And Fred could not deny the surface truth of such a story. All he could do would be to advance collateral facts in justification of his course.

But satisfying his own conscience and convincing a policeman would not be the same thing. The gruff official in blue and brass would only say, rudely: "Aw! tell that to the cap'n!" and drag him off to the police station.

"No, I don't want to see Carl Steiner till I've analyzed this powder," was the sum of Fred's reflections, as he scurried along in the direction of his own factory. "As soon as I know positively it is our No. 1, he'll have to show why he is making glass under our patent, or—"

He swung around to look behind him. He had heard light footsteps in the quiet street. Lucille was running after him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you got out without being seen," she panted, as she reached his side. "My stepfather is making an awful fuss."

"Does he know I was there?"

"No; but Delia made him suspicious."

"Delia? I thought she was our friend."

"So she is. But she got all flurried when she heard the racket up-stairs. She ran up to see what it was all about. She was close behind Mr. Steiner when he broke through the door. So she followed him in."

"Why did she do that?"

"Well, Delia's excitable, and she can't keep out of a ruction. It's her Irish blood, you know."

"And it's a good wholesome fluid, too," laughed Fred. "Delia proves that in her own healthy person. What happened when she went into the lumber-room with Steiner?"

"Why, they stumbled against each other in the dark. Then my stepfather fell over the broken table and hurt himself."

"Served him right!"



"Don't be vindictive. He swore horribly—"

"I heard him," interjected Fred.

"Yes, and Delia told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. That made him worse, and Delia ran through the opening where we broke the door down, into the laboratory, calling 'Miss Lucille!'"

"What for?"

"Excitement! Hysteria! The poor soul's nerves were all gone. It was an unfortunate thing for her to do. It seemed to suggest to Mr. Steiner what had really taken place. Knowing that your father confided in me as much as he ever did in anybody, and that I have a—a—warm feeling for the Barrington Company, he suspected that I had been after that No. 1 powder."

"Well?"

"He must have gone to the cupboard, for the next moment I heard him screech, 'Somebody's been at this sack! Where's the scoop?' That was all I caught. I flew down the stairs after you. I wanted to tell you to hurry to your factory with the powder."

"That's what I'm doing."

While Fred and Lucille were talking they did not waste time. They had been walking swiftly in the general direction of the Barrington Company's glass-house. Fred might have ridden, but he would not venture on a street-car with the scoopful of powder in his hand. It would have been sure to provoke remark.

"You're nearly there, aren't you?" asked Lucille.

"Ten or fifteen minutes' walk."

"I do hope my stepfather won't catch you before you get indoors."

"He won't," replied Fred carelessly. "If he did, he wouldn't get the powder."

"I know that. But—well, I want you to get clear away with this stuff, after all your trouble in getting it."

"And yours," said Fred, with an unmistakable ring of gratitude in his tone.

"That's nothing."

"I think it's a great deal."

They did not speak again until they turned a corner, some ten minutes later. Before them, two blocks away, shone the glow from the Barrington factory.

"I see a light in the office," said Fred. "Jim McKee must be there. Studying my note about Professor Shaw, probably. You are coming in, of course, Lucille?"

She stopped and shook her head.

"I am going back to the house. I only wanted to be sure that you got clear away with the powder. It's nine o'clock. I am tired, and I shall go straight to my room."

"You don't think you'll have trouble with Steiner, do you?"

"I don't think so. Delia won't tell him you were there. I am sure of that. If he talks to me, I can take care of myself. But I am not likely to see him. My room is on the third floor. He's pretty certain to be still on the fourth, trying to find out who smashed down that door. Good night."

Lucille had slipped around the corner before Fred realized that she was going. He moved impulsively, as if to follow. Then he stopped, and, after a moment's hesitation, walked to his own office and knocked at the door.

It was opened by Jim McKee.

"Why, Fred! What's the game? What's that shovel in your hand?" was Jim's greeting.

"Bolt that door, Jim."

Jim McKee obeyed. Fred Barrington placed his scoop, with the gray powder, upon the table, immediately under the electric light.

"What's that, Fred?"

"Only the secret of No. 1—"

"No!"

"Yes. I got it from Carl Steiner to-night."

"What?" shouted Jim McKee. "Do you mean to tell me he gave up?"

"No. I took it."

"But, I don't understand—"

"I'll give you the sickening details later, old man. What I want to do now is to get this powder analyzed by a competent person, so that I may make some more of it."

"Professor Shaw is the sharp you want. I was going to take this other material, that you left for me in the box, to him, to-night. I can give him that powder at the same time."

"That's all right. But don't get them mixed," warned Fred.

"No fear. But how is it that powder doesn't look like this I have. They are both supposed to be the secret element in No. 1, aren't they?"

"Yes. But the stuff in the box has all the other glass-making materials mixed with it, while this in the scoop is the one ingredient that my father always kept secret."

"Let me look at it."

Jim McKee took some of the gray pow-



der in the palm of his left hand and stirred it with his right forefinger. He put the finger to his tongue.

"It's slippery and tasteless," he said musingly. "I thought there might be a metallic tang which would give me a line on it. But I can't distinguish anything of the kind. I have no idea what it is made of."

"Whatever it may be, it improves laboratory glass so much that it has made our house famous," remarked Fred.

"Yes. There is no question that the Barrington No. 1 chemical glass has a brilliancy, hardness and infusibility never equaled by any other make. I know what I am talking about. I couldn't make glass, but I've used enough of it in the laboratory to appreciate good quality."

Fred seemed to be rather bored by Jim McKee's learned disquisition on glass in general and the Barrington No. 1 in particular.

"Do you think you can see Professor Shaw to-night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; he's always at home in the evening. If you'll pack the powder in something more convenient than that iron scoop, I'll take both samples along with me."

"Wait a minute."

Fred Barrington calmly emptied some small currency from a japanned tin box in the safe. Then he poured the powder into the box and locked the lid. Neatly wrapped in a sheet of white paper and tied with a blue string, the parcel was like hundreds of others that people carry every day. No one would have had reason to suspect that it contained a substance of literally inestimable value.

"I see your men are blowing glass as usual," remarked Jim McKee, glancing through the little window into the factory. "Your foreman is an industrious chap. He seems to be here night and day."

"Yes; Willings keeps a good general eye on things in his department. He drops in on his workmen at all hours. They never know when he's watching them," returned Fred carelessly. Then, with sudden energy: "By Joseph! Willings ought to be able to tell us."

"Tell us what?"

But Fred had the factory telephone in his hand and was shouting for Willings to come to the office. There was quick response. Before Fred had put the instrument down, Willings glided in. Like a well-trained soldier, he stood silent, waiting for orders.

"Willings, what is this?" asked Fred abruptly.

He had opened the japanned box and placed it in front of the foreman, on the table.

Willings dipped up a handful of the gray powder and looked at it critically. He smelled and tasted it before he dropped it back into the box. Then he said, in his usual hollow tones, which sounded almost as if they came whistling through a mile or two of gas-pipe:

"It's our No. 1, used in the Barrington chemical glass."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"Can you make this powder?"

"No."

"Did you ever try?"

"No."

"It's a mixture, isn't it?"

"Seems to be."

"Don't you think you could make it if you tried?"

"I'm sure I couldn't."

Fred turned away in disgust. He closed the japanned box with a snap and wrapped it up again. Willings gazed at him fishily for a moment. Then he decided he was not wanted further, and went back to his work. He had not evinced the slightest curiosity as to where the powder had come from or why he had been questioned.

"If I were you, Fred, I'd never take the trouble to ask that fellow anything," remarked Jim McKee. "He may know a lot, but, if he does, he keeps it on ice."

"I'm ready to start, Jim," said Fred, ignoring his companion's observation on Willings.

"What? You are going, too? Well, I'm glad of that. Professor Shaw lives in Oakland. It's handy to the mill, and yet in a nice neighborhood. We'll take a car at this end of the Smithfield Street bridge. Then, with the aid of a transfer or two, we can ride to the professor's very door."

"All right, Jim. Any old way will suit me. Got the box with the mixing from our own factory?"

"Yes. Here it is."

"Very well. I'll carry the No. 1 powder from Steiner's. You go ahead. I'll turn out the lights and lock the door."

Jim McKee went out, and Fred followed him immediately, saying:

"I think the quickest way would be to go up to Mount Washington, and ride down on



the incline. There's a car. Hurry! We can make it!"

Fifteen minutes later the two young men got off the car and were in the ticket office of the steep inclined railway that connects the summit of Mount Washington with the street at the foot of the heights.

Their fares paid, they had just passed through the iron gates, to enter the queer-shaped, dwarfish car that overhung the four hundred-foot chasm, ready for its trip down the almost perpendicular line of rails, when

Jim McKee uttered a low cry of astonishment and horror.

Lucille Steiner burst through the iron wicket and almost fell into Fred Barrington's arms. She was breathless and terror-stricken. On one of her cheeks was a long streak of crimson.

"What's the matter, Lucille? Who did it?" demanded Fred fiercely.

"My stepfather!" she gasped.

"All aboard!" shouted the guard, as he prepared to close the gates.

(To be continued.)

# The Tameness of the Wild West

By  
William H. Greene



**G**EORGE W. SELDEN might have been of an adventurous disposition if he had not been a timid man. This is not to say that he was a coward, but he lacked a certain daring recklessness which is a characteristic of the real soldier of fortune. He went his way methodically and took no chances.

In the abstract, however, no one could have been fonder of adventure than he. At the age of twenty-seven he still read of the thrilling, hair-breadth escapes of *Diamond Dick*, *Handsome Harry* and *Jack Harkaway*. Accounts of murders, gang fights and other criminal items were his principal reasons for buying the newspapers, taking precedence even of baseball news and sporting topics of the day.

But he never applied the things he read to himself, and therefore kept a position as stenographer in the War Department at

Washington, D. C., which was steady and sure, though people told him it held no "future" for an ambitious young man.

He knew, through the papers, all about New York's Bowery and "Hell's Kitchen," San Francisco's "Barbary Coast," and the modest "Swampoodle" section of his own beautiful city, but he never by any chance ventured into a disreputable neighborhood himself, except in fancy, through the medium of his beloved literature.

His own habits were most conventional. Monday afternoons, when he could get leave from the office, found him at Chase's *matinée*, and later assisting at the promenade on F Street, where a lot of the prettiest girls in the world are to be met after that performance. Saturdays he drank "tea" with a cherry in it, in the New Willard's "Peacock Alley." A show on Wednesday evening with supper after at the Café



Republic, and an occasional Saturday night dance marked the limit of his dissipations.

Sundays he usually spent in the land of romance, with his ever-increasing stock of novels. His was a blameless, quiet life for a man whose favorite hero was Jesse James.

But all this was changed when Selden's great uncle, Reuben Selden, died. Uncle Reuben had never given Selden a cent while he lived, and they had not seen each other oftener than about once a year, but he had known of his nephew's exemplary habits, without having heard of his desperate tastes in literature. So at the age of eighty-four he died very suddenly, leaving an absolutely unattached fortune of something like two hundred thousand dollars to George W. Selden, humble, humdrum government clerk.

Now, take a man who has never owned more than one hundred dollars at a time in his life, and has had to get up regularly every morning, go to the office and pound a typewriter all day to earn that amount in a month—and suddenly make him independently wealthy. Something is sure to happen. The average man will probably drift toward dissipation and extravagance.

But Selden's tastes lay in another direction. He was still loyal to his old hero, Jesse James, only his attitude changed. He was no longer satisfied to remain in the audience, but wished to help out in the performance, if it was only by carrying a spear. He could afford to do as he pleased now, and he began to picture himself playing desperate parts in wild adventures similar to the ones of which he had read so much.

And when a timid, quiet man does break loose, he can be depended upon to go the limit and do a lot of foolish things.

## II.

THREE months later he got off the train at the little town of Calumet, Montana, a disappointed, disillusioned and disgusted man. Life was nothing like it had been in the good old days of '49. All the romance was gone, if there ever was any, or perhaps his favorite authors had been deceiving him.

He had visited all the places that were supposed to be "tough." In the Black Hills he had ridden over the route of the old Deadwood stage, and it was like a drive through Rock Creek Park at home. He had stood at the bar of the Gilt Edge

saloon, in Butte, and seen men drinking *crème de menthe*! He had crossed Death Valley in an automobile.

The Indians he had found to be either drunken degenerates or serious-minded college graduates, who would not think of carrying a scalping-knife. Cowboys, like the ones he had read about, did not seem to exist. Once he saw what he thought was a band of real cow-punchers, in chaps, spurs, red-flannel shirts and sombreros. One of them began to abuse and threaten a young girl who was riding with them, and when Selden rushed heroically to her rescue he was nearly mobbed for ruining a moving-picture film.

The wild spirit of the West seemed to be gone. The Bad Lands of South Dakota sheltered no lurking fugitives.

"Cheyenne was shy any thrills for me," he wrote home to a friend, "and Weeping Wolf was a sad disappointment." Only a very much disgruntled man would make such jokes as that.

In several States he had been arrested and heavily fined for carrying a big Colt's .45 in his belt. He had not seen a single shooting, lynching or hold-up. Everywhere was peace, law, and order. Nowhere had he heard anything half so exciting as the language old Major Dupont used to use when some stupid clerk made a blunder, back in the adjutant-general's office in the War Department.

It was all a fake, and he was going home mad. But he would give the West one more chance to make good. He would stop off at this little town of Calumet, though the very name meant an Indian pipe of peace, which was not encouraging.

The place was rather picturesque, he had to admit, but he was skeptical now, and they would have to show him. There were no gambling-houses open so far as he could learn. The two dance-halls were discouragingly respectable looking, but there was one redeeming feature.

There was still an old stage route between Calumet and the next town, Silver Creek. Next year they were going to build a trolley line, but he was in time.

Persistent inquiry unearthed the fact that there had once been some sort of a robbery on this route, about forty years ago, but details were lacking. Gossip spreads rapidly in a small town, and Selden's constant harping upon the subject of hold-ups and outlawry led first to the belief that he was



slightly out of his mind, until later the theory was advanced that he must be a detective from the East, in search of some criminal.

He was stopping at the Nugget Hotel, about the most uncomfortable place in town, simply because the name pleased him, and, totally unaware of the reputation he was acquiring, he decided to make the stage trip to Silver Creek next day.

Then, made reckless by his unsuccessful search for trouble, an idea came to him which he considered nothing less than an inspiration. He had looked for adventure everywhere in vain. Very well, then he would create some excitement himself, since no one else would do it for him. He would hold up the stage himself.

The more he thought about this the more it pleased him, though he felt a little frightened at his own recklessness. But Jesse James would not hesitate, he reasoned.

He had given up trying to wear his big .45, but had purchased a small .32 caliber revolver, which he carried in the side pocket of his coat. He also had a big, wide-brimmed "Stetson," which he considered a great addition to his costume.

There was a little fellow in a frock coat, silk hat and spectacles stopping at the hotel, whom he had several times tried to engage in conversation, but who had seemed to avoid him. The Rev. Elias Lambert, of Sioux City, was the man's name, he learned from the clerk, and when he got into the stage next evening he found the little clergyman sitting huddled up in the corner. Evidently they were to be companions for the trip.

The driver, a thin-faced man with a gray mustache, climbed up to his seat, cracked his whip, and they were off. They stopped at the post-office for the Silver Creek mail-bag, and clattered noisily down the main street, soon reaching the outskirts of the town, and then the dark, lonely highway.

The coach lanterns cast a fitful gleam upon each side of the road, showing brief glimpses of trees and rocks. They bowled merrily along, and Selden's spirits rose with the excitement and exhilaration of knowing that he was at last on the trail of a real adventure. The Reverend Lambert sat in his corner, silent as a shadow, but Selden could not keep quiet long. He had to relieve his mind with conversation.

"Going to Silver Creek on business, Mr. Lambert?" he asked.

"Yes—that is—not exactly," replied the clergyman.

"Pleasure trip?"

"No."

"For your health, perhaps?"

"Sure, that's it," assented the Reverend Lambert, with a short laugh.

"I see," said Selden, thinking he might have been untactful in mentioning the subject. Another silence followed, and Selden tried again.

"Are you familiar with this part of the country, sir?"

"Sure—er—yes, sir," answered Lambert. "My sister lives in Silver Creek, and I come to see her often."

"Ever hear of any hold-ups on this route?"

"No, sir."

"Liable to happen any time, I understand," said Selden cheerfully.

"Gee—goodness gracious—I hope not!" exclaimed the clergyman in a frightened tone, which made Selden grin.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "Liable to happen any time at all. This would be just the night for it. No moon and pitch-dark."

The little clergyman appeared to shiver with fright, but made no reply. Selden was enjoying himself thoroughly. Here was a man more timid than himself who would make an easy victim.

"Have you got any large amount of money or valuables with you?" he asked next.

"Not much, sir."

"I always carry at least five hundred dollars with me in cash," Selden boasted. "You never can tell when you may need it."

"That's right. Quite true, sir."

"If you haven't got enough money when you're held up the highwayman is liable to become angry and knock you on the head."

"Horrible!" quavered the minister.

Selden looked out of the window. On the left-hand side rose a high bank, while on the right the big pine-trees overhung the road, their branches sometimes sweeping the top of the coach.

They were going at a good rate, and had probably covered five or six miles. Now was the time and the place, Selden thought, to commit an act of daring which would put him in the same class with the great Jesse James himself.

His hand shook a little as he drew out his revolver, but he managed to make his voice sound steady and sharp enough as he



turned the weapon toward his companion and cried:

"Hands up, my man! Quick, now!"

The Rev. Elias Lambert fairly gasped with fright and astonishment, but obeyed promptly.

"Hey, driver! Stop the coach a minute, will you?" shouted the amateur highwayman.

The horses were pulled up short, and Selden whispered to Lambert:

"Get out now. Hurry up. Jump down."

Again the clergyman obeyed with great alacrity, and Selden followed him out, turning his revolver quickly toward the man on the box.

"Throw up your hands!" he snapped, and the driver promptly obeyed.

"Jump down and line up against the coach beside our reverend friend here."

The driver did so.

"Now then, Brother Lambert," said Selden flippantly, "how much money did you say you had?"

"About fifty dollars," the minister answered weakly. "Take it; but don't shoot me, sir."

"Which pocket is it in?"

"The right-hand inside one."

Selden shifted his revolver to his left hand and slipped his right inside the minister's coat. Suddenly his left wrist was twisted nearly in two, the pistol was wrenched from his hand, and something which felt like a sledge-hammer struck him on the point of the chin. His head whirled, and the ground seemed to come up and hit him.

"Stay where you are, driver, and keep your hands up!" rasped a hoarse, ugly voice, quite different from the timid treble of the Reverend Lambert.

"Now, hand over your five hundred, Mr. Robber!" said the same voice, addressing Selden as he staggered to his feet. "I suspected you were a fly mug from the first. Hand it over!"

Selden took a large roll of bills from his pocket and gave it to the "minister." His watch and diamond pin followed.

"Take off your coat and pick up your hat," was the next order. "Hurry up. No stalling."

Selden did not stall.

"Now, put on these rags of mine, and these lamps," tossing his hat and spectacles to Selden and beginning to remove his coat.

He had been keeping a watchful eye on

the driver, but while taking off his long frock coat to change with Selden he made a careless move. Instantly the driver's right hand swept down and a shot flashed out, followed by a cry of pain, and the ex-clergyman was dancing about, wringing the fingers of his right hand, Selden's weapon dropping from them to the ground.

The driver stooped and picked it up. It all happened so quickly that poor Selden, still dazed from the blow he had received, did not understand it at all.

"Come here, you two," said the driver, and Selden obeyed mechanically, while the other's language was unprintable.

"Hold up your hands, both of you!"

They did so, and a pair of handcuffs were snapped on Lambert's wrists, and then on Selden's.

"You gave us a long chase, McQuade," said the driver with a sigh of relief. "I've followed you all the way from Boston."

"Who are you?" growled McQuade, alias Lambert, and many other aliases.

"My name is Kendall," replied the other. "Ever hear of me?"

"Larry Kendall, of the central office?"

"The same."

"Gee! I thought this other guy was the bull. Oh, I *am* a simp!"

"Then you not Westerners at all, either of you?" asked Selden, his voice full of reproach.

"Allow me," said the detective. "Your fellow prisoner is Mr. 'Slim' McQuade, one of the worst men in the East, wanted very badly in Boston just now. I don't know just what to make of you; but you can both jump in the coach together now that the introductions are over, and we'll be getting on to Silver Creek. Don't try to make a getaway, Slim, for it's no use."

"I know when I'm licked," replied Slim.

Mr. George W. Selden, of Washington, and Mr. Slim McQuade, of Boston, got into the coach and were driven to Silver Creek, where they spent the remainder of the night together in the one small cell of which that town can boast. Before Selden got out of the scrape he had had so much adventure that he never wishes to hear the word again.

He is back in Washington now, and never ventures farther West than the Chevy Chase Golf Club. He has entirely lost his passion for "yellow" literature; and if there is one person whose name he hates the very sound of, it is that notorious and unprincipled outlaw, Jesse James.





# RUSSIA'S BLACK PAW

*by Casper Carson*

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

OVER a dinner at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, a friend of Blair Kellogg, United States lieutenant of engineers, worms out of the young man some inklings of the way the spy system in time of peace is worked, and when later he ascertains from Kellogg's father, in Vigo, Illinois, that the lieutenant expects to go to South America for his health, he wires to a firm of lawyers in Chicago: "John Smith has left. Be on the lookout for him." This message, turned into cipher, was flashed under the Atlantic to St. Petersburg, where some eight weeks later, Baron Bishkoff, official censor of the Czar, called the Black Paw, and General Yurdin, chief of the Third Section, Russia's secret police, are in an altercation over Anna Mandelwitch, a contralto prima donna, whom Baron Bishkoff hopes to make his wife. Yurdin contends that the old music-master, Michael Chertkoff, who lives at her house, is none other than the revolutionist, Dmitry Zasulitch, in turn the Yankee spy, Blair Kellogg. He turns out to be partly right, inasmuch as Kellogg disguises himself as Chertkoff, who is a real personage. In fact, through a mischance, Kellogg happens on the scene in his disguise when Chertkoff is present, and these two, with Anna, are captured and the whole three sent off to Siberia. Kellogg bribes a guard before they start and has a fine plan for their escape, which he confides to Chertkoff, but the latter, terrorist though he be, is fanatical in his love for Russia, and knowing Kellogg to be an alien, betrays the scheme, and it falls through. He himself is sent with another party, while Kellogg and Anna Smith meet in Siberia, where they are married by a friendly priest at one of the stopping places, Blair claiming that this will facilitate their escape. The priest explains he has a brother in Poughkeepsie, whom Kellogg says he knows, and to whom the priest afterward sends word about the marriage.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A CHANCE FROM THE SKIES.

**F**ROM the time of his marriage Kellogg devoted himself wholly to the problem of escape. He thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else, and would talk of nothing else whenever he was sure of not being overheard.

And Anna, fired by his concentration and determination on the subject, became almost as much of an enthusiast as he.

At every safe opportunity they discussed

plan after plan, only to discard them when they discovered some flaw, and begin all over again; for Blair was determined that there should be no slip-ups this time. When they started, they were going to get away.

Meanwhile, however, they were journeying farther and farther afield, and their chances of success became thereby just that much more slim.

They had been out over a month from St. Petersburg now, and were approaching Yeniseisk, the last town of importance they would touch upon their way.

*Began in November ARGOSY. Single copies, 10 cents.*



Turukhansk, the destination for which Anna and himself, with about six others of the party, were bound, was, he had already discovered, a mere insignificant village of about two hundred inhabitants lying in a remote and thinly populated section.

One evening, when he happened by chance to stroll over to the single men's quarters in the barracks where they were lodged for that night, he found some strangers there—political exiles who, on account of the close expiration of their sentences, were being transferred from outlying stations to a point nearer the frontier.

Among these, he was told, was a man who had been a prisoner at Turukhansk, and naturally his interest was immediately awakened.

"Hail, comrade!" He approached the fellow, a rough, bearded specimen of the muzhik class. "They tell me you have been at Turukhansk. What is the place like, eh?"

The man looked at him a moment, then, with a shrug of the shoulders, growled out a single profane but highly expressive expletive.

"As bad as that, eh?" Blair lifted his eyebrows.

"Worse!" snarled the man. "The bitterest enemy I have, I would not wish him such luck as to be sent to Turukhansk. I would not even wish it to the cowardly government spy who signed my accusation!"

"H-m!" commented Kellogg, eying the speaker. "Sounds as though I were in a trifle bad."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are being sent there?" questioned the man, with a pitying shake of his head. "Then, take my advice, comrade, and cut your throat before you ever start."

"It is September now," he went on, piling up the horror with a sort of grim relish, "and the cold weather will have set in before you leave Yeniseisk. Nevertheless, they will load you in open boats to make the long journey of eleven hundred versts up the Yenisei River. The awful arctic cold sweeping down the steppes from the pole will nip into your bones, and freeze your hands and feet and ears and nose. There is no protection from it.

"Yet you will be forced out with kicks and curses to help navigate the boat, and get it off shallows and sand-bars when it sticks. You will have to get out into the water; your hands will be cut or possibly

your leg crushed by the huge floating cakes of ice.

"Then, if you survive all this, you will finally arrive at Turukhansk, set off all alone up there in the frozen north. For eight months of the year you will be cut off from all the rest of the world by ice and snow, and for the other four you will bake and shrivel in the blinding heat. During the winter, since the food supply almost always gives out, you stand a good show of starving to death, and in the summer you are lucky if you don't die of the malarial fevers.

"At other spots you can cheer yourself up with thoughts of escape; but at Turukhansk, never. You know there *is* no escape. The distances are too great, and the hardships to be encountered too severe for any man to win through.

"No, friend," he concluded, "if you are bound for Turukhansk, and cannot escape your fate any other way, take my advice, and cut your throat. I was one of a party of ten strong fellows who started for there just one year ago, and I am the only one to return. The bones of the others are rotting up there in those pestilential marshes."

Kellogg returned to Anna in thoughtful mood. He did not tell her what he had heard; but announced in no uncertain fashion that they must make the attempt before the time came to leave Yeniseisk.

Almost all that night he lay awake, picturing the impossibility and the horror of seeing his wife subjected to such privations and hardships as had been described to him.

Yes; there was no doubt about it. Either at Yeniseisk, or before, they must manage to elude their guards and get away.

But how? How? That was the question that was almost driving him mad; for, scheme and plan as he would, he had yet to hit upon any expedient which offered them even a reasonable hope of success.

The next day, however, fortune favored him in the most unexpected manner.

The exiles of the party happened to be in need of various supplies, and the commander of the expedition therefore decided to stay over in town where they were for a day, and send Blair, who had found considerable favor with him, around to the different stores to make the necessary purchases.

Accordingly, in the morning he and a comrade started out, and had the good luck



at one of the places they stopped to encounter a revolutionary sympathizer.

"Is there anything I can do for you poor fellows to make things easier for you?" questioned this man, when the soldier who accompanied them happened to be attracted to the street by the progress of a dog-fight.

"Nothing," returned Blair, "except to let me have that newspaper I see in your hand."

Newspapers were contraband among the prisoners, and he had not had a chance to read one since his arrest.

The kindly storekeeper at once passed this one over, and Kellogg quickly stuffed it inside his blouse.

That night he gloatingly produced his prize, and by the light of a smoky oil-lamp began reading from it aloud to Anna.

It was a poor, little local sheet, miserably printed, and containing scarcely three columns of news; but to those two, cut off for so long from tidings of the outside world, every line in it was precious.

The familiar advertisement of a certain brand of American "near-coffee" was as welcome to them as the face of an old friend.

Blair read first the scant record of outside happenings, then, unwilling to skip anything, started in on the local intelligence.

Suddenly he paused, a peculiar, startled expression coming over his face.

"Well, for the land's sake, Anna!" he ejaculated. "Just listen to this, if you please.

"An American lawyer," he read, "after the fashion of his irrepressible countrymen, is seeking to outdo Jules Verne and all his followers by beating the record for an around-the-world trip in the fewest number of days. In order to do this, he is covering the land stages of his journey in a high-powered automobile, and having already traversed in this way half of his own continent, is now speeding across Asia. He is expected to arrive at Yeniseisk during the afternoon of September 16. Perhaps the strangest part of the whole affair is that the man is an elderly barrister who has never hitherto shown any especial interest in sport. His name is Moreton Savage, and he hails from Vigo, a small town in the State of Illinois, U. S. A.'"

"Vigo? Vigo?" repeated Anna, glancing up. "Why, that is the name of your

home town, isn't it, Blair? Do you know this old lawyer?"

"Moreton Savage? Oh, yes. Fact is, the old codger visited me in Washington just shortly before I came away on this stunt."

He spoke absently, however, and his mind was evidently concerned with something more than the mere answering of her question.

Yet, Anna was so close to him in thought that she found no difficulty now in following the trend of his reflections.

"Blair! Blair!" She spoke excitedly. "I know what you are thinking about. You are wondering if in some way this business cannot be turned to our advantage. Is it not so?"

"Well, yes, I was," he admitted; "but," heaving a sigh, "I am afraid it is impossible. Old Savage is hardly the sort of chap to help another fellow out, if there were even the slightest risk of getting into trouble himself; and the only other recourse is of too scurvy a character even to be considered."

"You mean—taking the car away from him, and passing ourselves off in his stead?" she rejoined.

"Yes; and it could be done, too. But don't let's speak about it. The temptation is too great."

"You are right," she assented slowly. "It would be unspeakable to do such a thing. We must not even let ourselves think about it. We must not—"

"Or, wait a moment!" she cried, pressing her hands quickly to her temples. "Let me try to remember exactly. I want to be sure there is no mistake. What did you say this man's name was? Moreton Savage? Then, I know I am right.

"Listen to me, Blair." She laid a hand excitedly upon his arm. "It was from an American of that name that Bishkoff learned of your intention to come to Russia. No, Bishkoff did not tell me, of course. I know it from various things I heard him drop in conversation with others, and that name, Moreton Savage, is firmly implanted in my memory. I am sure, too, that Bishkoff paid him a large amount of money for his information."

"By Jove!" Kellogg's eyes flashed. "I believe you are right, Anna. At any rate, the way the old scoundrel was pumping me in Washington tallies in wonderfully with your story."



His lips set suddenly in a straight line. "Anna," he said, "we are going to make our escape in that automobile!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A JUST RETRIBUTION.

Most men have a fool ambition or hobby tucked away somewhere in their hearts.

There used to be a bank cashier—a highly respectable member of society—who loved to put in all his leisure time into figuring out the different ways he could loot his institution, if he only chose to do so.

And he didn't end up in the penitentiary, either; but died a poor man, with an absolutely honest record behind him.

There was also a famous pork-packer who cherished to his dying day the unsatisfied desire to become a tight-rope walker.

But why multiply incidents? We all have a "bug" of one kind or another, and the proof of our sanity, perhaps, is the fact that we generally keep the aforesaid insect pretty well out of sight and don't give him free range.

Moreton Savage's "bug," held to firmly ever since as a boy his imagination had thrilled to Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," was a desire to surpass the exploit.

He devoted all his spare time to working out plans for it with maps and time-tables. He followed eagerly every fresh effort to lower the record, and he was always able to show from his tables and calculations how he could have done just a little bit better.

Not that he ever expected to accomplish the project. He was a none too prosperous country lawyer, and circling the globe is a pastime which requires a fat pocketbook.

He simply dallied with the thought, and held it before him as one does an unattainable ideal.

Then at last came this windfall of a heavy fee from the Russian government—the thirty pieces of silver paid for his Judas perfidy—and he saw his ideal ready to be realized.

He lost no time in setting out upon his undertaking. There was no need to do any figuring or even gather any information. That had been done long before.

All that was required for him was to pack up a few simple necessities, purchase a high-power motor-car, and start forth; for he had

computed that by avoiding train delays, and long, unnecessary détours, he could make better time with the proper sort of an automobile than on the railroads.

And it must be admitted that so far his contention had made good. He was two days ahead of any possible schedule he could possibly have made by any of the ordinary routes of travel.

It was, then, the irony of fate—or, some would say, by a decree of absolute justice—that he should arrive in a obscure little Siberian city on the same day as the victim whose betrayal had made possible his achievement.

Yeniseisk was waiting for him. Eager inquiries at the telegraph-office showed that he might be expected there shortly before dusk, and that, after a very brief stop, he would proceed onward in a night run toward Tomsk. It was also learned that he had only one man with him, who served as his mechanic and traveling companion.

"I am sorry for that poor chap," muttered Kellogg, "but if a dog chooses to run with a wolf he mustn't expect any especial consideration."

He and Anna had brought forth that morning, from the linings of their garments and other places of concealment, every kopeck of the fund they had carefully held in reserve for such an opportunity as this, and were preparing to stake it all upon the single throw.

If their plan failed them, then they might as well bid good-by to any hope of rescue, and either go to Turukhansk or cut their throats, as they might deem the preferable choice of evils.

For two days, also, Blair had been sounding the different soldiers of the expedition to determine which was the most trustworthily corrupt—so to speak—and at last was satisfied he had found his man.

Accordingly, a bargain was struck with this fellow, and he promptly developed an astigmatism which rendered him blind to the departure of the two prisoners when they sneaked out of the barracks late that afternoon.

Blair had a rough pencil map of the locality, which had been sketched for him on the back of an envelope by a fellow prisoner, and by consulting this he was able to lead the way hurriedly around the town and out on the road along which Savage was bound to come.

Only a little way had they proceeded



before a cloud of dust heralded the approach of the big machine.

Savage was ahead of his schedule.

As he came close enough to be in sight Anna suddenly threw up her arms and made a dramatic fall, while Blair leaned over her, wringing his hands and giving every demonstration of grief.

Both seemed totally oblivious of the huge car whirling down upon them.

Neither did it seem as though Savage, in his passion for haste, was going to stop. He tooted his horn vigorously, but did not abate a particle in his pace until he was practically on top of the two in his path.

Then, jerking his machine to a sudden halt, he leaned over to demand with threats and curses what they meant by obstructing the way.

"My wife has had a fit or a stroke of some kind," explained Kellogg in French. "Will not the kind gentlemen assist me by taking her into the car and carrying her as far as Yeniseisk?"

Savage volubly rejoined that his car was for other purposes than an ambulance to cart sick peasants around the country, and ended up by directing that the stricken woman be immediately removed from the way.

"She is too heavy for me to lift," said Kellogg humbly, striving to appear true to his rôle of poor farm-laborer, and not show the fire of indignation which was raging within him.

"Drag her out of the road, then," retorted Savage, "and be quick about it."

"I cannot with my crippled hand. If she is to be moved, your excellencies will both have to assist."

With a hearty curse, Savage told his mechanic to come on, and the two sprang from the car.

Judging from appearances, there could be no doubt that the prostrate woman was too much of a load for one man to handle, for underneath her garments she was so stuffed out with articles necessary for their escape that she appeared really quite corpulent.

"Grab her by the head there, Bailey," Savage impatiently directed, "while I take her by the heels, and we'll lift her over to the side of the road. We've wasted enough time over this fool layout."

But, as Bailey leaned over to obey, the stricken woman suddenly came to life, and, grasping him around the arms, held him pinioned, while at the same moment Kellogg smashed a swift upper-cut to the point of

the lawyer's jaw and sent him toppling backward.

Merely casting one glance at his opponent to make sure he was down for the count, Blair then sprang forward to help Anna with the struggling mechanic.

The fellow fought viciously, now that he had recovered from his first surprise, but, two against one, it was no very difficult task to subdue him, and in a few moments Blair had him down with a strangle-hold about his neck.

"The rope, Anna!" he panted; and from her loose blouse she produced a coil of stout cord with which he promptly proceeded to tie the hands and feet of his unfortunate compatriot.

Then, having gagged him in approved fashion, he turned his attention to Savage, who by this time had begun to show signs of returning consciousness, and speedily trussed him up in similar fashion.

With Anna's assistance, the two were dragged behind a little clump of bushes at the side of the road and a hurried change of garments effected.

Kellogg, being about the size of the lawyer, donned the latter's traveling suit, drawing over it Savage's long dust-coat, and appropriating his cap and goggles; while Anna likewise invested herself in the attire of the mechanic.

On the other hand, the two automobilists, with but faint show of protest, for they evidently believed themselves in the hands of desperate characters, assumed the garb of convicts.

It had been deemed wise, all things considered, not to trick either of the captives out in women's clothes; so Anna had brought along an extra man's suit, which the mechanic had to put on, although, having been chosen at random, it was a full two sizes too big for him.

Anna's own skirt and blouse they buried under a rock close at hand, and then, after Anna had cropped her husband's luxuriant beard with a pair of scissors, and he in turn had shorn away her long, shining braids, they were ready to start.

"I'll just take one more look at that pair and see that the knots are safe," Kellogg decided as a final precaution. "Shall I tell Savage who I am? He evidently hasn't recognized me."

"No." Anna shook her head dissuadingly. "I know it's a temptation to gloat; but our risks are too heavy as it is to add to



their number. Let us be on the safe side and remain 'unknown assailants.'

"I guess you're right," her husband admitted; "and, anyway, it's pretty mean to 'rub it in,' even on such a cur as Savage. In fact, I am so happy at being free that I feel almost like forgiving him!"

"Free?" she sighed as her eyes gazed away over the wide, flat Siberian landscape. "There's many a long mile, and many a desperate chance, I'm afraid, between us and freedom, dear heart."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SERGEANT'S JOKE.

ABOUT sunset, the sergeant who had succumbed to Kellogg's golden bait, appeared according to his instructions before the commandant of the expedition, and announced with every show of excitement that two of the prisoners had escaped.

"Escaped?" demanded the officer sharply. "How?"

"I cannot tell, sir. I only know they are gone."

"Who are they?"

"The prisoner Zaslitch and wife."

"Humph. They were to have started with the party for Turukhansk to-night at eight o'clock. I was just making out the papers for their transfer."

"Still," he added hopefully, "they cannot have got far away. The man is a fool to think that he could make it, hampered by a woman."

"Take a detail of men, sergeant," he ordered, "and round the pair up without delay. I will inquire into the circumstances of the escape later."

Now, this was exactly what the sergeant wanted, but he had not expected to gain it save by argument and persuasion. He had been prepared to coax for the assignment on the ground that he wished to retrieve himself from the blame of permitting the escape, although his real reason was that he did not wish to divide his bribe money, as he would have been compelled to do, had another taken out the detail.

There were still, it must be understood, several things to be done under the bargain he had struck with Kellogg; and this at least can be said for the bribe-taker in the Russian army, he will play fair.

Perhaps one reason is, that he knows any failure to keep his contract would get very

speedily noised about among the exiles, and prevent him from doing any business in the future.

Therefore, it was highly important both to Kellogg and the sergeant, that the latter conduct the search for the fugitives. It was, in fact, the ticklish point upon which rested the whole success or failure of the enterprise.

Accordingly, when the desired billet was allotted to him, the sergeant found it hard work to conceal his gratification.

The commandant, however, was very busy and, turning back to his desk again, failed to detect the sudden glint in the other's eyes.

Noting after a moment or two, though, that the man had not left, he glanced up with a hasty frown.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he demanded.

"I was about to ask, sir," suggested the sergeant, saluting, "if you did not think I had better get a detail of police rather than our own men? The police know all the roads and hiding-places hereabouts, and would probably give better service."

"But our own men would be able more readily to recognize the prisoners," objected the commandant.

"Oh, anybody could spot them in their convict clothes, and with the description I am able to give of them."

"Very well, then; have it your own way. But for Heaven's sake, don't stand here arguing any longer. Get started."

"And listen, sergeant"—another thought striking him—"if you should happen to be late in overhauling them, don't trouble to bring them back here to the barracks. March them right down to the landing, and turn them over to the officer in charge of the party for Turuhansk. Here, you can take their transfer papers with you."

The sergeant thrust the documents into his belt, saluted once more with an absolutely expressionless face, and left the room.

Outside, however, he treated himself to the luxury of a broad smile. Everything had worked out more smoothly than he ever dared hope. The game was absolutely in his own hands.

Proceeding to the police station in jovial mood, he made requisition on the official in charge for the number of men he needed, and then indulged in his little joke.

"Have you any clue as to the way these prisoners have gone?" he was asked.



Now all that Kellogg had told the sergeant was that at some spot along the road east of town he would find two persons whom he should substitute for the husband and wife in the party bound for Turukhansk; and the sergeant being of a stolid and incurious disposition, had not troubled to inquire how these substitutes were to be obtained.

All that had interested him, outside of the price he was to receive, was that two people should be forthcoming; for he well knew that any claim of mistaken identity on the part of a couple of "politicals" would receive scant attention, and that even if the error was discovered, he, by the time a report could come back from Turukhansk, and an investigation be started through the slow channels of Russian red tape, would have served out his term of conscription, and be safely off with his booty to foreign lands.

Therefore, it was mere chance, and a desire to "kid" the police which prompted his answer.

"Ah!" he said, laying his finger aside his nose. "What would you say if this round-the-world automobile trip was merely a scheme to rescue these birds I am after. They are important 'politicals,' you must understand; and stranger tricks than that have been worked before now."

"You mean?" The police chief arched his eyebrows.

"I am not saying all I mean," returned the sergeant with a knowing wag of his head. "One thing is certain, though; that automobile is not going to get past me without my finding out just who is aboard, and I'd advise you to be every bit as careful. This affair may be a Yankee racing around the world, as they say; and again it may be something entirely different."

Then, laughing in his sleeve at the "false scent" upon which he had turned the gullible policeman, he gathered his men, and started out upon his quest.

A short distance out of town, they spied a cloud of dust rapidly approaching, in the midst of which presently became visible a low-bodied, high-power racing motor driven at furious speed.

"The automobile!" exclaimed one of his men, half starting toward the center of the road as though to head off the oncoming car.

But the sergeant waved him sharply back.

"Let the chief burn his fingers there, if

he wants to," he grinned. "I've got other fish to fry."

Accordingly, the detail stood lined up along the road, and made no attempt to interfere as the machine and its occupants flashed by.

They little knew how fast the hearts of that begoggled pair were beating at the sight of their uniforms, nor what a breath of relief was drawn when they were safely passed.

"Well"—Blair turned to Anna with a somewhat shaky smile—"it almost gave me heart failure, but I'm glad we saw them. That was our sergeant at the head of them; so we must be safe at least so far."

Then he nervously jerked out the clutch another notch, and her answer, if she made any, was drowned in the roar from the exhaust.

Meanwhile, the sergeant led his men onward, until at last he descried a little tag of cloth fluttering on a bush at the side of the road—the prearranged signal between Kellogg and himself.

He gave no apparent heed to it as they passed; but a few steps beyond, halted his men, and expressed the opinion that since the undergrowth was rather thick here, it might be wise to spread out a little.

"Here"—he waved the others toward the left side of the road—"you fellows beat up the bushes yonder; I'll take the clump over in this direction myself."

With them out of the way, it did not take him long to find the bound-and-gagged figures of Savage and the mechanic, and hurriedly to relieve them of their fetters.

Observing his uniform, they naturally regarded the proceeding as a rescue, and began eagerly pouring out the story of their misadventure; but he promptly indicated that he was unable to understand them, and that they had better reserve the tale for his superior.

Then, calling his men back, he started them on the march for Yeniseisk.

Savage and Bailey could not quite comprehend the attitude of the party toward them. It seemed, indeed, distinctly hostile; yet they could not help being reassured by the sight of the uniforms.

Also, when doubts arose, they put them aside with the reflection that this must be merely an exhibition of the grumpiness of the Russian common soldiers. When they reached an officer, and had a chance to explain, everything would be all right.



Therefore, they trudged along unprotestingly in the midst of their escort; and being entirely unfamiliar with Yeniseisk of course, did not recognize that they were being conducted through the outskirts of the town, and directly away from the municipal headquarters.

They did not even suspect anything wrong, when the sergeant halted them at the river landing, and motioned them to climb down into the boats already filled with disconsolate exiles.

To them, it seemed merely another brief stage upon their journey; but they would have been undeceived, had they been able to understand the guttural colloquy in progress between the sergeant and the "non-com" in charge of the Turukhansk trip.

"Ha!" exclaimed the latter. "You are just in time, for I did not intend to wait any longer. Got your birds, too, I see?"

"Oh, yes," nodded the sergeant; "they led me quite a chase, but I finally ran them down. You will do well to watch them, comrade, for they are as tricky a pair as I have ever had to deal with. They have a new dodge for every minute; and they lie with such an appearance of truth that they can almost make you believe black is white."

"Thank you for telling me; I'll remember to keep my eyes open. And now," impatiently, "let us get down to business. I have delayed too long here, as it is. Have you the transfer papers for this pair?"

The sergeant produced the slips from his belt.

"What is the need of going to all the trouble of comparing with your list?" he growled. "You can see I have the prisoners here; so just give me your signature and receipt, and let me off. I have no more wish to take up time than you have."

The suggestion coincided too well with the other's desires for him to enter protest. Hastily he scrawled his name across the slips the sergeant held out to him; and then as the latter turned away with his men, the boats were pushed out into the stream.

Savage started as one of the keepers, clambering over the seats, snapped a bracelet around his left wrist, handcuffing him to the man at his side, and into his free hand thrust the handle of an oar.

Glancing around him, as an unintelligible order was shouted into his ear, the lawyer saw the lights of Yeniseisk receding

behind him, while ahead was only the black night and the dark, rushing river.

The realization dawning on him that a hideous mistake of some kind had occurred, he half struggled to his feet, lifting up his voice in sharp expostulation.

But the only answer he got was the thrust of a musket-butt in the ribs, which curled him up writhing on his seat.

"For Heaven's sake!" he gasped, "What sort of an inferno is this I have fallen into?"

The man at his side, who happened to know English, leaned over toward him.

"This is a convict boat," he growled under his breath; "and if you and your companion are wise, you will quit kicking up this fuss, and do your share of the rowing."

"A convict boat!" shrieked Savage. "Oh, I say, this must be straightened out at once! I must see some one in charge!"

"Silence, fool!" The prisoner to whom he was handcuffed jerked him back to his seat. "Do you want another jolt in the ribs from the butt of that musket?"

"But—but—" stammered Savage, "I can't let myself be carried off this way. For pity's sake, point out the officer in charge and let me try to explain."

"Better not," the other exhorted grimly; "for bad as your lot is, you'd find that would simply make it worse."

"Listen, my friend," he went on in a low tone, "I know that a mistake has been made, and I'm sorry for you; but, if you try to appeal to the authorities, every prisoner on this boat will swear that you are Zasulitch. We of the 'cause' stand together; and if one of us gets a chance to escape, none of the rest will balk his game."

"The only chance for you," he concluded, "is to wait until you get back from Turukhansk, and then enter your complaint with the government."

"Back from Turukhansk?" repeated Savage. "And when will that be?"

The other gave an impassive shake of his head.

"Maybe next summer," he said, "if you are lucky, and—if you live!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### FEARSOME MOMENTS.

IF Kellogg and his wife had consulted their own inclinations, they would have remained in Yeniseisk no longer than was



necessary to shoot through the town at a gait of sixty miles an hour.

But in order to avoid arousing questions which might lead to suspicion, they deemed it wise to follow Savage's schedule; and this they found, from a note-book in the pocket of his coat, called for an hour's stop at the place to allow for supper and a general overhauling of the machine.

"It is taking a frightful risk, though," murmured Anna apprehensively. "Do you really think we dare chance it, Blair? We are almost certain to be recognized."

"Nonsense," he scoffed, although he was by no means as easy in his own mind as he tried to make out. "Why, I hardly know you myself, now that you are transformed into such a dapper-looking young man; and I am banking on the goggles and loss of beard to pull me through as well.

"Besides," he added more seriously, "we have got to stop, my dear; for there isn't enough petrol in our tanks to carry us over the next stage of our journey."

That settled the matter, of course; and accordingly, after a spectacular dash to the center of town, Kellogg brought his machine to a stop in front of the hotel.

He did it, too, coolly and nonchalantly, as a country doctor returning to his office from a round of calls; yet it required almost as much courage as to charge single-handed a battery of guns, for, as they discovered, almost the entire town was assembled to greet them.

Prominent, moreover, in a little group of dignitaries on the steps of the hotel, stood the commandant and officers of the barracks from which he and Anna had escaped only a couple of hours before.

"Keep up your nerve, my dear," muttered Blair, gripping hard at Anna's wrist. "It is the only thing which can save us now. We mustn't weaken for a single second."

There was no time to say more; for the crowd was closing in around the motor, and the mayor was approaching pompously to deliver an address of welcome.

"Dee-lighted!" exclaimed Kellogg, grabbing his honor's hand, and showing all his teeth in a Rooseveltian smile. "This is certainly bully."

It had suddenly flashed upon him that to carry off his part, he must appear aggressively and characteristically American; and the result showed that he had made no mistake.

The crowd cheered his use of the world-known phrases, and the officers on the steps of the hotel clapped their hands.

But an instant later Blair came within an ace of spoiling everything; for as he dismounted from the car, he involuntarily turned and held out his arms to help Anna alight.

She, however, with quick woman's wit turned it off by diving under the seat and handing out to him a tin despatch box in which were kept the maps and records of the trip.

Then, leaping lightly out on the other side of the machine, she made pretense of examining the speedometer.

The incident, therefore, passed unobserved by everybody except the chief of police, who stood in the background narrowly watching every movement of the two travelers.

Blair's constant scattering of American phrases and breezy, assured manner, however, had him guessing, and he didn't quite dare to interpose. He was hoping that the sergeant would return from his quest and resolve his doubts in regard to the strangers one way or another.

Meanwhile, Kellogg and Anna, followed by an admiring throng, had passed on into the dining-room of the hotel, and despite the strain upon them, were doing full justice to the meal provided.

But as they were about to finish Blair suddenly caught a signal from Anna, which, according to the secret code of communication they had invented during their prison career, meant:

"Danger! We are watched!"

He cast his eye about the room and saw what she meant. A stout, thick-set man at a table some little distance away was regarding them, not with the frank curiosity of every one else, but in a furtive, cautious manner.

He telegraphed back, while responding gracefully to some observation of the mayor's:

"You are right. We must 'beat it' in a hurry. Be ready to make a run for it, if necessary."

Then, glancing at his watch, he gave a start of affected surprise.

"By Jove, your honor, you folks here at Yeniseisk make me forget that time is precious. I'm fifteen minutes over schedule here now, and I'll have to hustle on the road to make it up. Good-by. Dee-lighted



to have met you all. I've had a bully time."

And, shaking hands with everybody, like a successful candidate, he pushed rapidly toward the door, thrusting Anna before him.

The automobile was drawn up outside, and hurriedly the two sprang aboard, Blair commencing with the inclination to believe that their misgivings had been baseless after all.

But as he reached out for the clutch, the figure of the thick-set man he had seen in the dining-room suddenly rose beside the front wheel, and a restraining hand was laid on his arm.

"I am the chief of police," said a voice of authority. "Come around to the station-house, please, while I examine your passports."

Blair gave the game up for lost. He had hoped that for so widely heralded an arrival as Savage, there would be only a perfunctory scrutiny of passports; but this fellow evidently smelled a mouse, and was going to verify the descriptions down to the last detail.

And, although he himself might pass in a general way as the travel-mad lawyer, there was hardly a question but that Anna's imposture of the mechanician would be detected.

Still, there was nothing to do—but bluff it out to the last gasp.

"Oh, pshaw!" he frowned. "I'm always losing time over those old passports. Can't you take a squint at 'em here, chief, and let us be on our way? You know we're all right."

The mayor even attempted to intercede, but the chief was adamant.

"No," he said. "It is the law that passports must be viséd at the police station. We will do it there."

"Moreover," he added significantly, "I note that the commandant of the barracks has gone home. As I think I may have need of him, I have sent for him, and will not pass these travelers until he arrives."

Then, leaping aboard the car, he directed Blair to run it around to the station-house.

To Kellogg's mind there was but one faint ray of hope in the situation—the chief was manifestly not dead sure of his ground.

There was just a chance that before he reached absolute certainty a way would be found out of the muddle; so he kept bluffing harder than ever in his talk, while he

signaled secretly to Anna to hold her nerve, and racked his brains to hit upon a feasible ruse.

They waited in the dingy police station, Blair inwardly all aquiver with anxiety, but outwardly only showing some natural impatience at the delay, until at last a messenger arrived to say that the commandant of the barracks was on his way, and would be there in a few moments.

Then the chief opened the passports—fortunately taking Kellogg's first—and began comparing him item by item with the written description:

"Height, five feet nine; weight, about 160 pounds; features, aquiline; eyes, blue-gray."

It all answered with reasonable accuracy, even down to the "hair and mustache streaked with gray," for the privations and anxieties of the last two months had added a full forty years to the young man's appearance.

The chief, with a little pucker of disappointment between his brows, laid aside the document and picked up the one supposed to describe Anna.

Kellogg braced himself for the imminent exposure. At that moment, too, he heard the door open, and knew that the commandant must have arrived.

Well, that settled it. The masquerade was over. Ten minutes more would see himself and Anna prisoners again and on their way back to their cells.

But it was not the commandant who came in; it was the sergeant whose jocular "tip" to the chief had really been the cause of all their present trouble.

At the sight of him the police official sprang to his feet, a look of relief in his eyes.

"Are these the people you told me to look out for?" he demanded.

"People I told you to look out for?"

"Yes; don't you remember you said your escaped convicts might come along in an automobile?"

"And you're holding these gentlemen on that?" The sergeant's jaw dropped; for, strange as it may seem, even he did not recognize Blair and Anna in their present guise.

He caught at the arm of the chief, and drew him quickly to one side.

"Great Heavens, you are making a terrible mistake!" he muttered. "Better apologize to these travelers and start them



on their way. Why, my prisoners were captured over two hours ago, and are now on the way to Turukhansk. See, I have the receipts for them here in my belt."

The chief didn't spend any more time examining passports. In fact, he evinced an almost feverish desire to accelerate the departure of the strangers in every way.

As he followed them to the door, stammering abject apologies, the commandant of the barracks came bustling up.

"You sent for me in a hurry, chief. Anything up?"

"Oh, no, your excellency. It is all a mistake."

Kellogg stepped forward.

"A fortunate mistake for me, colonel," he drawled with magnificent impudence, "since it gives me an opportunity to shake hands with you once more. You can bet I'll never forget Yeniseisk."

Then, with a parting wave of his cap, he leaped into the car and sent it flying out along the road.

A moment or two later they were crossing the bridge which spans the swift Yenisei.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE GAME AND THE PAWN.

THERE happened about this time to be published in the United States a brief paragraph announcing that Blair Kellogg, a former lieutenant in the army, but more recently engaged in private exploration in the interior of South America, had been drowned with all his party while investigating the upper reaches of the Amazon.

It was added that, although the catastrophe was reported solely on the authority of the natives of the locality, a careful governmental inquiry into the circumstances seemed to leave no doubt that the facts as given were substantially correct.

Nor, cruel as it may seem, were any different or more reassuring details communicated to the young man's family. They were left, like all the rest of the world, to believe that his bones were lying at the bottom of the mighty river where it wound its way through the shades of the tropical jungle.

The secret service of a government is a jealous mistress, taking no account of the heartaches of mother, father, sister, or brother, and requiring of its adherents absolute silence in order that its methods and

accomplishments may be absolutely safeguarded.

Blair Kellogg had fallen into misfortune in the quest upon which he had been sent; therefore, in order to shield his identity and prevent the asking of any embarrassing questions, it was necessary that his death should be reported from another part of the globe—a death which did not entirely preclude the possibility of resurrection, yet which was definite enough for the time being to serve all practical purposes.

So the powers-that-be at Washington decided for their own protection; yet at the same time their action was not without advantage to the young man himself. As the ordinary political prisoner, Zaslitch, argued the authorities, his treatment would be less severe and his chances for escape more favorable than if especial attention were directed to him as the spy of another nation.

Accordingly, the misleading piece of news from South America was duly spread abroad through the channels of the press with every indication of verisimilitude; and no one, even to the victim's nearest kin, questioned for a moment that it was true.

Many a mysterious disappearance or alleged tragedy in strange and unfrequented quarters of the world might be cleared up if the archives of a certain obscure department at Washington were opened to the light of day.

But the best-laid plans of mice and men—even of secret-service chiefs—sometimes go agley; and it chanced that on the very day the newspaper account of Kellogg's death appeared a letter from far-away Siberia was delivered to a Russian tobacconist whose name, according to the sign above his little shop in Poughkeepsie, was St. Bohanovsky.

The cigar-dealer had read the item in that morning's papers concerning the death of the former lieutenant, but it had conveyed little to his mind.

Many generations of schoolboys had passed through the doors of his place to supply themselves with magazines and tablets and sweets and cigarettes from his heterogeneous stock, and it was hardly to be expected that he would all at once identify one of them with the subject of a mere newspaper despatch read at random.

The receipt of the letter from his brother, the old Greek priest, however, evoked a train of memory.



Casting his mind back, he recalled without much difficulty the lively, yellow-headed boy who had been one of his good customers some ten or twelve years before, and who now, according to the letter, was a political prisoner of Russia under the name of Zaslitch.

"Blair Kellogg," he repeated. Yes, that was undoubtedly what the youngster had been called by his companions.

The name, too, struck familiarly upon his ear. He had seen or heard it somewhere else than in his brother's letter; and that very recently.

Puzzling over the matter, it did not take him long to recollect the bit of newspaper information he had read just after breakfast, and taking down the paper, he read the item once more, but with new interest.

There could be no mistake as to the name. There it was, "Blair Kellogg," as plain as print could make it, and searching back through the dim recesses of his memory, he seemed to recall that the schoolboy he had in mind had afterward gone to West Point, and later into the army.

Yet, if it were true that the young man had been drowned in South America, how could he at a later date be showing up in the guise of a Siberian exile, as stated in the old priest's letter.

It was too much of a conundrum for St. Bohanovsky to answer. He could only rumple up his brows and swear, and tug at his beard, in his absolute inability to reconcile the two assertions.

While he was struggling with his quandary, though, a customer of long standing who Bohanovsky judged to have started in at about the same period as Kellogg, strolled into the shop, and the perplexed Russian promptly put the question to him.

"You know Blair Kellogg, hey?" he demanded.

"Blair Kellogg? Surely. I suppose you also saw the article in this morning's paper, eh? Well, it's terrible, of course, but as I said to my wife when I read it, it hardly comes to me as a surprise. Blair was always one of those reckless, adventurous chaps that might have been expected to come to some such end."

"But eet ees not his end," asserted Bohanovsky. "Worse 'n dat have happen to him."

"Ah! You have later news, eh? Let me see the paper with it in, will you? I'm interested."

"Eet ees not in no paper. Eet ees in a letter to me from my brozzer in Siberia."

"A letter from your brother in Siberia!" The customer began to look decidedly puzzled himself. "But what can your brother know about this disaster, clear over on the other side of the world? And you say he writes that the affair is worse than reported?"

"Mooch worse." Bohanovsky nodded. "He says that Blair Kellogg ees married."

The other could not restrain a smile of quizzical amusement.

"Well, of course," he said. "That is largely a case of individual judgment. I'd rather be drowned than married to some woman I know; but again—"

"No, no, you do not understand," broke in the cigar-dealer. "Eet ees not zat Blair Kellogg ees married, eet ees zat he have got married in Siberia, after w'at ze paper say he ees drowned."

"Got married in Siberia after he was drowned? What are you talking about 'Saint'?"

"Zat ees w'at I want to know myself. Here eet ees, yet already. Ze paper say zat Blair Kellogg ees drowned in Souf' America in July, and my brozzer write me zat in August he marry a political prisoner called Zaslitch, but who is really American man of name Blair Kellogg. Now w'at you say?"

"Oh, that is simple enough. The American your brother met was simply another Blair Kellogg. It is not such an uncommon name but that two people might bear it."

"Yes, zat ees w'at I t'ink, too. But my brozzer write zat zis man tell him 'bout me, an' how ze schoolboys w'en he go here to Poughkeepsie all call me 'Saint.' Maybe," with a sudden suggestion, "ze man w'at got drown' he anozzer Blair Kellogg?"

"No." The customer snatched up a morning paper from the counter, and turning to the item in question, hurriedly scanned it afresh. "No, there can be no mistake here. 'Blair Kellogg, of Vigo, Illinois,' it says, 'former lieutenant in the Engineering Corps of U. S. A.' That's he beyond a doubt."

"Here." He leaned excitedly across the cigar-case toward Bohanovsky. "Read that letter of your brother's to me, and be careful that you make no mistakes in your translation. There may be more in this thing than appears on the surface."



As a result of the reading, the customer returned to his office—he was a prosperous lawyer in the up-river city—and instead of the letter of condolence which he had intended to indite to the father of his old schoolmate, wrote out a full account of the circumstances which had come to his knowledge, and enclosed a verified translation of the Greek priest's fraternal missive.

"I do not want to raise any false hopes," he concluded, "but I certainly think, in view of this conflicting evidence, that the reported death of your son will bear further investigation."

Mr. Kellogg, the elder, very naturally agreed with this opinion, and so did the Congressman from that district before whom the stricken father promptly laid the facts, and who happened to be a warm personal friend of the family.

Further, when the Congressman, in his quest for information, found that he was being put off and evaded in certain high quarters, he announced his purpose of bringing up the matter on the floor of the House.

Then things began to move. It will never do to have a subject of the sort discussed in public debate, and possibly made a political issue.

In fact, the gossiping pen of a remote Greek priest, and the puzzled wonder of a Poughkeepsie tobacconist, had served to stir the undercurrents of Washington officialdom in a way that had not happened in a generation.

Behind closed doors at the State, War, and Navy Building, high dignitaries met in hurried conclave, and discussed with bated breath what on earth they should do in regard to the Kellogg case.

At last, when all the resources of red tape and of the various "circumlocution offices" had been agreed lacking for such an emergency, the matter was put up direct to the President.

To the uninitiated it may be explained that "putting a matter up to the President" simply means that it is to be dealt with openly, above-board, and in a plain, common sense sort of way.

Nations in their intercourse with one another are a good deal like children playing at a game.

Each one is perfectly well aware what the others are up to, but under the rules this knowledge must never be admitted. In-

stead, an atmosphere of elaborate pretense must be maintained, and the simplest transaction veiled with all sorts of subterfuges and claptrap.

Occasionally, though, the situation gets to a point where diplomatic ruses fail, and plain speaking has to be employed. Then the rulers of the respective countries get down to business and have it out, man to man.

For example, the case of Blair Kellogg having now reached this stage, the President sat down and wrote a letter direct to the "Little Father," which was in effect as follows:

As you are well aware, both our fool governments are playing a game, the point of which is to discover the other's resources in the way of forts, armament, and general military equipment. In the course of the play, you have happened to take into camp one of our pawns; and although ordinarily we wouldn't think of troubling you about so insignificant a matter, such a fuss is being kicked up over here that unless you speedily return the pawn aforesaid, this whole international pastime may be ventilated and put a stop to, and a lot of valiant bureaucrats on both sides of the water lose their jobs.

P. S.—The pawn mentioned goes under the name of Dmitry Zasulitch, and has been sentenced to Siberia as a political offender.

Quick as the cable could bring back the word came a reply that imperial pardon had been granted to Dmitry Zasulitch, and that as soon as he could be located he would be shipped with all due expedition to the United States.

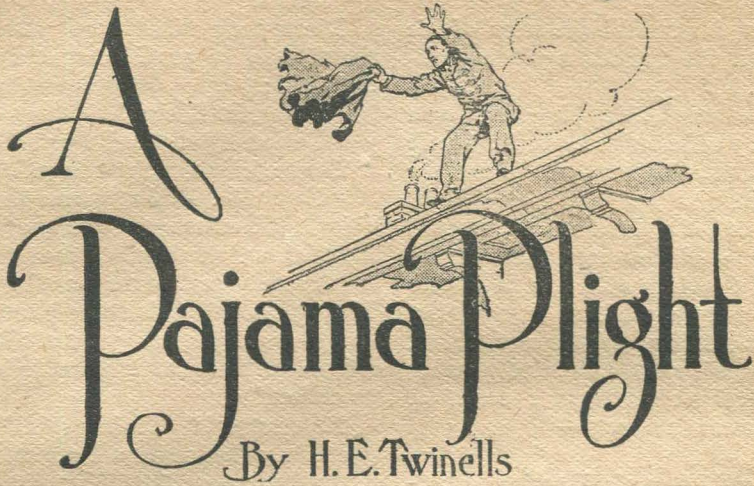
Then, disclaiming the usual red tape methods of inquiry, swift telegrams flashed out across Asia to take up the trail of the prisoner from point to point, until finally he was traced to Yeniseisk, and the word was returned that he, with other prisoners, had started by boat only that evening for Turukhansk.

On receipt of this, St. Petersburg wired orders that he and his companion—for naturally the fact of the marriage had been learned by this time—must be overtaken and brought back with all possible despatch.

Meanwhile Blair and Anna, all unconscious of this sequence of events, were running away from that imperial pardon as fast as they could drive their sputtering motors.

*(To be continued.)*





# A Pajama Plight

By H. E. Twinells

**B**INKS worked in his pajamas because the valve on the steam-radiator in his bedroom was out of order, and he and the janitor weren't on speaking terms. Binks lived alone with his mother in a nice little apartment up-town, in a big new building, where the higher up you go the fewer tenants there are. Binks lived on the top, or sixth, floor; and there was only one other family in that wing of the building.

On that account Binks allowed himself many small, pleasant privileges, such as pacing back and forth in the public corridor for exercise and going to the mail-chute in his pajamas.

Awful as it may seem, and is, Binks did that thing. But, then, they were lavender pajamas, heavy, hand-embroidered. If a South American or East Indian had worn them for his dress-suit he would have seemed positively overdressed. They were ornate, and perfect, as pajamas go.

Binks always dawdled an hour or so each morning in them while he ate his cracked wheat, smoked his cigarette, and answered his mail. It had become his privilege, his pleasure, and his habit to consider himself dressed even when he had nothing on but pajamas.

One morning—a bitterly cold Tuesday, last January—Mr. Binks rose from bed, slipped his pink toes into lovely lavender bed-slippers, and sauntered to the kitchen, where he put over his own cracked wheat, for his mother was out of town.

While waiting for it to boil he returned to his room and read his mail leisurely.

When he smelled the cracked wheat burning he rushed to the kitchen, saved what he could, dined on the salvage, and went back to his mail.

Binks was an auctioneer—quite a high-class man, with several interests—so his mail was of the utmost importance. Having carefully answered it all, Binks lighted a cigarette, took his letters, and strolled to the front door.

He opened the door a crack, fixed the lock so he could reenter, listened to make sure that the hall was dead silent as usual, glanced across at the mail-chute, not ten feet away, poised a second in a flutter of excitement, for it was quite a spicy adventure, thrust his head farther through the door, and finally made his dash for the chute.

He made it all right, and slipped the letters into the slot, his breath quickening with the adventure, as it always did. Thrilled with another success, he scurried back to the door and put his hand on the knob.

Locked!

His eyes bulged out, his hand shook like a storm-tossed leaf.

"What shall I do?" he cried, addressing the door.

The door made no answer.

He pounded on it.

"Confound it! Nobody home! Mother out of town!" he cried.

It was useless to speculate on how the thing had happened. It had. And that was quite enough.

Possibly the door had already been fixed on the latch and by pressing the little brass



button he had fixed it so the lock would snap shut on him.

His right hand searched the seam of his pajama trousers. He was feeling for a pocket and his key.

"Fool!" he cried, slapping his own wrist. "Don't you know that pockets aren't stylish in pajamas? Except one to carry a handkerchief in."

He pulled out the article in question, and looked as though he were seriously contemplating the shedding of a tear in it. He shivered as a chilly draft blew through the hall from the open door on the roof above.

"I wish it were a sheet," he cried, glaring at the handkerchief. "Then I could at least wrap it around me, and—"

*Bang!*

Binks jumped like a rabbit trying to out-leap a load of buckshot.

It was only the gentle hall-boy getting his morning exercise on the sheet-iron door to the elevator, made out of that reliable material to stand it.

The shock was bad in itself, but the horrible thing to Binks was that it was the door on the *sixth floor* that was banging.

Somebody was getting off.

He was discovered! Lost!

He tried vainly to cover his informal attire with the handkerchief. He did manage to smooth down his mussed hair, compose his features into a sickly smile, and slip into the six-inch niche formed by the doorway. He only wished that he weren't so stout, for it was evident he protruded from the doorway at least nine inches into the hall.

Footsteps were coming up the corridor. They were light steps. A lady!

Binks broke into cold perspiration, and tried to pretend he was fixing the door or something.

The footsteps stopped. A soprano voice at his very ear cried:

"Playin' hide an' seek with yourself?"

Binks turned. There stood a blue-uniformed boy with a telegram, staring at him in utter bewilderment.

"Well, what the deuce do you want?" demanded Binks belligerently, his nerve returning as he noted that the youth was only half his size.

"I want to ring de door-bell you're pressin' wid your ribs."

"What for?"

"I got a telegram for de party what lives there."

"What's the name?"

"Binks."

Binks drew himself up proudly with all the dignity he could command in pajamas, and said:

"I am Mr. Binks."

"Go wan!" mocked the youth derisively. "You're de nut escaped from Matte'wan."

"I *am* Mr. Binks," came the firm repetition. "You may deliver the wire to me."

"Yes, an' den again I may not."

"There's my name on the door," and Binks pointed to his name-plate.

"How do I know you ain't fakin'?" Besides, dere's a quarter extra delivery charges to collect."

"A quarter!" Binks again fumbled with the seam of his pajama trousers. "I haven't a cent in these clothes," he said finally. "If you'll wait till I can get the janitor with his master-key I'll get the money for you."

"No, you don't. I got to deliver dis to Mr. Binks, see! None of that fakin' goes here."

The boy shoved the yellow envelope into his hip-pocket.

"Give me that telegram," cried Binks, remembering suddenly that he was expecting a business message that morning, and that its contents were of the utmost importance.

"But how do I know you're Binks, and how do I get me quarter!"

"Can't you take my word for it?"

"I never take a man's word for anything when I get a chance to take his money instead."

"Well, I've had enough of this fooling," cried Binks, making a grab for the boy. But the messenger eluded him, and dashed down the hall to the elevator.

"Here!" cried Binks, pattering after him in his lavender bath-slippers. "I'll get the elevator-boy to tell you whether I am Mr. Binks or not."

But even as he spoke Binks remembered that he hadn't tipped the hall-boys on Christmas, and it was doubtful whether the West Indian in charge of the elevator would care to identify him under the circumstances.

"All right. All I want is to deliver it to de right guy," answered the messenger, pressing the bell.

The elevator came bounding up. Binks stood eagerly beside the boy, waiting, hoping. The elevator stopped, and the sixth-floor door banged open.



Binks clutched his pajamas and gave a leap that landed him on the eighth stair of the flight ascending to the roof.

As he had been on the point of asking the hall-boy for a reference, the lady who lived across the hall from him started to get out of the elevator.

It was then that Binks jumped.

He didn't stop to look behind. Clearing the last six stairs, in his eagerness to hide he dashed through the roof door, swinging open, and slammed it behind him. There was an inch and a half of snow on the roof, and a washerwoman hanging out clothes.

The washerwoman threw up her hands and gave a scream that the man tending the furnace down below might have heard.

Doubtless she mistook Binks for a suit of bewitched pajamas come to life.

He hurried toward her to assure her that he was only Binks and harmless. But she uttered another ear-piercing shriek, and dumped her whole basket of damp, clinging clothes on Binks's blameless head.

When Binks finally plowed his way through the billows of white stuff and again stood braving the wintry blasts in his pajamas, he saw the roof door bang to and leaped despairingly toward it. What if the frightened woman should—

He reached the door and twisted the handle. It stuck. He jerked at it. Then slowly he began to understand the truth. The crazed washerwoman had locked him out.

Below he heard a jabber of excited voices. He began shivering with fear and frigidity. For the first time he realized that his feet were cold. The deep snow should have kept them warm, but it didn't.

He looked for some sheltered place. There wasn't any. He looked for something to wrap around his congealed form. There wasn't anything.

Back and forth he picked his way through the snow on the roof, like a chicken with frozen feet. He was forced to walk to keep warm, and though the snow gave him chills he had to wade on manfully, back and forth, slapping his blue arms across his goose-fleshy chest and blowing steam from his mouth and nostrils.

A severe nor'-by-nor'easter was blowing. Binks began to run. Old stories of horrors told him in his nursery days came back vividly. "Frozen in the Forest," "Eaten by the Wolves," and "Lost in the Blizzard."

It began to snow. Big flaky flakes that drifted down his neck and melted ere they

reached his spinal column. Binks snatched a frozen sheet off a clothes-line and wrapped it around him. Then he tried to climb up the chimney and nurse a little warmth out of that. But it was coated with ice and he slipped back futilely each time.

His hands were so numb he had no sensation in them. Another thing that drove him to madness was the thought of that telegram. It was to tell him whether to call at a certain office in Brooklyn that morning in regard to an auction contract. He wondered what the wire contained. Beyond a doubt he was losing a big business chance. If they had wired him to come and he didn't show up, somebody else would get the opportunity.

Finally he was so near frozen that in sheer desperation he jerked a red petticoat from the clothes-line and rushed to the side of the building, hung far over the ledge, and waved the petticoat frantically, shouting, "Help!"

Help came at last. He heard the roof door burst open and the tramp of heavy feet. He turned and met the relief party, staggering back as he found a grim-faced squadron of police.

A mad frenzy shook him. He wouldn't be taken alive. The cold had deranged his mind. He made a break past the policemen and rushed for the door. If they caught him he wouldn't be able to get to that Brooklyn office in time to cinch the contract.

He eluded his pursuers and dashed through the door. The hall-boy and janitor, standing close together, met him with extinguishers. Forced back by the streams of water, Binks found himself between two fires. He was surrounded. A moment later a heavy hand caught his pajama jacket and held him tight.

Binks fainted away.

When he awakened he found himself the guest of the city, lying on a hard bench in a police-court.

"I think an insanity commission should be appointed," somebody was saying.

Binks jumped to his feet.

"I'm not insane!" he cried. "I'm not nutty. I was just out for a stroll in my pajamas—I mean, I always wear pajamas in the morning, and I can prove that I am absolutely insane—crazy—I mean there is no question in regard to my sanity. I am as—"

"There, there, that's all right; just keep your pajamas on," said one of the policemen, tapping his forehead significantly.



The harder Binks tried to assure them of his sanity the worse he made the mess. Evidence was strictly against him. But finally, by getting a prominent ward politician, a doctor friend and three business references, he managed to borrow a bunch of miscellaneous clothing and obtained permission to go to Brooklyn in the care of a keeper.

Breathless and palpitating, he arrived at his destination, his pajamas in a bundle under his arm, a fireman's helmet on his head, and shoes that didn't mate.

There was utter consternation among the two gentlemen in the office.

"You here, Binks! cried one, jumping to his feet and recognizing his friend with great difficulty through the disguise.

"Yes, what's left of me."

"But I wired you not to come."

"Great Heavens!" cried Binks. "Then I went through all this for nothing. I thought the telegram surely said for me to come."

He began to rant. The whole sum of injustice and injury he had been subject to almost overwhelmed him.

"Here I have braved the frozen plains of Siberia, the sanitary—I mean the sanity commission, and all in hopes of a final reward. Why didn't I beg, borrow, or steal a quarter and find out the worst at once."

"But it isn't so bad!" cried his friend. "We've been telephoning you for the past hour. We couldn't get you. The hall-boy said you'd gone crazy."

Binks made a mental vow hereafter to tip the hall-boy—at least on Christmas if at no other time.

"But how do you mean it isn't so bad? If you telegraphed me not to come, it means I've lost the business."

"Not at all. Another fellow put in a

lower bid than you for the job and we wired you not to come, but this other fellow hasn't showed up and we've got to cinch the contract now, and it's yours."

Binks leaned back weakly on a handy desk and tucked the bundle of pajamas closer under his arm.

"Then it was lucky I didn't read the telegram that fool messenger-boy Lad."

"It sure was. You're about two thousand in. If you hadn't showed up just at this time, if you'd been ten minutes later we'd have had to give the work to somebody else."

"Then it's a good job I got locked out and couldn't read the telegram. It was lucky, too, that I waved that red petticoat and hollered for help. If I hadn't done that I'd still be on the roof."

"What the deuce are you talking about?" demanded the friend.

"Don't mind him, he's crazy," put in the keeper.

Binks rose in his wrath and punched the keeper in the eye.

Two weeks later his case came to trial, and he got off with a fine of two hundred dollars for assaulting an officer. But Binks felt it was worth it. He paid the fine out of his two thousand profit on the auction deal, and purchased a dozen suits of pale lavender pajamas with part of the balance.

Most any day now, if you'll lurk in the corridor up at Binks's apartment-house around ten in the morning, you can see Binks sneak through the door with his morning mail in his hand and make for the mail-chute. He is clad in pajamas, but over them he wears a heavy winter overcoat and there are overshoes on his feet, and in the pocket of the overcoat is a pair of ear-muffs and a thick woolen muffler.

## CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,  
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;  
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,  
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but one objection to it—  
That, verily, I'm much afraid  
I should, in some unlucky minute,  
Forsake the mistress for the maid.

*Thomas Moore.*



# TREMBLING EARTH



By  
Louis  
Gorham

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BERTRAM RILEY, a Northerner visiting in Georgia, goes on a hunting expedition at night with his friends, becomes separated from them, loses his horse when the latter takes fright at the approach of a forest fire, and after a frightful experience in escaping himself from the latter, is hopelessly lost in the depths of the great Okefenokee (Trembling Earth) swamp. With scarcely any garments left to his back, he is wandering around after hours and hours spent in the dismal place, when he espies a man about twenty yards away coming toward him. But when the other looks up and sees Riley, he suddenly wheels about and makes off rapidly in the opposite direction.

Bert pursues, and being swifter of foot, overtakes the stranger, who turns out to be a peculiar individual, called simply Whiteman. But he takes Bert to the shack where he lives on an island in the swamp, gives him a suit of clothes, and makes him otherwise comfortable. He has a half-breed, Ned, as a servant, and the latter Bert overhears giving instructions to some one to send a message to his (Bert's) friends that he has taken a train North and will explain by letter. In brief, he soon finds himself a practical prisoner, with mystery on every hand.

Hearing a strange noise in the underbrush after supper, while sitting on the porch with Whiteman, he demands twice to know what it is, but receiving no reply, suddenly seizes his host by the throat to compel an answer. But the other collapses in his grasp. With a terrified presentiment of what he may discover, Bert puts his ear to the man's heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHAT MADE THE SWAMP.

**A**CRY of intense relief escaped Bert when he heard a feeble beating. He rushed into the hut, got water and bathed Whiteman's face and wrists.

Soon he opened his eyes.

"Oh!" he moaned, and drew away from Riley with a shudder.

"It's all right," Bert whispered. "I will not hurt you."

"It was Ned," gasped Whiteman, still terribly frightened. "He has gone away on an errand for me."

Like a flash Bert understood. Ned was gone! This was why he had not heard the commotion on the porch nor made any sound when Bert rushed into the hut for water.

Ned had probably departed before

Whiteman had come onto the porch. For some reason they had not wanted Bert to know of this departure and the half-breed had sneaked out of one of the windows rather than pass through the only door and run the risk of Bert's seeing him.

Another thing dawned upon the Northerner at the same time.

Whiteman was a coward! Without his servant he was completely in Bert's power. That he feared the Northerner was proved by his hasty explanation the moment he regained consciousness.

Bert's brain was working rapidly. He was now understanding many things, but there was still much to be unraveled. He sat perfectly quiet, thinking.

He believed Whiteman to be capable of guiding him out of the swamp. And Whiteman was now under his control. But Bert knew how futile it would be to at-

Began December ARGOSY. Single copies, 10 cents.



tempt to travel in the night, so he determined, for the present, to do all in his power to quiet Whiteman and resume their friendly relations; then, in the morning, force his host to accompany him into the open!

Bert realized that risk lay in this course, for if Ned should return before morning, the scheme would fall to the ground.

Yet, if he continued to intimidate Whiteman, it would only mean that the coward would flee. He might perhaps wait until Bert slept, but sooner or later he would slip away and remain in hiding until his body-guard returned.

"I am sorry," Bert said presently, "that I behaved so. I apologize. I was unnerved and the noise frightened me." Then, as if just apprehending the situation, he added: "Why did you attempt to scare me? It was not kind, after all the harrowing experiences I have gone through in the last few days. Why didn't you tell me at once that it was Ned?"

As he had expected, Whiteman jumped at the chance of so simple an explanation.

"I am sorry that I didn't speak," he replied. "It was a poor joke."

Both were silent. Bert's scheme was working better than he had dared hope.

"You spoke of harrowing experiences," Whiteman went on presently. "I know you were in the fire over on the mainland, but tell me about it. I think it must have swept across one end of the Okefenokee. We could see the light over there. It was extraordinary at this time of the year when the woods are wet and green. But what were your experiences?"

Bert gave a brief but vivid recital of his adventures. He described the fire and his refuge in the pit. Whiteman became more and more interested as the narrative progressed and asked numerous pertinent questions.

When he finally finished, peace had been reestablished between the two men. Bert sat calmly smoking, nursing his sunburns and pondering about the morrow.

When he thought the silence had lasted as long as was safe he asked why the swamp had never been drained.

"Draining Okefenokee would be a bad thing," Whiteman responded, "for it would necessarily kill the fish and water animals, and that would menace the country round about; it would also put a quietus on the production of cypress timber, and cypress is

the greatest material resource of the swamp, though there are pine and various hardwoods in almost their primeval condition.

"If it had not been for the water in the swamp that fire, night before last, would have swept the entire place, leaving nothing."

Bert was silent. This reasoning surprised him, for he had always imagined a swamp was a thing to be drained as soon as possible.

"Do you know," Whiteman continued, "that this Okefenokee is a wonderfully rich country. Most people think a swamp is a hotbed for malaria, and most swamps are, but not Okefenokee. It is non-alluvial and malaria is pretty scarce in these parts. One bad thing about living in here is the drinking water. It is rather warm in summer and always full of flecks of peat, but it doesn't make you sick."

"And speaking of peat, there is lots of it and one of these days when fuel is growing scarce Okefenokee will be a gold-mine."

"There is a fine supply of game and fish! Oh! I tell you there is no healthier nor more attractive spot in the world than this property, that is if you can stand a little exposure and fatigue."

Bert was listening attentively. When he saw that Whiteman seemed to have no more to say he inquired: "What do you think caused the swamp? Was it just low ground?"

"Low ground!" repeated Whiteman. "Low ground! Why, it is one hundred and fifteen feet above the sea level!"

"Why doesn't it drain off then?"

"Because there is a broad, low ridge that heads it off from the ocean. This ridge dams up the waters of the swamp."

"I have heard that this ridge was caused by a flexure or folding of the earth's crust. When it was thrown up, it left a basin on its inland side. This soon filled with water, much of which probably seeped out of the sandy soil of the pine lands. This shallow lake then began to fill with vegetation. And—"\*

Whiteman stopped suddenly and turning to Bert added: "You are sleepy, suppose we turn in."

Riley was tired but not sleepy; however, he made no objection, and lay down with a sense of having accomplished a great deal.

\*For his facts about the formation of the Okefenokee the author wishes to express his indebtedness to Mr. R. M. Harper, whose article in the *Popular Science Monthly* has also been helpful to him.



He had completely quieted the fears of his host and while doing so had learned a lot about the swamp.

He lay on his cot and thought of his coming freedom. His sunburns felt as if the skin had been torn and hot sand sprinkled over him. But even this could not drive away the thrilling knowledge of his approaching liberty.

Afterward he dreamed about it, but just where the reality left off and vision began he could not say.

He was roused when it seemed that he had only been asleep a few minutes.

It was daylight. He heard moans from Whiteman. Bert listened for a moment and then realized that the man was tossing about restlessly.

He asked if he slept and Whiteman only groaned. Bert then got up and went across to him.

Whiteman raised his head. The face was flushed and his eyes bright and glassy with fever.

Bert sat down and put his hand upon the man's hot brow.

"What is it?" he asked.

Whiteman seemed to rouse from his stupor, but did not reply, and turning over again, lay quiet. Evidently he was stricken down suddenly with some desperate illness.

Bert stirred about and got breakfast for himself. His heart was like lead. His chance of escape had vanished. Whiteman was ill, much too ill to lead him out of the swamp, and even if he could give directions it would be inhuman to leave a man in his condition alone on an island in the heart of the wilderness.

Bert had a hard fight with himself before he at last determined to stay and care for the sick man until Ned returned. In some ways it seemed foolish, and in others it was wise, for if he left the hut without guidance, where would he go? Yesterday he would have risked finding his own way out, but now greater knowledge had rendered him more fearful.

After breakfast he sat near the sleeping man, who roused occasionally and begged for water.

Bert gave it to him and he drank greedily, but in his eyes was no hint of recognition.

Toward noon he grew more restless, and began talking in his delirium. Bert knew nothing about disease and was terribly frightened. He thought Whiteman dying.

He did what he could, but that was little or nothing.

Whiteman dozed between his fits of talking and Bert sat wretchedly beside him. He wondered constantly what would become of him if Whiteman should die before Ned returned.

Would Ned think he had murdered him? Would the half-breed guide him out of the swamp? Or would he go away and leave him to find his way as best he could?

At about two o'clock Whiteman turned, and awakening from his doze, spoke to Bert. And he spoke intelligibly! Bert almost danced for joy.

"How are you feeling?" he cried.

"I'm better," replied Whiteman. He insisted upon getting up and sitting in a chair. He was very weak, and soon had to be helped back to bed. Bert was alarmed lest there would be a relapse into the delirium.

But after a little the sufferer called him to his side.

"I'm very sick," he said faintly; "I need medicine. You must go to Daddy Dave for me. He will give you something for fever."

"How can I find Daddy Dave?"

"If you give me a pencil and paper I'll draw you a map," Whiteman said. "You go most of the way in the dugout."

"But," cried Bert, "I can't leave you like this. Not until Ned returns."

"Ned will not be back for another day, and I must have medicine. I am in no danger now, but a few days of the fever I believe will kill me."

Bert brought pencil and paper and Whiteman nervously traced a route.

It looked perfectly simple. Daddy Dave lived only four miles away and Whiteman said Bert could go and return before dark.

He gave him a compass, and with a few parting instructions Bert started.

Things were happening so fast he could not think connectedly. This was the day that he had hoped for liberty, and here he was attending to the needs of his captor!

## CHAPTER IX.

### DEADLY PERIL.

WITH little trouble Bert found the dugout and got into it, but paddling was another matter. It seemed to go every way



except as he wanted it. So at first his progress was ridiculously slow.

The early part of the journey was in the hot sun and Bert felt his sunburns taking fire through his thick shirt.

He had become almost accustomed to their constant sting, but here in the glare they gave him acute pain.

He paddled about three miles, mostly in the open, but now and then his way lay across the water-flooded grass and he was forced to pole.

Several times he stuck in shallows and had a time getting afloat again, for he dared not step from the dugout as the ground beneath was muck, certainly as deep as the paddle and perhaps even deeper.

His map had proved very accurate, and when he left the boat at the point designated and entered the bog, he was confident of successfully traversing the remaining mile.

But he counted without due regard to the nature of the country. It was so soggy that he was forced to bare his feet and legs and flounder through as best he could.

He did very well until his legs came in contact with the roots of the wampee. Then suffering commenced. At first he felt a burning sensation and then it was as though his skin had been scraped off and red pepper was being rubbed into the raw flesh.

Bert did not know what it was that had happened and thought he was stung by some animal hidden in the muck.

He put his hands down to chafe his tortured limbs and they also came in contact with the wampee!

He howled with pain, and began flopping about wildly. At this time he was knee-deep in mud and he could not get out in a hurry.

When finally he reached a little spot of firm ground, he sat down and nursed his suffering members. It felt as though a thousand needles were being jabbed into him.

When he was able to proceed again, he found he had deviated from his course and was forced to go a considerable distance about to avoid crossing a creek that Whiteman had warned him to fight shy of.

In order to get back to the proper point, Bert walked along the edge of the creek, and had only progressed a short distance when he heard a blood-curdling noise.

He looked about, uncertain where to flee.

He was terrified, and spying a tree with low branches, he sought safety in it.

From this place of vantage he was able to see what had caused the noise. It proved to be an alligator more than twelve feet long!

At the creek's edge he was lashing the water with his tail and bellowing.

On the far side was another and even larger one.

The two were evidently enraged and soon made toward each other. They met in the middle of the creek and a royal battle ensued.

They slashed about with their heavy tails and fought furiously.

To Bert, looking down upon them, it seemed as though some volcanic disturbance was occurring beneath the stream.

The animals twisted and struggled about each other, emitting the most horrible bellows.

They sank beneath the water and fought on the bottom, sending great clouds of mud to the surface.

Then, suddenly, they came to the top. One was breathing heavily and had a nasty wound in his throat, but he seemed still possessed of the most terrible strength and fierceness. Bert had always thought these reptiles sluggish, but now their movements were remarkable considering their great size.

The water boiled about them, they hugged, twisted about each other, and again sank to the bottom, and then after a time only one arose!

Fascinated, Bert watched the victorious animal emerge from the stream and wriggle himself slowly toward the tree beneath which he lay down.

Bert dared not descend within the reach of those awful jaws and that powerful tail that could easily break his leg with a single blow.

Yet he could not long remain where he was. Whiteman was in sore need and here he was cut off at the last stage in his errand of mercy.

The alligator lay looking at him with one eye. He seemed perfectly inert and was so like the color of the ground and surrounding grasses that Bert could easily mistake him for a water-soaked log.

The monster stared at Bert with unintelligent eyes and the man had no idea whether the animal saw him or not.



But at last he seemed to weary of his watch and without a backward glance moved sleepily toward the stream and stretched out comfortably in the sunshine on the muddy grass.

It took Bert only a few minutes to get well away from the spot.

As he was rounding the headwaters of the stream he saw three other alligators, but they appeared unconscious of his nearness and quite taken up with their own sunny dreams.

Bert was delighted that he had not encountered a single snake. At the start he had been very apprehensive of these.

After a little more walking he came in sight of a cabin. It was not far away, and Bert was delighted to think that his journey was so nearly over.

He went forward more rapidly, and rather heedlessly.

Suddenly, when he was within a comparatively short distance from the house, he stumbled into a clump of undergrowth and fell flat. Just as he was struggling up he felt something pierce the calf of his leg like a stiletto. Then he saw a hideous scaly water-moccasin, and knew that it had bitten him! The venomous creature was about five feet long and at least a foot around its blunt body.

Bert saw him the second after he had struck. The creature lay at full length, but was beginning to recoil. The terrified man gave a shriek and started for the cabin, realizing his danger. He knew that the snake was one of the most deadly known; that recovery from its bite was almost in the nature of a miracle.

As he ran the sharp, stinging sensation moved up his leg. He supposed that the poison was entering his blood and working its way over his body.

He dared not take the few steps necessary to reach the cabin and possible succor, so he began yelling for help, meanwhile tearing off his shirt and ripping it into strips, which he tied about his leg just above and below the bite.

He made these bands as tight as he possibly could, hoping thus to cut off the circulation of the poisoned blood.

Then he bound his waist in the same manner, fearing lest the death-dealing fluid might already have progressed that far. His desire was to prevent it reaching his heart. He continued to cry for help.

Before he had tied the last knot the door

of the cabin opened and an old negro man emerged.

"Who dere?"

"Come quick. I'm snake-bit. Help me. It was a moccasin."

"My Heavens!" was all he said.

He got to Bert with remarkable speed.

"How long?" he asked, noting with approving eye the tight bandages.

"Just this minute," Bert jabbered. He was horribly frightened.

"You lie down flat," cried the old negro.

"Stay still. I get er chicken. It ain't swoll yit."

The negro left him and Bert lay still.

He felt nauseated. A cold perspiration stood out all over him.

The stinging pain was growing more intense. He feared he would die there, alone, before the old man returned.

He felt the leg swelling and looked at it.

The veins were standing out like great purple cords. The wound made by the serpent's fangs was very insignificant-looking, but the flesh about it was puffing up and discoloring.

His head began to swim, but now the negro was again beside him. Something warm was put on his leg.

He felt this warm thing palpitate.

He raised up and saw a little, quivering chicken—unpicked—pressed against the bite. It had been split open down the back and was faintly fluttering. The little heart still beat against Bert's leg.

The old negro held it there with one hand, while within the other he grasped a live chicken by the legs. He held a knife between his teeth, and the blade still dripped with the blood of the first victim.

When the carcass began to turn cold the negro removed his hand and it fell away. Bert noticed that the flesh of the dead fowl was quite green.

Then the old man heartlessly ripped open the second chicken and clapped the struggling thing upon the bite.

"Now you hold dis one," said the negro, "while I go get de snake-stone. You is still full er p'ison and swellin' mighty bad."

## CHAPTER X.

### SERIOUS BUSINESS.

IN a few minutes the negro returned. He had with him a small stone of a light



grayish color. It seemed more like a composition of some sort than a real stone.

The negro at once removed the dead chicken and applied the snake-stone to the swelling. He held it firmly there and Bert lay quite still, looking up into the sky and wondering how much longer he would live.

His feeling of terror had passed and he found himself regarding the whole episode as though it concerned some other person. After a time the old man spoke:

"How you feel?" he asked.

"I don't know," Bert replied, "but I believe the poison is going out."

"Course it g'win out. Look at de snake-stone. It done all git green."

Bert raised on his elbow. It was as the old fellow said. The porous-looking stone was no longer gray in color, but decidedly green.

He also noticed that the swelling had stopped and the veins had assumed a more normal appearance.

A cry of thankfulness broke from his lips.

"I'm going to pull through after all, don't you think?" he said.

"Speck so, but you had er close call, I tell you. Now you be still and I g'wine tote you to de cabin."

Bert remonstrated, but the old man picked him up bodily with no apparent effort, carried him a few yards, and pushing open the cabin door, laid him down on the dirt floor.

"You keep er holdin' de snake-stone on dat place whilst I git some'n fer you to eat." And the kindly old fellow began to potter over the fire that burned on the hearth.

Bert felt like a man who was recovering from a long and desperate illness.

He knew it was in reality only a few minutes since he had been bitten, but those minutes had been so fraught with agonized dread that he felt years older.

The negro brought him back to the present by holding a pan of hot broth to his lips.

He drank greedily, feeling strangely hungry now that the nausea had abated.

"You comin' on fine," announced the old man. "De snake-stone done cure you sho'." He removed the stone, and taking a large quid of tobacco from his own mouth bound it to the bite.

Bert was by this time so accustomed to extraordinary remedies that he did not notice particularly this last move.

As he drank the life-giving broth his eyes roved about the interior of the cabin.

A dried alligator was nailed on the mud-daubed wall. Over the door the stuffed head of a horned owl reared itself. A line of dried toads bordered the under facings of the solidly shuttered windows.

The cabin seemed to be made of logs, but inside it was so completely plastered with mud and festooned with strings of roots and herbs, that the logs were scarcely visible.

Strange, crudely drawn symbols and signs were on everything. These markings were done in red and gave a weird and barbaric look to the otherwise somber-colored interior.

A deformed black cat sat near the fire. Bert called it.

"Better let her 'lone," warned the negro. "She is de spairit uv my dead wife what wuz er slave, an' er bad one, too."

Bert shuddered. The old negro saw this and gave a delighted laugh.

"Lawsy, Daddy Dave done skeered you."

"Who lives here with you?" asked the Northerner, attempting to recover his poise and turn the conversation into more earthly channels.

"Nobody," replied Daddy Dave. "You think I let folks live hur an' spile my cungerments and meddle wid things when I done fix my contrapsions and set my traps?"

Bert did not answer, and the negro continued: "How come you let de hornid snake bite you? Ain't you see it?"

"No," replied Bert. "He struck without warning and without a sound."

"What you doin' wanderin' round in de swamp by yourself?"

"I was coming to see you," Bert began. He had almost forgotten his errand. "I want some fever medicine for Whiteman. You know him, he says. And he's very sick. Out of his head."

"Hu-ee!" exclaimed Daddy Dave. "How long he been sick?"

Bert gave all the details; when he had concluded Daddy Dave sat quite silent for a time, rocking himself from side to side.

"Whiteman ain't got no ordinary fever. He been hoodooed."

"What?" asked Bert.

"Ain't you never hearn uv hoodoo?"

"No."

"Well, I declar' fo' goodness!"



Bert did not reply, and the old negro seemed overwhelmed with his ignorance.

After a little silence he asked to have the binding cords unfastened.

The old fellow inspected him thoroughly, and said he would better wait a little longer.

Except for the stoppage of the circulation and the consequent deadened feeling, Bert was in little pain. His head felt clear and he was beginning to think of his return.

"Goin' home!" cried Daddy Dave in response to an inquiry of when it would be safe to start. "You think I'm gwine let you go 'way from hur by yourself when you ain't got no more sense dan you is. No, sur-ree!"

"But I must get back to Whiteman," cried Bert.

"Sho'," acquiesced Daddy Dave. "We gwine start soon iz I kin fix up a conj'n rag fer dat Whiteman. I got de fever medicine all riddy, but it won't do him no good."

The old man got to his feet and Bert watched his movements with the greatest attention. He felt as though he had suddenly stepped back into the dark ages when witchcraft and magic were realities in the minds of the people. For here was an incantation actually taking place before him.

The negro was in the center of the room and casting his eyes up toward the smoky loft, said: "Split-lip, Pop-eye, Big-ear and Bob-tail, come and help me!"

He stood quite rigid for a few moments, then went to the corner and, searching among a pile of rags, finally found a piece of red flannel.

He cut off a small corner from this, and placing it on the table, left the cabin.

Bert was now beginning to feel creepy. The old man was gone some five minutes or so, and when he returned he had some tiny, squirming creature clutched between his finger and thumb.

"What's that?" Bert inquired.

Daddy Dave did not reply. He seemed quite unconscious of the Northerner's presence.

Still grasping the little creature which Bert now thought must be a lizard, the old man fumbled in a jar and brought out a few tiny pieces of broken, colored glass.

He put these on the bit of red flannel and then whipping out a sharp knife he held the lizard on the table and with one stroke cut him in half.

Bert shuddered. The savage cruelty of this old negro frightened him.

Daddy Dave held the tiny, quivering body over the bits of glass and a few drops of blood fell on them.

Next he went to the window, and throwing open the shutter, flung the carcass of the mutilated creature out into the woods.

Silently he then went toward the black cat.

Bert was apprehensive for the next act, and he cried out to the negro to desist, but Daddy Dave ignored him entirely.

He placed his hands on the cat and spoke some strange words.

Suddenly the cat howled. Bert jumped and just managed to stifle a terrified yell.

The cat spit at the old man, who spit back at her. Then he returned to the table and Bert saw him deposit three hairs, which he had just pulled from the cat's tail, upon the blood-soaked bits of glass.

The negro then began to roll up the whole into a tiny parcel no bigger than your thumb, and tied it fast with a gray horse-hair.

He placed the charm in his pocket and then coming toward Bert gave a careful look at his leg.

"You all right, now," he declared. "And I guess we better be startin', bekase it'll take us more den to sundown to git dere now."

He entrusted the bottle of fever mixture to Bert and after removing the bandages and chafing his limbs the Northerner found that he could walk. But his leg and foot felt paralyzed, and he was not sure when it was on the ground and when in the air.

Daddy Dave shut up his cabin and locked the door, pocketing the key, and the return journey began.

They went rather slowly, for Bert was almost lame and the old negro walked feebly. But Bert was surprised how soon they arrived at the place where he had left the dugout.

Daddy Dave knew the swamp and led Bert through the bays and bogs with the least possible discomfort and the fewest deviations from the shortest course.

Early in the trip the negro had ascertained the fact of Bert's predicament and Whiteman's apparent intention to hold him prisoner.

So whenever he attempted to obtain information from the old man he was met by a stone wall of non-comprehension.



The dugout was unsuited to carry two, but the old negro's clever manipulation kept them afloat and they made rapid progress. Yet it was sunset before they came in sight of the island and the final stage of the journey was made in complete darkness.

Daddy Dave seemed to be in more humor for talking after night settled about them, and by dint of many questions Bert succeeded in making some discoveries as to the properties of the snake-stone which the old man averred had saved his life.

He declared that the chickens and the binding had little to do with the cure. It had been the virtue in the snake-stone that was responsible for the whole thing.

"Why, then, did you try the chickens first?" demanded Bert.

"Bekase I wuz so skeert when I hearn you wuz bit by de hornid snake that I done clean forgit 'bout snake-stone. It was burit in de ground. Las' time I used it de man died. It wuz a rattler bit him."

Bert felt his flesh creep.

"What was the snake-stone buried for?" he asked.

"To git de pison drawed outun it."

At this moment the dugout reached the shore and very shortly Daddy Dave and Bert were emerging into the clearing before the cabin.

The negro still acted as guide, and by his familiarity with the lay of the land, Bert judged that he had often been here before.

The door of the hut was open, but no sounds came from inside.

Bert entered first, a little fearful and decidedly apprehensive.

He called to Whiteman, but there was no reply.

He found the matches and made a light. Whiteman lay still on his cot. Bert moved quickly toward him.

The sick man roused and opened his eyes, but there was no sign of recognition in them. He began to mutter bits of sentences, but there was no sense in what he said.

Bert placed his hand on the man's forehead. It was burning hot.

He looked down into the drawn, suffering face. A great change for the worse had taken place in Whiteman. The fever was absolutely devouring him. He looked years older and Bert observed spasmodic twitchings of his whole body that seemed to recur with periodic regularity.

He was alarmed, and turned helplessly to Daddy Dave, but the old negro was waving his hoodoo charm about in the air and muttering incantations and Bert saw that no humane suggestions were to be had from him.

He felt wretchedly sorry for the sufferer, but knew of nothing he could do to help him.

He poured some of the fever medicine into a cup, but Whiteman refused to swallow it.

Bert then wet a rag in water and placed it on the sufferer's hot forehead, and the sigh of grateful comfort that escaped from these poor, fever-cracked lips was touching in the extreme.

The Northerner then brought water to the bedside, but either Whiteman could not or would not open his mouth.

Daddy Dave had seated himself on the floor beside the hearth and was crooning softly to himself.

Insects swarmed about the lamp, which shed a dim light over the disordered room and threw into relief the burning spots of color in Whiteman's cheeks.

Bert felt desperate.

The light seemed to disturb the invalid and he was about to extinguish it when, without a sound of warning, Ned appeared in the doorway.

He had with him two big gunny-sacks.

He lifted these from his shoulders and looked about, still silent.

When his eyes encountered Whiteman he hurried to him and took the sick man's hand.

Bert hastily explained all that he knew of the illness.

If Ned was moved, he did not show it, but he seemed to know what to do.

At once Whiteman was stripped and Ned began sponging him with cold water.

He kept up this sponging for a long time and when Bert, who watched by the foot of the cot, next touched the patient, he was delighted to find his skin many degrees cooler than it had been.

"You put out lamp," Ned commanded, "I nurse."

Bert did as he was bid, noting that Daddy Dave had gone. The Northerner felt worn out himself and was about to turn in, but first he went out onto the porch for a breath of cooler air.

Even here it was stuffy and Bert descended the steps, intending to walk about



the clearing, but just as he reached the ground, he was caught by the sleeve and Daddy Dave addressed him in a horror-struck whisper: "You done got the hoo-doo on you now."

Bert started.

"What?" he cried.

"I jes put de conjur bag under de steps, and de first one to cross dem steps gets the hoo-doo what is on Whiteman. Now you is got it." And the old man shrank away.

Bert's nerves were none too steady after all he had been through, and this seemed too much, not that he believed the least in the old negro's superstitions, but all the same this announcement did not exactly soothe him.

He broke abruptly away and ascending the steps, entered the hut and threw himself on his own cot.

He spoke to Ned, asking after the patient.

At first the half-breed did not reply, and Bert thought he had fallen asleep at his post, but when he again questioned, Ned answered:

"Whiteman very sick. He sleep now. Fever burns up."

Bert asked to be called if he could do anything and told Ned about the fever medicine.

But the half-breed seemed to pay no attention.

Bert lay down again and almost before he knew it had fallen asleep.

He was awakened by some one shaking him violently.

"What? Who?" He was only half himself.

"Whiteman want talk to you," the half-breed announced, and flung cold water on Bert's face.

Bert rose and hurried toward the stricken man's cot. Ned had gone outside.

Bert shivered as he crossed the floor. The room was gray with the first light of early morning.

It was that ghastly hour when the day is being born and all nature seems to suffer and almost expire in awful travail.

Whiteman lay perfectly still. The red had faded from his cheeks and his face was pinched and gray.

His eyes, which had been closed as though he slept, opened wide. He put out his hand and took Bert's in a feeble clasp.

"Sit beside me," he said, "and try to listen closely for I cannot say anything twice. The time is almost over for me."

Bert thought the man was hysterical from weakness and sought to comfort him.

Whiteman made a pitiful attempt to smile.

"I'm going to die," he affirmed, "and I have much to say. Do not interrupt," he added, as Bert made a gesture of denial, "I have no strength to argue."

(To be continued.)

PS

## THE YOUNG HOSPITAL NURSE.

God gave you the choice of the fairest flowers  
That spring in His garden-space—  
Lilies and roses to deck your hours,  
As He gave them to deck your face.  
The lilies of innocent girlish days,  
Red roses of life and love and youth;  
And oh, the exquisite violet haze  
Of your eyes to soften the world of ruth!

But you have chosen the pale white rose  
That droops in the beds of pain,  
To search for it, care for it where it grows,  
And rear it to life again.  
With pity and touch of your finger-tips,  
With a soft tear-rain and a mist of hair,  
With the breath of life on your fresh young lips,  
You carry the gifts of God's garden there!

Cleveland Palmer,



# The Worth of Columbus



By  
Marie B.  
Schrader

**H**ARRISON considered it the most wonderful of all the ideas which were constantly occurring to him. And he decided that no time should be lost in idle dreaming.

Not yet thirty, he had conceived more original plans for getting rich than all his friends had ever imagined in their combined existences. Somehow, though, his efforts had not netted him a flattering income. There was always a hitch somewhere.

Then the notion to travel took possession of him. He had exhausted all the financial possibilities of the small town in which he lived, and yearned for bigger fields of operation. He longed to astonish the country—to cause Boston, San Francisco, and Chicago to talk wonderingly about the man from Sycamore, Illinois. So it happened that he found himself in the ancient city of San Domingo.

Harrison had learned during his short sojourn in the East that large fortunes might be made miraculously in the vicinity of San Domingo. The prospect seemed so alluring that he decided to make the trip and look things over.

Coffee, cocoa, bananas, hemp, cotton—all grew on this fertile island without much urging on the part of man. But they had little interest for Harrison. It was *mahogany* which had proved the magic word to lure him so far from home.

When he read in a pamphlet that the largest and finest mahogany-trees in the world were to be found only a few miles in the interior of the island and that negligence and indifference on the part of the Dominicans was the cause of such growing wealth

remaining in its original state instead of adorning the homes of the rich in the United States, the fever to control all the mahogany on San Domingo began to burn in Harrison's veins. If the Dominicans were as regardless of values as was represented, the young man from Sycamore would have little difficulty in carrying out his plans. At least, so he told himself.

Alas for the glowing wealth described in pamphlets! Harrison lost no time in making a trip to the interior, where he found a few fine specimens of mahogany-trees, but they were so inaccessible as to preclude all idea of their removal with a profit.

Disconsolate, he returned to the city and counted the days until a steamer could take him away.

It was then that the wonderful idea occurred to him.

He had idly picked up an American paper, some weeks old, in which he read that the memory of Columbus was at last to be publicly honored each year by a general holiday.

Thousands of persons had no doubt read this same statement without experiencing any disturbing sensation. The effect on Harrison, however, was electrical when he reached the final line—

“Few know that the bones of Columbus rest at present in San Domingo.”

Harrison paced the floor, ran his fingers through his hair several times, picked up the paper, and reread the article.

“I’ll do it,” he said aloud. “It’s worth the try, anyhow!”

Now, the young man from Sycamore had been told that Columbus was buried in San



Domingo, but he had been so busy with his dreams of mahogany that the remains of the great navigator—usually the first topic of conversation among visitors—had not caused him a second thought. Now they suddenly assumed great importance in his mind.

He decided that he would go at once and locate them.

Walking quickly down the main street where the natives lounged lazily in the sun, the American had no eye for the old-world beauty of the ancient town, with its half-fallen houses over which the vines had kindly crept. He was intent only on finding a way to carry out his great idea.

He stopped a man who looked as if he might be able to answer questions.

"Columbus," said Harrison briefly.

The man shook his head as he replied in Spanish, a language which Harrison did not understand. He had been fortunate in his mahogany trip to have the company of an interpreter, who, however, had gone further on when Harrison returned to the town.

"Christopher Columbus," he cried now. But the other's face still remained blank.

Harrison began to lose his patience. The idea of a Dominican not knowing that name. He walked on in disgust, and entered an unkempt park in which stood a statue.

Harrison read the words, "Cristobal Colon," and was about to pass on when his attention was attracted to a young man who stood examining the work. Harrison saw at a glance that he was an American. There was no mistaking those clothes and that alert air.

An amused smile was on the stranger's face. He looked up in time to catch Harrison's intent scrutiny, and returned it with interest.

"You're American," began Harrison by way of introduction.

"How did you guess it?" asked the stranger with a laugh. "Smith's my name," he added.

Then he turned his attention once more to the statue.

"Rather rough on the old chap," he remarked. "I shouldn't call it a good likeness. Such a savvy man, too."

"Savvy man?" queried Harrison.

"Yes—knew a lot—you'd never think it to look at him here. Poor old Christopher! If he could see himself as people in San Domingo see him—his poor old bones would pull themselves together and leave the place."

"His bones!" exclaimed Harrison. "Is *that* Christopher Columbus?"

"The same. They call him Cristobal Colon here. Guess it doesn't make much difference."

"And is he buried under this statue?"

"Oh, no, he's over there in the cathedral."

The stranger pointed to a massive building with imposing architecture which showed its centuries of age.

"So, he's over there," said Harrison thoughtfully, as he gazed at the structure.

"You seem interested," remarked Smith. "Every American ought to be. When I was studying at school about the discovery of our country, I never expected actually to stand before the tomb of Columbus. As a matter of fact, like most people, I had an idea he was buried in Spain. He has been moved several times, it seems, and they finally brought him here."

Smith gave a last look at the statue and started on, but lingered to inquire:

"Aren't you going to have a look at the tomb?"

"Yes. I am very much interested," replied Harrison. "I want to find out some details about it. Unfortunately I can't speak Spanish, so I don't know how I will get along. If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have known that this statue was intended for Columbus. How did you know that Colon was Columbus?"

"Oh, easy enough," replied Smith. "I speak Spanish. If there's anything I can do for you, say the word—only too glad I assure you, to help a fellow countryman."

"Thank you," rejoined Harrison. "I think you can help me a great deal. Are the remains buried very deep?"

"I understand they are in a bronze urn."

"An urn!" exclaimed Harrison, his face lighting up with interest. "Impossible."

"Why impossible?" queried Smith.

"Most natural, it seems to me."

"And can this urn be examined by visitors?"

"Well, *you* can't touch it, for it is under this huge monument in the cathedral, but I know a way to get at it."

"How?"

"That's a secret."

"Oh!" exclaimed Harrison in disappointed tones. "May I ask how it happens that you are in the mystery?"

"Easy enough."

He hesitated, looked carefully at Harrison, then as if reassured, continued: "One



of the priests is the friend of a man I know who was here several years ago."

"You're very lucky," commented Harrison thoughtfully. "I certainly envy you the great privilege of getting so close to Columbus."

"Oh, I sha'n't be greatly disappointed if I don't," remarked Smith lightly.

"But just think of being near the bones of such a man—think of the inspiration he could give one."

"Say, you have quite a sentimental streak, haven't you?" observed Smith. "Good Heavens!"

His tone was so unexpected that it startled Harrison. He instinctively jumped.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, looking around.

"Are you a newspaperman?" and Smith bestowed on Harrison a glance which the other interpreted as meaning that Smith would sooner meet a rattlesnake.

"Nothing like that!" he replied in a voice in which relief was dominant. "Do I look like one?"

"Well, no, only they usually go scouting around for material for articles which are always getting people in trouble."

"Ah!" exclaimed Harrison. "You don't seem to like newspaper people."

"Oh, they're all right," was the answer. "Only they beat any detective bureau ever invented. They have a way of letting you know what you're doing before you're ready to spring it yourself."

"I see," said Harrison, who was becoming much interested in Smith. He seemed to suggest a mystery.

By this time they had reached the cathedral, and soon stood before the imposing white marble monument which reached into impressive height with its lions, shields, and medieval figures.

"Cristobal Colon," read Harrison as he stood with hat off in apparent awe and reverence. "I wonder about that urn," he added in a low voice to Smith.

"Say!" exclaimed the latter, "you seem very anxious about it. I'll look up that priest in a minute. Guess I'll have to take you in with me—you're so interested."

"If you only would," said Harrison, his eyes dancing with unusual anticipation, "I'll never forget it. Some day, maybe, I will be able to do you a service."

Smith hurried off, but returned alone.

"I saw him," he said, "but only for a moment. He is busy at present and insists

that he wants to devote some time to explaining things."

"Too bad," murmured Harrison in crest-fallen tones.

"I declare," said Smith, "you seem to take the matter as a personal calamity. If old Christopher knew how badly you felt on the subject he would, no doubt, shed tears."

"Look here," broke out Harrison suddenly, as they left the church. "I have a reason for feeling as I do."

"What? You're not one of his descendants, are you?" inquired Smith, not realizing how funny his question sounded.

"No relation whatever," replied Harrison with equal gravity. "I told you that I am not sentimental. My interest in Columbus is entirely financial."

"I don't understand," and Smith looked decidedly puzzled.

"Of course you don't," said Harrison, smiling with satisfaction. "How could you, when no one else could?"

Smith could find no reply to this. He preferred to await further developments, for he surmised that his companion was on the verge of taking him into his confidence.

"I know you are honest and to be trusted," went on Harrison.

"You know nothing of the sort," retorted Smith. "You're taking an awful chance on an utter stranger. However, it's up to you."

"You are young, but look as if you wouldn't mind getting rich suddenly," continued Harrison.

"I should say I wouldn't mind," answered Smith. Then, with a groan, he added: "But I never will. I'm hopeless. Fame is about all I can look for in this world. The money question is out of it."

"Fame!" exclaimed Harrison, with a cynical smile. "How can you ever hope to become famous?"

Before Smith could reply he continued: "Anyhow, what's fame without money? Now, if you are sensible and will give me a little assistance, you can share with me and get your name in the papers in every country under the sun."

"But I can't figure in the papers just now," protested Smith.

"I see. Perhaps you've been in a little trouble," said Harrison sympathetically. "I'll respect your confidence."

"But I have none to give."

"Well, I won't urge you. To come down



to hard pan, I have the biggest scheme for making money that one could ever imagine. If the mahogany hadn't gone back on me—but it did, thank Heaven. I felt pretty sore a little while ago, but dear old Columbus has brightened up my spirits considerably."

Smith looked at him curiously.

"But what has Columbus to do with putting you in good humor?"

"He's the best friend I've got in the world to-day. 'Dead men tell no tales,' they say. It's a good thing they don't sometimes. I hardly dare think about it—but—"

He paused dramatically, watched the effect on Smith, then leaned over and whispered a few words in his ear.

Smith started back in amazement.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed.

He had begun to believe that Harrison's mind was a bit shaky, but the information he had just secured convinced him that such was not the case.

"Now you are on to the true state of my affairs," continued Harrison, pleased with the impression his words had evidently made. "Where is Columbus the most thought of?"

"America, of course," replied Smith.

"That's the answer, all right," replied Harrison, slapping his companion on the shoulder.

Smith seemed lost in thought.

"It's a shame," continued Harrison, not noticing his silence, "that the chance to make so much money should have been neglected for so long. But we will make up for lost time, won't we?"

"We?" inquired Smith.

"Yes. You and I. Don't tell me that you won't lend me a hand in this tremendous project? Why, man, you won't have a like opportunity as long as you live."

Smith hesitated, gazed searchingly at Harrison, then said:

"I can't. You see I'm—"

Then he stopped and evidently changed his mind.

"Never mind what you are, or what you have on foot at present," good-naturedly replied Harrison. "You arrange for me to get a peek at that urn—that's all. What I want you to do is to take the priest out of the way while I ask Columbus what he thinks of my little proposition. Now, that's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Quite so," replied Smith.

"When did the priest tell you to return?"

"At dusk."

"He couldn't have selected a better time. Will you meet me? Yes or no?"

"I will be here," replied Smith in tense tones. "But maybe you will change your mind."

"Nothing like that," broke in Harrison with a laugh. "Before I get through with this little scheme I'm going to be rich, and secure a vote of thanks from Congress besides. Ha, ha!"

The two men left the cathedral and walked together as far as the end of the park, where they separated without further reference to the subject of interest to them both.

Several hours later Harrison again found his way to the cathedral. Darkness was falling and the old town looked like a painting in the softening gloom. Lights began to twinkle here and there, and the sound of laughter and an occasional guitar came to him as a jarring accompaniment to his financial ideas. He pitied the Dominicans for their free-from-care existence.

Smith was not at the church, but that did not annoy Harrison. He did not doubt the young man's sincerity. It was too plainly stamped in his face.

The silence was suddenly broken by the sound of heavy feet. Evidently several persons were approaching.

Harrison peered into the gathering dusk and discerned a squad of American sailors coming toward him. They were commanded by an officer who gave his orders in quick, businesslike tones. While he wondered what it all meant, the detachment was brought to a halt beside him.

For the first time then he experienced a feeling of uneasiness.

He stood watching the sailors as the eyes of every one of them were focused upon him. Just why he should attract such undivided attention was a mystery which he could not fathom.

For the moment he failed to observe the young officer who had stepped up beside him. The next instant a voice in which there was something strangely familiar spoke in his ear:

"Well, Mr. Harrison, you see I have kept my word. I am here."

Harrison fell back in astonishment.

"Smith!" he exclaimed, as he noted the smart uniform his late companion now wore. "I didn't recognize you."

"Brass buttons do make a difference—so they say," commented Smith lightly.

"But I don't understand," protested Har-



rison, who found it difficult to believe that the young man of the afternoon and this stern-faced officer were one and the same.

"It's very simple," said Smith; "you'll have to come with me. I am Ensign Smith of the United States gunboat Hawk, now in the harbor."

"Ensign Smith!" exclaimed Harrison. "Of the United States navy! Why, I didn't know there was a gunboat in port."

"Of course you didn't," replied Smith. "Nobody knew it until we arrived. I was rowed ashore this morning early to look into something of interest to our government—a secret mission. It's all right now, thank Heaven—and no trouble. You gave me a bad half-hour, for I thought you might be a newspaper man—and they're so foxy."

"I see!" said the other. He now comprehended Smith's attitude of a few hours previous.

"All ready?" inquired Smith, as he gave orders for the sailors to fall in.

"But—but what are you going to do with me?" nervously inquired Harrison, realizing that he was helpless beneath the glance of that commanding eye and the formidable aid it could secure from such sturdy-looking men.

"Anybody who tries to steal a dead man's bones for exhibition purposes needs a guardian," said Ensign Smith, looking Harrison squarely in the eye. "I'll see that a close watch is kept over you and what remains of Christopher Columbus while you are both in San Domingo."



# The Hoodoo Fighter

By  
Albert Payson Terhune

## CHAPTER XV.

### I TURN MOUNTEBANK.

**I**N a stuffy adobe hut, on the hard-packed earthen floor, I lay. Through the hut's broken roof the white stars peeped in.

I was bound, hand and foot, with rawhide thongs. Not with the ordinary knots such as it would be child's play for a prestidigitator like myself to undo. But with cunningly devised Indian knots that resisted teeth and fingers alike.

My wrists had been fastened close together, my palms against each other. And the rawhide thongs had been tied so tightly

they had almost bitten into the skin. It was the same with my ankle-fastenings.

I had worked my wrists about, with infinite agony, until the thongs were loosened, up to the farthest strain on the knots. But there the knots held; and my hands were too big to slip through the small space left by the easing of my wrists.

For hours I had lain thus, in the dilapidated hut, ever since I had been flung there by Herrera's orders, when I had been carried from the Alamo.

No food nor water had been afforded me; nor had a rug nor a thatch of straw been given me for bedding. The heat of



the past day, the fearful exertions I had made, my several unimportant but throbbingly painful flesh wounds—all had made me unbearably thirsty. Truly, my promised tortures were beginning some hours ahead of schedule time.

The hut was on a knoll. Below me on every side stretched the Mexican camp. The soldiers were drinking and roystering to celebrate their victory. The chief portion of them were gathered about a huge camp-fire. There, strolling musicians, mountebanks and hucksters wandered from group to group. It was like a scene at a fair.

My professional eye noted with disapproval the clumsiness of the tumblers and jugglers. Such wretchedly poor performers would not have been tolerated at the cheapest American exhibitions.

In front of my own hut a little fire was kindled. For the night was cold. The fire was not for my benefit. Indeed, I lay too far distant from it to get any warmth.

It was for the comfort of the two guards, set to watch over me. They crouched on either side of the blaze, their rifles across their knees, looking longingly down at the merrymakers below and cursing their own luck at having to stay and watch over me.

A passing comrade brought them a great pail of water. They took copious swigs from it; then set it on the ground beside them.

"Brothers!" I called softly.

One of them turned and swore at me, bidding me be silent and to reserve my strength for next day's torture.

"Brothers," I repeated, "my wrists burn with the pain of these tight bonds. Grant me leave to plunge them for one moment into that cool water."

They both laughed at the bare idea of according a favor to a prisoner, and again one of them bade me hold my tongue. But I persevered.

"Brothers," I went on, "at the Alamo, just before the fight, one of our men who was a miner buried a bag of gold-dust in the ground for safe keeping."

"Eh? What's that?" cried one of the rascals.

They both rose and came eagerly to where I lay.

"What did you say?" growled the second, "a bag of gold?"

"He feared you might capture us and take it from him," I explained, "so he hid

it where he could find it later. A canvas bag about as large as my fist."

"Where did he bury it?" demanded the first guard.

"I told you," said I, "in the ground, in the Alamo."

"But where? The Alamo covers acres. Do you know the exact spot?"

"Perfectly."

"Tell us."

"No."

One of them lifted his musket as if to club me. But the other intervened.

"Don't!" he urged. "It will leave two big a mark. And the general will notice. We were told to keep him unhurt. A few blazing splinters between the fingers will be as effective in loosening his tongue."

And he moved toward the fire.

"Wait," I begged, "I will not give you the information. But I will sell it to you. If you torture me, I swear I shall inform Major Herrera. And you will both get the cat-o'-nine-tails over your bare shoulders."

They hesitated, evidently recognizing their possible peril. Then one of them said:

"You can't sell us the secret. For the price you want is your liberty. And it would be death to us both if we let you loose."

"My price is lower," I corrected him. "Let me soak my burning, aching wrists in that water-pail for two minutes, and I will tell you where the bag is hidden."

"That is reasonable," said one. "Tell us, and we'll let you soak your wrists till dawn if you want to."

"Bring the pail here, then," I stipulated.

"After you have told us," he replied.

I laughed aloud.

"My wrists would stand a fine chance at reaching the water if I do that!" I scoffed. "No, no! Let me bathe my wrists first. Then I will tell you. Oh, you need not be afraid. If I refuse, you have always those pleasant little blazing splinters to fall back on as a means of coercion."

They looked glumly, first at each other and then to me. The logic of what I said seemed to appeal to them as sound; for at last one of them picked up the pail and brought it to me.

Rising awkwardly upon my knees, I plunged both wrists deep into the water. You have guessed my object? No? Have you ever got your shoes very wet, while walking in the rain? If so, you will re-



member that the leather first becomes soft and loose. Afterward it hardens and shrinks as it grows dry.

The thongs of rawhide on my wrists would, I knew, obey the same natural law. They would soften and loosen (far more than would tanned leather) under the action of the water. And I hoped that—together with such slight loosening of the bonds as I had already accomplished—I might possibly be able to make the openings large enough for my wet hands to slip through.

It was a desperate hope at best. But, such as it was, it was the only hope I had. Should it fail, the drying thongs would cut into me like knives. But that was a chance I must needs take.

Outwardly, I had merely thrust my hands into the bucket and was holding them there, allowing the supposedly burning wrists a chance to cool. As a matter of fact, I was striving, covertly but with might and main, to twist and wrench the softening bonds loose.

As the water penetrated the rawhide, I pulled my wrists apart with all my vast strength. Joy of joys! The rawhide yielded. Slowly, obstinately and biting deep into my flesh, but it did yield.

I have seldom exerted my giant muscles to so terrific an extent as in that struggle. I was impeded by the fact that my work must be done without any motion that could be visible to the two guards.

A final tremendous wrench—a wriggle—and I had twisted one of my wrists out of the loosened thong, tearing my flesh cruelly in the process.

Then, with hands still held close together, the free end of my bonds between them, I withdrew my hands.

I made as though to thrust them back into the pail for a second dip. But one of the guards intervened.

"Here!" he grunted, "your two minutes are up. Now keep your share of the bargain!"

I made an awkward move to resist and to carry out my first idea of immersing my wrists again. As I had expected he resented this disobedience by shoving me away from the pail.

Overbalanced by the shove, I reeled and stumbled against the other guard, falling to the ground as he struck angrily at me. There I lay, sprawling, on my face, my hands still together.

But between those hands I clutched the sheath knife I had plucked from his belt as I fell against him. I managed to slip it into the breast of my torn tunic as I rolled over.

"Now, then, you clumsy gringo ox!" demanded the guard, "where is the bag of gold-dust?"

Circumstantially and carefully, as though teaching a lesson to some stupid child, I described a spot—which of course did not exist in the Alamo enclosure; close to the foot of a mythical palm-tree and just nine paces to the south of an equally imaginary boulder.

Over and over they made me repeat my tale until they had it by heart. Then, jeeringly refusing my plea for a drink of water, they left me in the dark hut alone and returned to the fire. There I heard them eagerly going over every detail of my description of the supposed hiding place of the treasure and planning to hurry to the Alamo in search of the gold bag as soon as the guard should be relieved.

But I wasted little time in listening to their chatter. One sweep of the knife-blade freed my ankles. I stood up, there in the darkness; numb, shaky, but—free!

The next step was to escape from the hut. True, I might readily have dashed out at my two sentries, overpowered them and have made a rush for safety.

But I could scarce hope to subdue them before some outcry on their part should alarm the revelers below. Moreover, even should I get clear of the hut I could not possibly escape from the guarded camp itself without the password. Nor, without a horse, could I get out of reach of the Mexican cavalymen who would assuredly be sent after me as soon as my absence should be discovered.

On the other hand, if break of day should still find me within the confines of the camp, my momentary escape would have profited me nothing.

I clutched the knife to my breast. That weapon at least would put me beyond the fear of torture. The gesture brought my hand into contact with something hard—the vial of distilled hemp that Lenore had given me.

Here then I had a double safety against torture. But, my youth and strength surged up in me and I vowed to save myself alive. Life was far too sweet to be thrown away without one more battle.



I reached up to the torn thatch of the hut roof. Under cover of a fresh burst of laughter and music from the main camp-fire, I pushed the rustling thatch farther open. Then, seizing the crossbar of the low ceiling, I drew myself up until I was astride it.

A pile of thatch, moldy and close packed, lay just below me, outside the hut, on the end opposite the guards. To this I dropped as lightly and soundlessly as a cat.

Then, still keeping the hut between me and the two sentries, I crept down the hill, toward the nearest camp "street."

The first step was taken. But compared to what the rest of my task must be, I was still at the very threshold of peril.

I dared not approach the fire's light, but skulked in the darker portions of the camp. My clothes, my yellow hair, my gringo face—all would betray me to the first curious eye.

Then, for once, luck befriended me. In my very path, as I skirted the camp's lowest street, there loomed up a bulk that struck me at once as familiar.

It was one of the huge caravan wagons such as once I had traveled with—the sort of wagon affected by strolling players, who used its cavernous interior as dining-room, dormitory, and dressing-room combined.

One of the mountebank or minstrel troupes now in camp evidently occupied this. I peered in under a flap of the canvas. The wagon was empty. A rush-light candle still sputtered on a rickety bench before a cracked mirror.

Everywhere were tumbled the unused costumes, "props," masks and other paraphernalia of the troupe. The strollers had evidently dressed for the performance and had left their room in utter disarray.

A wild thought came to me. I vaulted into the wagon and began to snatch up one fantastic article after another. Then, seating myself on the bench before the glass, I seized the open box of "make-up" pigments that lay there, and set to work in feverish haste at transforming myself into an unrecognizable buffoon.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A TURN IN FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

ALONG the length of the great camp-fire lounged the Mexicans.

On one side were the private soldiers,

sprawling, smoking, drinking, roaring snatches of song; applauding the mountebanks and tumblers and minstrels, tossing them copper coins and cigarettes.

On the other side of the blaze were a dozen separate groups of officers, seated on boxes or saddles or camp-chairs; sipping *mescal* and *aguardiente*; chatting, puffing cigarettes and according a milder interest to the performers.

It was this more aristocratic group that I choose. Clad in wildly flapping, flame-colored finery, my hair hidden under a flowing scarlet wig, my face disguised behind vermilion pigments on which a black grimacing "set smile" was painted, my pockets stuffed full of "props"—I doubt not I made a weird enough picture.

I bounded into the circle of light, with a true Apache howl. Instantly, every eye was on me. The tumblers and other entertainers stared in amaze, seeking to recognize me as one of their own party; and then apparently coming to the conclusion that I was a new arrival from some strange troupe.

I reached the fire in a series of hand-springs and lightning-quick whirls.

I leaned over the nearest blaze and seemed to inhale the flames. Then, turning to the group of officers I apparently expelled from my mouth and throat a volume of fire. The officers gasped in utter amaze at such a miracle.

Now "fire-eaters" had for years been common in Northern circuses as well as in Europe. "Fire-eating is one of the very simplest mountebank tricks — requiring only a certain degree of caution. Not a "side show" in my youth but had its fire-eater. Fully a hundred charlatans in the United States understood the trick. But it had evidently not yet reached Mexico.

Here, in the Mexican camp, the exploit aroused shouts of utter amaze. I did not stop for the sensation to abate; but seized three blazing brands from the fire and began tossing them in air, one after the other, juggler fashion—another simple trick, especially as my hands were gloved.

Choosing a spot where the light was most deceptive, as I danced along the fire-edge, I pretended to catch each of the three blazing brands in my mouth as it came down, and swallow it. This was a mere variation on the old sword-swallowing trick; and very easy to perform when the uncertain firelight aided me so greatly.



But the delight and surprise of my audience knew no bounds. They sprang to their feet, clapping and shouting as though I had been an opera prima donna.

Whirling away from the fire, going through a series of crass contortions, I sped among the groups, my gloved palm outstretched for money.

As each coin was handed me I tossed it into the air. And it vanished. (Another absurdly cheap trick, known as "palming," but it brought renewed applause and an avalanche of coins.)

Through the crowd I whirled on, in what looked like an aimless flight, but which really had a very definite object. Every moment my eyes were searching the throng of faces for a glimpse of Herrera.

Soon I discovered him.

As I danced past I saw him nudge a melancholy-looking young officer and point to me.

"Look at him, Valdez!" said Herrera to his companion. "He is the maddest harlequin I ever saw. Look at him. Laugh and forget your ill-luck!"

"Forget my ill-luck?" groaned the other. "When the card-table has cleaned out my last *centavo*? Empty pockets and laughter do not go in the same company."

I pirouetted up to the melancholy officer, whirled once around him, then dropped on one knee at his side and caught his limp hand in mine.

"Look, Señor Capitan Valdez!" I cried in falsetto Spanish. "Fortune will smile on you. I see it written in your palm. Fortune and love and promotion await you. If you think I lie, place your fingers within the inner pocket of your waistcoat and note the miracle that Dame Luck has already lavished upon you."

The man shook me off impatiently, and would have turned away, but Herrera checked him.

"Wait, Valdez!" he suggested. "The harlequin is clever. Look in your inner pocket as he asks. It may be some rare joke."

"Am I in mood to furnish jokes?" snarled Valdez.

Nevertheless, shamefacedly, he obeyed. Then over his scowling face came a look of incredulous wonder.

He withdrew his hand from his pocket, and produced a thick sheaf of bank-notes.

A cry of amaze sprang from the lips of his fellows. Valdez's misfortune was well

known to them all. Yet here he, who had just been bemoaning the emptiness of his pockets, was producing therefrom a sum of money that was calculated to make the most jaded eyes bulge.

I did not feel called upon to announce that, during my fantastic pirouetting, I had abstracted Herrera's fat pocketbook, transferred its contents to Valdez's pocket, and then dropped the empty wallet back into Herrera's coat.

So the change in Valdez's fortune seemed miraculous. All gazed at me as though at a wonder-maker. Their superstitious minds were evidently promoting me from the rank of harlequin to that of magic-worker.

I did not wait for the superstition to grow cold. I grasped Herrera's hand and peered into his yellow palm.

"Major Emilio y Herrera!" I declaimed, "I see here a colonelcy, the commission for which is at this instant being drawn up by the illustrious *generalissimo*. And—at no distant date is a far greater change in your fortune."

"What is it?" he asked in a tone of forced raillery behind which I could read a scared half-belief.

"If you will draw aside with me one minute," I whispered, "I will tell you. If you prefer, I will shout it out before the others. Yet perchance you would rather—"

He eyed me uncertainly; as though seeking to learn whether or not I was making him the butt of some obscure joke. I whispered again:

"In political matters, the very breath of a plot is enough to—"

He stopped my haphazard guess with a sudden startled gesture.

"I will hear what you have to say," he broke in, rising and leading the way past his laughing companions, out of the circle of firelight.

I had been right in my surmise. Like most Mexicans, he was evidently mixed up in some political conspiracy.

Off we strode, I now in advance and leading the way toward the horse-corral that lay beyond the tented streets.

"Stop!" he ordered presently, looking back to make sure none were following us. "It is safe here."

I, too, had glanced carefully about me. We were in darkness and not another soul was visible within a full hundred yards.

"What—" he began.

But he got no further. My tattered red



cloak was across his face; my grip was on his windpipe.

He struggled wildly and sought to cry out. But strength and voice alike failed under the fierce pressure I put upon him. At length, he lay limp and panting at my feet, half-strangled, wholly subdued.

It was a tame enough conflict, and I was forced to put into it an undue amount of muscular power in order to knock temporarily all the courage out of the startled man. I succeeded.

He lay gasping and staring dazedly up at me. Once he drew in his breath as though to cry for help. But my grasp was once more on his throat, and he subsided.

"Now," I said, sitting down on the ground beside him, "there is much to do, and mighty little time for doing it. Señor Herrera, I am the unlucky gringo you planned to torture to-morrow morning. The program has been changed at the last moment. I trust you will be able to adapt yourself to your new rôle in the comedy. Otherwise—"

I broke off at the sound of advancing footsteps. A sentinel, gun on shoulder, was pacing toward us.

Truly, it seemed my hoodoo had not yet wholly deserted me!

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHEREIN I TRY TO ESCAPE.

I FLATTENED myself against the ground, forcing Herrera, at my side, to lie moveless by pressing my hand against his throat. Under that pressure and the silent threat of worse, he lay still enough. Indeed, I doubt if his scattered wits grasped the fact of the sentry's approach.

There we lay. The soldier drew near. He was humming a minor tune of some sort, villainously off key, and he walked carelessly. Here in the very heart of camp, sentry duty was a matter of mere routine rather than of necessity. For there was not a foe within thirty miles.

Lying there, I could see the man clearly silhouetted against the starry sky. But, hidden as we were by the low-growing mesquit-bushes, we remained quite invisible to the heedless watcher. (I chanced to be lying on a little clump of cactus, by the way; and it caused me infinite discomfort.)

The sentinel paced by, within five yards of us, and gradually moved away to the far end of his beat.

I breathed again, and lifted Herrera to his legs. My captor's shaken faculties were returning to him. He eyed me like a rattle-snake whose neck had been imprisoned in a forked stick.

"Now, then," said I, "I've already told you there is much to do and unpleasantly little time for doing it. You are to take me to the corral. You are to order one of the men there to saddle us two fleet horses. The best he can pick out in a hurry. One of them must be a weight-carrier. Then you will accompany me through the lines, giving the password and starting me well on my journey. Whether you are to share that journey or to start alone on a longer and less definite one depends on yourself."

I eased his throat just a little, to give him scope to reply if he cared to. He croaked out in a voice shaky from impotent rage:

"I will not! Kill me if you will!"

"Kill you?" I echoed. "Perhaps. And by methods quite as amusing as those you planned for me. You see, my dear Herrera, I lived among our northern Indians for some time. And I picked up a few of their torture tricks. Here is the beginning of one of them."

I whipped out a catgut cord I had found in the troupe-wagon. Still holding Herrera firmly with one hand, I used the other to throw about his neck this cord. I ran its slip-noose tight; wrapping the spare length of cord, around my knuckles and holding my fist, thus wrapped, at the base of his skull.

"You see," I explained, "one twist, one turn of my hand will tighten this cord very prettily. And your honored neck will break as neatly as though I were not cheating the hangman of his rightful dues."

The pressure, as I know, was well nigh unbearable. It irked me to cause any man such pain. But when I remembered my own recently bound wrists and the torture that Herrera had had in store for me on the morrow, I hardened my heart.

As I had hoped, the intolerable discomfort and the calm threat of breaking his neck, broke down Herrera's angry bravado. Together we moved off toward the corral.

I arranged his cloak so that it would seem, by that dim light, as though my arm were merely flung affectionately about his neck.

"Don't forget," I whispered, as we reached the corral, "one suspicious word or gesture or one instant's delay and—snap!"

None the less, as I slackened his neck-



cord ever so slightly to allow him to order the horses, my knees shook. The man was no coward, in the ordinary sense of the word. It seemed an even chance that he might even yet cry out. Drawing the sheath-knife I had taken from the guard and covertly showing it to him, I whispered:

"To the man who knows anatomy, there are two swift slashes of a knife that work odd changes. One cuts the face muscles so as to render the victim hideous for life. Another cuts the heel tendon, and never again can he stand on his feet."

Herrera spoke hoarsely, tremblingly, giving the requisite order for the horses. As they were brought out I whispered:

"Tell him to lead them one hundred paces out and picket them there; then to go back to the corral."

He mumbled the command and it was obeyed. Mexican troopers were used to eccentric orders.

I walked Herrera to where the horses stood, and waited until the military groom had retired. Then I said:

"You are riding with me past the lines. And you will give the countersign to the sentries there. If you fail, remember it is the last act of your life. By the way, what is the countersign for the night?"

He made no reply. I tightened the catgut noose ever so little. The pain brought him to his knees. I loosened the cord and he gasped:

"The countersign is 'Vittoria.'"

"I hope," I answered dryly, "that you have not made a mistake about that. Because, if you have, it will be the very last of many errors. Think again."

Once more I made as though to tighten the cord. He broke into angry, panic-stricken sobs.

"It is the truth!" he blubbered. "You will be able to prove it when we reach the outpost. Do not torture me for nothing."

"No?" I sneered. "Were you going to show me the same mercy, my dear friend?"

Yet I saw he had given the true countersign. As he said, he would have no object in lying to me when early detection seemed so certain.

I took the cord from his neck. Then, putting my great hand about his throat I pressed with thumb and middle finger against the hinges of his jaw, just below the ear. His mouth flew open. And down the gaping, gurgling, protesting throat I poured the contents of the distilled-hemp vial.

He struggled, but I held his head in a vise until he had swallowed the potion. Then I said quietly:

"If our positions were reversed, Señor Herrera, you would put me to death in an extremely unpleasant way. I am not going to put you to death. Merely to sleep. You will awaken in twelve hours. Probably in the guard-tent for drunkenness. You will find your pocketbook empty. But you may be able to induce Captain Valdez to return your money to you. I gave it to him, without his knowledge. I see you are growing drowsy. So I will not keep you up any longer. Good night, my dear little major. I hope the charge of drunkenness will not hurt your chances of promotion."

As I talked, his furious glare had gradually dulled. Now his eyes fell shut and his head swayed heavily. I released my hold. He sank to the ground like a deflated balloon.

Turning, I mounted the stronger of the two horses, and leading the other in the direction of the Alamo.

There was but a bare chance I should find Frayne still there. Yet, though the delay must lessen my chance of complete escape, I was resolved to take that chance.

I passed the various picket-lines without trouble, giving the countersign "Vittoria." Then I urged both horses into a gallop and made for the Alamo.

Here again I counted on Mexican superstition to aid me. The Alamo was a veritable shambles. No Mexican would willingly venture thither, just now, between sunset and dawn, for fear of the ghosts of the slain.

As nothing of value had been left there, I knew no guard would be set. So I rode without fear to the main gate, dismounted, threw the bridles over each horse's head, and entered the gloomy enclosure.

At first utter silence greeted me as I moved noiselessly across the parade ground, littered with the victims of the fight, toward the guard-house.

By the dim light of the stars I could see at last the guard-house door. It was closed. Yet, through the grating above it, as I rounded the angle of the wall, I could detect a feeble glow of light as though from a candle somewhere within the room.

Frayne had evidently come to his senses and had lighted one of the wall candles. But for my arrival he must I knew, have perished there. For he had no horse where-



on to escape from the place and not a grain of powder nor a bullet wherewith to defend himself when on the morrow the Mexicans should make a more thorough search of the fort.

But for me he must have been found next day and killed out of hand. I rejoiced that I was able to do Lenore this service; and, rather ruefully, I hoped it might cause her to forgive my trick in preventing her return from San Felipe to that death-trap.

I stepped forward, my hand outstretched, to seize the latch. But before I could touch it the door flew open.

I had a momentary glimpse of a figure—assuredly not Frayne's—silhouetted against the candle-light.

Then a red jet of flame burst forth into my very face, a crashing report shattered the deathly silence—and I reeled back into the darkness.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### I REAP A REWARD.

My lungs and throat and nostrils tingled with the acrid smell of powder smoke. My face was stung, as if with a whip, by countless tiny powder burns.

The flash in my eyes had momentarily blinded me. The shock had thrown me off my balance, like a heavy blow in the face. I had much ado to keep from falling prone.

Some one had flung open the guard-room door and had fired pointblank at me. This much I knew. Yes, and I knew more. In the brief instant when the figure had been silhouetted against the candle-light from within, I had recognized my assailant.

It was Lenore Frayne!

And, apparently from the flash of the pistol she held, she knew me. Yes, knew me in spite of my hideously painted harlequin face and my fantastic garb. I don't know how she recognized me. But she did. For she cried "Cesar!" and let the pistol fall from her hand.

At her cry, Colonel Frayne rose from the bench where he had been lying and limped toward us. At sight of me he halted with a gasp of dismay. And I could not blame him. For surely a flickering tallow dip has never revealed a more weirdly outrageous spectacle than I presented at that moment.

"It is Cesar!" she told him brokenly; "Cesar Carryl! And I almost killed him."

"Yes," he drawled; "I reckon you did. That pistol you brought along would have been fine protection if Carryl had really been a greaser. The thing was only loaded with powder. There was no bullet in it, luckily for him. So this is Carryl, is it? It looks more like what they say a fellow sees after an orgy."

In a mere handful of words I told my story. Frayne listened as to a melodrama. Lenore, after that first cry of recognition, had not vouchsafed me a second glance, but stood at one side, mute, outwardly the picture of cold indifference. At the end of my short narrative Frayne exclaimed:

"You risked death, when you were clear of the greaser camp, to come here for me? Lad, that was gallant of you!"

"I'm fortunate to find you still here," said I, uncomfortable at his eager praise. "I've two horses saddled out at the gate."

"And Lenore's horse is just beyond the gate," he answered. "It seems she woke from that hemp sleep and hurried on here—just twelve hours too late, thank Heaven! I'd lain hid here all evening and was trying to plan some way to sneak away if I could. But my ankle's sprained and I knew I could never walk far enough to get out of reach by morning. Then, ten minutes ago, up rides Lenore, with a pistol at her belt. She was just trying to tease me into a fool arrangement to take her horse and let her walk, when we heard you at the door. She took you for some prowling greaser and—"

"We've little time to waste," I interposed. "We must all three be a good many miles away by daylight. By the by, in case we get scattered and either of you happen to run into a Mexican scout party, the countersign for the night is 'Vittoria.' Shall we go now?"

I led the way toward the gate. As I moved away from the guard-house I heard Frayne whisper reproachfully to his daughter:

"Haven't you a word of thanks to Carryl for all he's done for me? Go ahead and thank him. I'll be along as quickly as I can find a rifle to use as a crutch."

Obediently she ranged herself at my side. But, until we reached the three waiting horses she did not speak. Then (the silence becoming embarrassing and I quite at a loss how to break it) she said coldly:



"My father wishes me to thank you for your service toward him. Accept my gratitude. It was brave of you to come to his aid like this. Without the extra horse you brought, he could not have hoped to escape, for he refused to take mine. I could not, of course, have left him. So we both owe our lives to you."

She spoke with a cold precision, devoid of all feeling, and almost ludicrous in its formality.

"Please don't speak of it," I said, "we are all comrades."

"Comrades!" she repeated. "Hardly, I think. Was it the act of a 'comrade' to treat me as you did? To drug me and prevent me returning to—?"

"To die?" I finished. "I ask your forgiveness if it angered you. But if it were to do over again I should act in the same way. Cannot you pardon me for refusing to let you throw away your life?"

"No!" she blazed, "I never can! *Never!* You made me seem a coward—you made me stay in miserable safety while these brave men, my friends and neighbors, died for Texas. Now, when my father and I go back to San Felipe, we shall be pointed out as the only defenders of the Alamo who did not fight to the death for liberty."

"I crave your forgiveness," I retorted, my overstrained nerves giving way. "It seems I have done you both an irreparable wrong. I prevented you from coming back to this death-trap in time to be butchered. I wickedly stood between your old father and the hideous fate prepared for him. I wonder he can bring himself to thank me instead of hating me as you do. In short, I have tried to save you both from the fate you seem to have longed for. I did it out of pure malice and a desire to injure you. I see I am quite beyond the reach of forgiveness. I merit your utmost hatred and scorn. And I have received it."

I make no excuse for this boorish outburst. I am as ashamed of it as any of my readers may be. But reflect an instant before you judge me.

For two full days I had had no rest. For twenty-four hours I had not eaten. That day and evening I had been through more excitement and peril and exertion than comes to many men in a lifetime.

Moreover, I loved Lenore Frayne; loved her with all my lonely heart. I had fled from my home city to save her from trouble over the Pembroke affair. I had come to

Texas to fight against her foes. For both acts I had been censured by her.

I had rescued her and her father. And now, forsooth, she was treating me as though I had wantonly robbed them of something precious! Do you wonder my worn-out nerves and temper gave way? That is my only excuse. Judge me as you will.

"You have no right to speak so!" she flared. "Is it manly to remind me of all we owe you and to make us seem grossly ungrateful? Oh, I cannot make you understand! You are not one of us. Or you would see why I feel as I do about—"

"I fear I am too dense to see your point of view at all!" I broke in, forgetting that her own nerves and strength were well-nigh as terribly racked as were my own, and that she was scarce accountable for what she said. "You and I have always been at cross purposes. And, if ever we were to meet again, we would keep on being so. At our first meeting you branded me as a 'coward.' Next you scorned me as a liar for breaking my promise to you. Tonight you blame me for saving your father's life and your own. And you remind me loftily that I am not 'one of you.' You are right. I am not 'one of you.' I—"

"Cesar!" she cried, her sweet voice trembling, "listen to me! I—"

"I am *not* 'one of you,'" I blundered on, "and never can be. I had hoped, by worthy deeds, to prove my right to your friendship. Instead, from the first, I have won only your contempt. I am, as ever, an outsider—lonely, uncared for—a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"No, no! You are—"

"Lenore," I burst forth, unheeding, "I love you! I never before cared for any one—man or woman—since my mother died. I have lived alone, the plaything of ill-luck, an outcast, the companion of vagabonds. When I saw you, all the whole world changed for me. I had tried to be the sort of man you would wish me to be. And each attempt has led to worse and worse failure. I longed for your love as never did a martyr long for heaven. Instead, you loathe me and say I am not 'one of you.'"

"This is the end. You ride back to San Felipe, you say? I ride on to join Houston's army. Perhaps I can throw away my worthless life as usefully there as though I were really the sort of man I hoped you could make me. If I live through the campaign, there are other roads to follow. If



I die—well, there are worse things than sleep for a tired man. It is the end! The trail parts here. I shall not see you again. Good-by—and—oh, God bless you, my own lost sweetheart!"

Not daring to look back at her, even as I had not dared heed her eager attempts to break in on my crazy love-words, I turned and ran to where my horse stood.

Catching up the reins, I sprang to the saddle and dug spurs into the powerful brute's sides.

With a spring he was off, whirling away with me over the midnight plain like a thunderbolt.

Had ever other lover thus avowed his love to a girl? Had ever a suitor told his adoration while clad like a harlequin and with a black grin painted on his vermilion face? Had wooer ever hurled love words at a girl as though they were curses, and then galloped away without so much as a backward glance?

Oh, I was a rare fool! I know that. Wherein, I resembled most lovers I had met.

As I mounted I had heard Lenore run toward me. I had heard the quick, sobbing intake of her breath as she called again:

"Cesar! Listen to me!"

But, not trusting myself further, and being too cowardly to bear more abuse just then, I had thundered on.

I was in fine, idiotic condition to sacrifice my life that I had grown to detest. And, in the army Sam Houston was rallying as a forlorn hope against Santa Ana, there seemed to be excellent prospects of losing what I no longer cared to keep.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DAY OF VENGEANCE.

FOR days our little army had steadily retreated before the advance of Santa Ana's host.

Sam Houston, "man of mystery," held us together with a hand of iron; and at a glance he silenced the ever-increasing murmurs that arose among us as each new order for retreat was given.

We were a strange, lawless, ill-disciplined lot, we frontiersmen and adventurers, who rallied around Houston's standard when the news of the Alamo massacre set all America aflame.

Rough men—yes, and women, too—

whose dear ones had perished in that Alamo inferno, entreated Houston to avenge the slaughter. To all, the grim leader replied:

"Be patient. The Alamo was defended against my advice. If hot-headed men threw away their lives there, it is no reason why I should let the rest of you commit suicide the same way."

Scarce had our small force been mustered before Santa Ana with his whole army had borne down upon us. Houston avoided him. We fled. The Mexicans pursued.

Oh, it was hard to retreat without a blow when every man of us yearned for battle!

Our lesser force could move faster than could the large, unwieldy army of Santa Ana. Yet, fearful lest we should slip from his grasp, the Mexican general hurled his troops forward at so rapid a rate that not all of them could keep the hot pace.

Company after company, battery after battery, fell out of line. Daily these losses cut deep into the Mexican ranks. But ever Santa Ana pushed on, while Houston craftily remained just far enough ahead to keep the Mexicans eager and hopeful.

At last we could retreat no farther. We had reached the San Jacinto River. On either side of us stretched almost impassable marshes. And we halted.

Santa Ana believed—as Houston intended he should—that he had caught us finely in a trap that would hold us while he butchered us at his leisure.

Scattered as was much of the Mexican army, it still outnumbered us by more than two to one. We were apparently chased into a corner and helpless. Without waiting for the laggards to come up, Santa Ana hurled his entire available force at us. Then the unexpected happened.

There is a fable of a man who went out to hunt for squirrels and who met a lion. If ever Santa Ana in later days read that same fable, I think the reading must have turned him ill.

He thought us in a trap. In reality, Houston had so arranged us that the marshes on both sides protected our flanks, and there was no means of assailing us except from the front.

Moreover, each and every man of us was like a maddened bulldog whom the chain and collar alone withhold from springing on his foe.

Onward, on the morning of April 21, 1836, rolled the Mexican horde in all the



gay panoply of war, flushed with the prospect of quick, easy victory.

There stood we—ragged, ill equipped—less than half their number (we were seven hundred to their sixteen hundred), awaiting the order to charge.

It was a moment big with fate. All the future of the Southwest hung on that day's happenings. Should we be crushed, Texas would probably be lost forever to the United States and would remain a sparsely settled Spanish-Mexican province.

Should we win, Texas would be free. The path for the United States and for progress would be securely blazed through the whole Southwest.

There have been many more widely talked-of battles than that of San Jacinto. But few in all our history were more heavily fraught with national welfare; few had greater effect on our country's future, and assuredly none have been more spectacular or more strangely fought.

There, I say, we stood—tense, fierce, eager—awaiting the word of attack. Toward us, with standards aloft and blaring bugles, swept the Mexicans. There was a moment of hushed silence. Then came the long-for command:

"Charge! At 'em, boys!"

Discipline, orders, plans of attack or defense? Each and all were forgotten. For at the heels of Houston's words some one had raised the cry:

*"Remember the Alamo!"*

Every voice caught up that phrase. Roaring it, screaming it, bellowing it, insane with the fury of the memory it evoked, we rushed pell-mell at the advancing Mexican army.

What mattered it to us that they outnumbered us two to one; that they were better armed, better equipped, better disciplined? They were the cowardly slayers of our brethren—the men who had hacked Crockett and Bowie and Travis to pieces.

*"Remember the Alamo!"*

The yell, horribly like that of maddened wild beasts, was screeched above the roar of cannon and musketry. It seemed to fill the whole air and to beat itself into one's ears like a million shrill trumpet-calls.

We were not men. We were devils. And that cry had made us so.

Up against the Mexican vanguard we rushed, as though the enemy's cannon and musket fire were the harmless buzzing of summer flies.

Up against their ranks we dashed ourselves. Through them we tore our fearful way. Nothing could stop us. We obeyed no law of warfare. We were the inspired avengers of the slain, not mere warriors.

No power on earth could have withstood the shock of our onrush. For a few moments we were tangled with our foes in one horrible mass of stabbing, shooting, slashing humanity. Then—

On all sides the foe—sixteen hundred to our seven hundred—broke and fled. And among them we ravened like hungry wolves in a herd of frightened cattle.

Our bugles sounded the recall. The order fell on rage-deaf ears. To slay—and slay—and *slay*—to avenge the Alamo—that was the mania that had gripped us and would not be shaken off!

Ere we ceased from that orgy of carnage, the Mexican force was practically annihilated. Here, in a nutshell, are the dry statistics of our work:

Within twenty minutes from the first charge the battle of San Jacinto was over—and won. Out of the sixteen hundred Mexicans we had killed six hundred and thirty, wounded two hundred and eight, and captured seven hundred and thirty. And at comparatively trifling loss to ourselves.

What other battle in history can show such figures in matter of speed and in comparison to the number of men engaged in it? An army utterly destroyed in twenty minutes by a force less than half its size and with infinitely poorer arms, drill, and martial experience.

Houston's ankle had been smashed by a bullet. But he clung to his horse and led the pursuit. His horse was shot under him. I lifted him bodily to the back of a riderless Mexican-troop charger, and he continued at the head of the attack.

I, mounted a raw-boned bronco, came to my senses after the first moments of blind fury, to find myself somewhat apart from the general pursuit, and with two Mexicans, whom I had been chasing, lying slain at my feet.

A little ahead of me I noted three men riding at breakneck speed toward the distant hills. One of the trio had his face muffled in a cloak and was bent far over the saddle in an effort to get more speed out of his weary horse.

He glanced apprehensively back. The cloak fell momentarily from his face. Before he could raise it again I had recog-



nized the muffled refugee. It was Santa Ana.

One of his companions fired at me. Fortunately the bullet only scored my cheek. In another half-minute my horse, fresher than theirs, had brought me up with the flying trio.

One of the two companions of Santa Ana—a big man in the gaudy uniform of a Mexican general—slashed at me with his saber.

I parried the stroke and slashed back at him, rising in my stirrups to give greater force to the blow. He guarded, but my mighty stroke brushed aside his sword as if it had been a straw. Down on his plumed head crashed my saber. The blade snapped at the hilt. And the man fell like a log from his horse.

His companion, meanwhile, had succeeded in reloading his pistol, and now, thrusting the muzzle of it into my very face, pulled the trigger.

The motion of his plunging horse must have shaken loose the priming. For the weapon missed fire. Before he could cock his pistol again I had struck him over the temple with my fist.

The man slipped sideways and hung senseless, one foot caught in the stirrup, while his horse dragged him along at an unchecked gallop.

Santa Ana had been thrusting and slashing at me in awkward, panic-stricken fashion with his gold-inlaid sword during the second or two while I had been disposing of his comrades.

Now, driving my horse full tilt at him, I eluded the awkwardly jabbing sword-point and seized the human monster firmly in my arms, tearing him loose from his rearing horse by main strength and laying his lean, little, writhing body across my own saddle.

"This will be worth more to us than all the rest of the battle," said I. "With *you* in our hands we can dictate our own terms. Texas is forever free!"

"Kill me, *caballero!*" he wept. "I cannot stand the shame of capture. And—and your barbarous countrymen will tear me to pieces!"

"Of course they will," I assented cheerfully. "You may remember me, general? I am the man whom you thought too big and strong to be killed outright. So you saved me for torturing. *You* are far too important to be killed—by me. So I shall

take you to General Houston. If the men have their way, you may soon know just what torture feels like. Come!"

## CHAPTER XX.

### "THE LOST LENORE!"

HOUSTON had commandeered a rambling old ranch-house as his headquarters. Thither, the night after the battle of San Jacinto, I was summoned.

As I entered the anteroom leading off from his big study I could see Houston seated in a big chair with his wounded ankle on a keg in front of him. His profile was toward me, but he was so intent on a conversation with one or two other men in the room that he did not see me.

It was our custom when summoned by the chief to go into the anteroom, and there wait until his aide should usher us into his presence. This much partial discipline Houston observed, even in our lax camp.

Accordingly, not finding the aide in attendance, I sat down on a bench in the dark anteroom to await him.

I did not know with how many people Houston was talking in the study. Through the doorway I could see but one—a large, dark-haired man in rather dandified civilian dress, who sat facing the fire, his back to me.

This man was talking with some vivacity. And Houston was listening in all the interest that a former denizen of the real and cultured world might be expected to display when a breath of that world chanced to blow into his rough frontier existence.

"All the East is talking about it," the stranger was saying. "It has gone through the country like wildfire. Every school-child and every elocutionist is spouting it. Strange it has not reached here."

"Have you a copy of it?" asked Houston with genuine interest.

"No. But from frequent hearing of the thing, I might make swift to recall a few stanzas of it for you."

The talk did not interest me. I fell back on my own gloomy thoughts, until such time as Houston might send for me.

And, bitter enough those thoughts were! I had joined the patriot army, as the best means of losing life that I deemed worthless. And I had come through the terrific battle without one wound!



The war was over. Texas was free. Santa Ana was our prisoner. There was no further employment for me. And there was nowhere else for me to carry my battered, world-weary self.

I had lost Lenore Frayne. I had lost the one hope that life had held. If only I could find surcease—forgetfulness—for the ache at the bottom of my heart! If only I could put her dear face from my memory!

Then, chiming in with my dreary reverie, my dulled senses caught the sound of a man's deep voice in rhythmic monotone. And at last across my mind came the burden of the words he was repeating:

"Wretch!" I cried. "Thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee, Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven "Nevermore!"

"The lost Lenore!"

My brain awhirl, I sprang to my feet. Forgot was military discipline. Forgot was everything save that magic versical echo to my own thoughts.

I burst into the room, scarce noting what I did; and strode up to the man at the fire.

Hearing my hurried steps behind him, he broke off in the poem he was reciting and, rising, turned to face me. My lips were parted for a wondering query.

But, at sight of that face in the lamp-lit room, I halted in my tracks and stood staring with unbelieving dismay.

The man who now confronted me was the same for whose supposed murder I had fled from Baltimore. It was Pembroke!

Long and stupidly I glared at him. Then a smile of understanding crossed his handsome, dissipated face. He glanced at Houston, who was leaning back in his big chair with the demeanor of one watching a stage farce.

Houston nodded slightly in response to the inquiring look. Pembroke stepped toward me with outstretched hand.

"You are—alive?" I stammered idiotically enough.

"Obviously," he laughed, "and I am happy in being able to make my apology to you in person. Mr. Poe hunted me up the next day and explained. A further talk with the police captain served to straighten out matters entirely. But I did not know, until at supper to-night, that you

were in Texas. If I had had any idea where to find you—I advertised, but—"

"But they said you were dead!" I blurted out.

"It was the man in the next cell. The policeman made a mistake about the cell. I was doing finely—thanks to the Providence that protects drunken men. When I found what had happened, I had sense enough to profit by the lesson. And since then I've tried to make a man of myself. I've no recollection of that night's events. But your friend, Mr. Poe, described to me so vividly the—"

"My friend, Mr. Poe?" I repeated, "I know no one of that name. I—"

"No? Yet you and he were cellmates at the police station. And you managed to catch his fancy most prodigiously."

"What? The little man in black? The fragile little man with the huge head and the eyes like smoldering coals. Surely he was not—"

"Edgar Allan Poe. I thought you knew it. It seems you told him much about yourself. In spite of his unlucky failings, he is a man of great influence. And he proceeded at once to use that influence in your behalf. First with me. Then with—"

I broke in with a veritable groan of self-reproach as I remembered how sharply I had criticized Poe's stories and his attitude toward life at large, in my talk with the man in black. Pembroke looked politely surprised at my ejaculation, but went on:

"He declared he is in your debt for the theme of a poem that has all at once lifted him to world-wide fame. It is 'The Raven.' I wonder, that when you read it, you did not guess—"

"I never read it. I never heard of it. I gave him no 'inspiration' for any poem. Do I look like the sort of man who inspires poetry? He was joking with you, of course. The only raven I ever had anything to do with was the moth-eaten, croaking old police-station pet that belonged to—"

Some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster—

quoted Pembroke. At the words I started. They were the same I had seen scribbled on the scrap of paper Poe had dropped on the floor in the station-house.

I still could not understand fully. But I was more interested in the fact that Pem-



broke, whom I had left for dead in Baltimore, should be here in the Texas wilderness. I said so.

"It is very simple," he answered. "A Baltimore syndicate is about to invest heavily in Texas lands. It did not wish to do so until the war was settled one way or another. So it deputed two of us directors to come down here and study the situation. We arrived at San Jacinto two hours ago and General Houston was kind enough to make us his guests. By the way, my fellow traveler and codirector merits at least a word of greeting from you."

As he spoke he indicated a man seated somewhat in the shadows to one side. So engrossed had I been with Pembroke that I had not yet glanced about to see who else besides himself and Houston might be in the room. Now I looked.

There, in the shadow, his eyes shielded by a thin, arching hand, sat an old man. He was studying me intently and not unkindly.

At a glance I knew him. Involuntarily, I stiffened. The last time we had met, he had ordered me out of my father's house. There was a moment's embarrassing silence. Then the old man spoke.

"Don't you know me, lad?" he asked. "Or is it that you won't know me?"

There was a wistful inflection in his voice that was new to me. It touched me a little, coming as it did from so cold and proud a man.

"I know you, sir," I answered quietly. "You are my uncle, Judge Carryl. Incidentally, you are the man who branded me as the 'Black Sheep' of the Carryl family and turned me out of doors. There can be nothing in common between you and me."

"It—it is not easy for a man of my age to confess he was in the wrong," faltered the judge. "But it rejoices me, none the less, to know I was mistaken about my brother's son."

"My character has not changed in any way," said I, "since you said my presence profaned your home and since you flung me a gold piece for bed and food."

"I—I ask your pardon," he replied with a certain stiff humility that went to my heart. "Since then I have learned much. Mr. Poe at first taught me to see your character in a new and better light. Then, on the way here, I heard how gallantly you fought at the Alamo. To-night, General Houston has told me of your splen-

did share in the battle of San Jacinto. How you captured Santa Ana, single handed, how pluckily you protected him from the frontiersmen who would have lynched him, and how you brought him here alive and safe to your general. It was a feat worthy the name of Carryl. Lad, forgive me! Let bygones be bygones. Come back home with me and take the family rank and the share of your father's estate that are waiting for you. I ask it. And I am an old man."

Our hands met in a clasp that did me good all through. It was many and many a long year since my grip had met that of a kinsman.

Houston interrupted me as I started to say something of the sort.

"Carryl," said he, "this reunion can be taken up later. At the present I have work for you. Go yonder into the dining-room and get the orders my aide will bring you."

Rather wondering at the curt tone of my commander, I saluted, and crossed to the apartment in question.

"Shut the door after you," called Houston, in that same oddly peremptory fashion.

I obeyed. Entering the half-lit dining-room I looked about for the aide whom I supposed was awaiting me there. But the only person in the place was a woman.

She arose from her seat by the window, as I came in, and hurried forward to meet me. By far worse light than that, I would have recognized the free, goddesslike walk of Lenore Frayne. I stopped, dumfounded.

"Cesar!" she said eagerly, noting my hesitation.

I could not answer, but stood there staring in an anguish of love at the girl I had believed forever lost to me. To set me at my ease, or to lighten her own momentary embarrassment, she began speaking rapidly, in a manner she strove to make commonplace.

"We arrived just before supper-time to-night, father and I. General Houston made us share his headquarters. At supper we met your uncle and Mr. Pembroke. They were telling the general about you—and about your reason for leaving Baltimore. Oh, then I understood why you had seemed to break your promise. It was to shield me! And I had reproached you for it! It was abominable of me, Cesar. I—"

"Hush!" I begged. "Don't speak so. It—"

"I *must* speak so," she insisted. "It



has been like that from the first. At every turn you have helped and guarded me. And I have repaid you with ill-treatment. I understand it all now! Oh, Cesar, can't you see how ashamed I am and how much I want to be forgiven and—and comforted—and told I'm not really as bad as I know I am?"

She had dropped to her knees. Before I could prevent her, she had caught one of my great hands between her own warm little palms and had pressed her soft lips to it.

The touch went through my every vein like white-hot steel. It seemed a profana-

tion—a sacrilege—that this wonder girl should demean herself by kissing my unworthy hand.

"Don't! Don't!" I gasped incoherently. "You mustn't! It is not right! It is *I* who should be at *your* feet—through all eternity, my own sweetheart!"

"Cesar," she said shyly, hesitatingly, laying her cheek against my hand which she still held and refused to let go; "Cesar, I told you once you were not one of *our* kind of people. You are not. But—but—oh, won't you take me back East with you and let me try to be worthy to be one of *your* kind?"

THE END.



# On the Frozen Trail

by *R. K. Thompson*

(A NOVELETTE.)

## CHAPTER I.

### TWO ENTER ALASKA.

**S**AVAGE and West were friends. In these days the name has lost much of its meaning. A man so dubs the business associate whose throat he would cheerfully cut in some deal, the next-door neighbor whose possession of worldly goods he begrudges, or the celebrity around the corner with whom he has the barest bowing acquaintance—and the worst of it is, everybody knows exactly what he means. According to present standards, the word "friend" is a justifiable appellation for any one not a stranger or an avowed enemy.

The term in its true sense, however, described the relationship which existed

between Dr. Dudley West and Richard Savage. Roommates back in their "prep" schooldays, the close intimacy thus engendered had brought out in each so many qualities the other could like and look up to that both were bent on going to the same college. Here their friendship ripened, as such friendships will through constant association; but, unlike the majority of youthful affections, theirs did not flicker out on leaving the university.

Perhaps as much as to anything else this was due to an incident which occurred during their senior year at Relyea.

Both from the moment of entering had been obsessed with the idea of "making" the 'varsity football team. And yet neither could get on. It was through no incom-



petence of theirs; a pair of well-set-up athletes, they would have been a credit to any gridiron squad; but, unfortunately, a raft of husky young giants had enrolled at the commencement of their freshman year, and from their number the vacancies on the eleven were quickly filled, leaving Savage and "Dud" West out in the cold ranks of the substitutes.

Of course it was the same through their sophomore and junior terms; the Goliaths who had kept them from places on the eleven at the start continued to hold down their positions to the satisfaction of the athletic committee and coaches. And now the chums were in their final semester, with the chance of distinguishing themselves for the college as far away as ever.

Sitting on the side-lines, the day of the big game that was to wind up the season, either would have given all he ever expected to possess for the right to jump into the scrimmage going on before his eyes. The first half had been played; another thirty minutes would see the game over, and then—good-by to the last hope of both forever.

But suddenly the play had stopped. Two figures, bearing a third with bandaged head, crossed the field in one direction, while in another the head coach came hurrying—straight toward the spot on the side-lines where the two were crouched.

Which would he choose?

The answer for a moment seemed in doubt in the coach's own mind. He stood looking down from one to the other, between his eyes a speculative crease. Both were on a precisely equal footing so far as size, muscle, and skill to fill the vacant place were concerned.

Then the coach's face cleared.

"West—you get out there!"

Half-risen to his feet, the latter turned to look at Savage. The latter had not been able to repress a groan at the disappointment to his hopes which the selection meant. On one knee, West continued to look at his friend while that despairing exclamation kept ringing in his ears.

Meanwhile the coach fumed impatiently.

"Hurry!" he snapped. "You lump of dough. Limber up—quick! They're waiting for you—"

Slowly West sank back on his haunches.

"I can't go," he said.

The coach gasped.

"What—what's that?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clarke," the other

nodded, "but that's straight. I can't go in."

All the wind taken out of his sails, the coach could only stand there gaping.

"Why not?" he blurted. "What's wrong? Are you hurt?—sick? What, in the name of reason, ails you?"

The young man drew the blanket carefully around his shoulders with fingers which, despite his care, shook a little.

"I haven't been injured," said he, "and I'm not sick."

"What, then?"

"I guess," West answered, averting his eyes, "I've got a touch of that old-fashioned disease—cold feet."

A moment the coach stared at him, speechless. Then his tongue found itself. He cut loose. For a solid sixty seconds he reviled him for a quitter, a yellow-streaked coward, every low, crawling thing for which he could locate the synonym. Breathless, he wheeled at last and ordered Savage out to replace the damaged player.

Waiting for no second urging, the latter bounded to his feet, cast aside his blanket, and ran out to join the waiting teams. He put up a furious game, brilliantly demonstrating his right to the letter for which he had waited four years, before he was carried from the field, senseless, with a broken collarbone.

And then West got his chance.

It took a deal of persuading before the coach could even be made to listen to his explanation that he had lied, when he refused to go into the game, for the sake of his friend. Finally, more for the purpose of putting his courage to the test than because of belief in the confession, he sent him in to finish out the half.

Needless to say, he was not long in giving an account of himself which thoroughly dispelled all doubts as to his nerve.

On a cot in the infirmary, where he learned the truth of West's sacrifice—the Quixotic self-denial which might have resulted in the irredeemable loss of his honor had it not been for his own accident—Savage gripped his chum's hand with damp eyes. In that moment he vowed that, come what might, they should stay friends to the last day of their lives.

And here again their case was unique. Differing from a million other undergraduate pledges of much the same order, which have been made in good faith, but almost invariably baffle the memory at the end of



a year or so, that promise looked as though it was in a fair way of being kept.

This was the consequence of circumstances which few men on quitting college have the good fortune—or bad, as the case may be—to experience.

Savage was rich. An orphan, with his affairs in the hands of a firm of trustees, he had nothing to do but to draw down the handsome remittances which, at regular intervals, were made him from the estate; and the only tax existence put upon his resourcefulness was that of devising means of killing time as pleasantly as possible. And thus no distraction of hustling for a living interfered with his pleasant companionship with West.

As for the latter, he was in almost the same state as regards finances and idleness. The only son of a wealthy father, whose eccentricity it was to let the young man do pretty consistently as he pleased, he dabbled indifferently at the practise of his profession—medicine—and dallied along the primrose path with his bosom friend the rest of the time, which represented the overwhelming majority.

This continued for about eight or ten years.

And then West's father died. Shortly after, the young doctor plunged into work with the feverish intensity of one saddled with some strong purpose in life; he toiled as industriously now as he had loafed before—really, as though he was determined to make up for lost time. However, it could scarcely be said that his practise had much improved. About all he got for his expenditure of time and energy was a shortening of his hours of pleasure.

Savage, silent at first over the desertion of his friend from their usual haunts and pursuits, thinking that the other was trying to drown his sorrow for the loss of his father in persistent labor, finally gave up that idea after West had kept up the pace for almost a twelvemonth with no signs of flagging.

Then he scoffed at him for an idiot. Without any more reason for working than had he, since his parent, so far as was apparent, left him well-off, what *was* he but an imbecile to slave as he was doing? The thing was incomprehensible. Besides that, it was utter folly. And additionally it was depriving him, Savage, of a boon companion whose society he had grown too used to to give up.

But to his friend's protestations West only replied with a quizzical smile—and worked the harder.

It was about this time that the first alluring stories began to come down from Alaska. Soon every one everywhere was talking about the region; it became the principal topic of conversation wherever men and women foregathered. And one night Savage and West went to a dinner where there was a soldier of fortune, just returned from the territory, who told tale after tale, to a flatteringly attentive audience, of the newly opened country. It was all very interesting, very enticing.

Walking home toward midnight, West abruptly remarked:

"I think I should like to see that country."

Savage stared.

"You mean—?"

"I've more than half a mind to go," the other answered soberly. "It sounds good—mighty good. Aren't you, yourself, a little curious?"

Savage took his arm.

"I'll tell you how I feel," he said eagerly. "I wanted to suggest that we strike up that way myself. These yarns we've heard—they've got *my* goat, I'll swear! The trouble was, I never supposed I could get you to come along. I thought if I did mention the thing you'd back out of it on the plea of your M.D. racket. But I'm glad to see you've taken a tumble to yourself—decided to quit all that nonsense—willing to run off on a pleasure junket."

The doctor smiled another of his quiet smiles.

"I'm afraid you're on the wrong track," he said. "Don't jump—I want to go up there to practise medicine."

"Oh, I say—"

"Fact. I'd like the experience. About six months of administering first aid to the injured on the rough frontier. Can't you see that it would be a bully thing for me? A tremendous help in my profession?"

His friend laughed good humoredly.

"All right, Dud," said he. "You're a mystery to me. But what's the odds? I don't care what you want to go for, so long as you are game to make the trip. You can go to pick up all the lore you care to on how to saw bones or whittle limbs. *I'm* strong to travel North just for the sake of seeing the blame place!"

At once they set about making their



preparations. First they bought books by the case on the arctic regions; cramming themselves with all the knowledge, valuable or otherwise, which they could get hold of about the neighborhood. Next came the purchase and assembling of their outfit. This done, without any elaborate farewells to any of their acquaintances, they emulated the Arab and, on a day in the early spring, folded their tents and quietly stole away.

Neither had any doubts as to his ability to endure the hardships of climate and whatever else might be encountered in the unknown country to which he was journeying; both had kept pretty close to condition, since their college days, by gymnasium work, and the like—indeed, they were hale and fit. Thus the hard road they had to travel before gaining the borders of their goal left them unfeezed.

A delay was made necessary before they could enter the territory, while West went through an examination by the Alaskan medical board. At length he received his permit to go about wheresoever he chose above north latitude fifty-five, and to inject his drugs and dangerous-looking instruments into anybody in need of such treatment, and then their real entrance to the country was effected.

They selected the Yukon district as a stopping-place. Here, in a community of some three-hundred-odd male souls, banded together for the purpose of extracting from the earth a mineral deposit of a more or less familiar yellowish hue, they started light housekeeping in a cabin that would not have been big enough for three. And from thence on life for them both began really to move.

In West's case, he became at once happier in a far larger practise than any he had ever known back home. From morning till night there was always something for him to do—something worth while. In one day alone, he set three broken bones, mended two fractures—the last compound—and took eighteen stitches in a miner's scalp. As has been said, he was happy.

And Savage—well, he was having the time of his life. There were a lot of bully fellows all around him; the fishing and hunting were extremely good; he had never been anywhere before where he had so little need to worry about the pleasurable annihilation of time. As he frequently expressed it, the experience was better than a bear-hunt in the Rockies.

Taken all in all, both were heartily glad they had come to this far-famed Alaska. Whereat fate, providing she was aware of their feelings in the matter, must have found it difficult to stifle a large and chortling snicker in the direction of her sleeve.

For now she had these two exactly where she wanted them, in an environment which to each was entirely unfamiliar; and though neither dreamed of it, destiny was planning to put their long-enduring friendship to a test which would strain it to the utmost—perhaps beyond its limit of endurance.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE THUNDERCLAP.

ABOUT the first and most important thing that Richard Savage found out in his idle ramblings around the camp was the position occupied in the community by Winona Greaves—the only white woman in a radius of one hundred and sixty miles.

His discovery of her particular niche came coincidentally with another no less important stumble upon the truth. The instant he clapped eyes upon this girl he knew that he loved her; and, immediately that realization flashed itself into his brain, he became aware of fact number two—every other man in Chillihoc and its outlying camps held her image enshrined in varying degrees of security in his heart as well.

If it arouses incredulity that one woman, and that one situated beyond the outposts of civilization, should be of the singular attractiveness not only to charm a man fresh from the world, as that word is interpreted, but to cast her spell also over several hundred rough toilers in the earth—the simple statement is submitted that you have not seen Winona.

The daughter of old Greaves, the settlement storekeeper, she was at once the greatest boomer of trade that any such establishment ever had, and a menace to its very existence in that the number of masculine admirers who would attempt to crowd themselves into the non-spacious emporium nightly threatened to demolish the frame building as by a seismic visitation.

Words falter, stumble and step awkwardly upon themselves in attempting a description of her attractions. Slender, girlish, with an abundance of warm brown hair, and apparently more than the usual



number of eyes—but pshaw! Take all the pretty girls you've ever known, add them together, multiply by perfect, vigorous health, subtract whatever faults you are willing to admit they may have possessed—and there you have Winona Greaves, as near as any pen-picture could present her.

It was not because she stood out with such striking contrast to her surroundings that Dick Savage fell victim to her charms.

By comparing her with the women he had known and parted from so recently, back in the cities where all the girls he numbered among his acquaintance were more or less entitled to bear the name "charming," Savage arrived at the decision that she was the only one on earth worth having. He was not infatuated with her. He loved her, sincerely and quite as seriously as though his courtship were conducted anywhere but in the heart of the barren wilderness.

What progress he was making in that courtship he could not find out. Naturally enough, he considered himself the best man in the field; the others—they did not count. But unwilling as she unquestionably was to see any of those other men around her in the light of an acceptable suitor, was *he* the right one of the different sort? That was the question.

In her own heart, if the truth be known, the girl was none too sure of its answer. Indeed, she liked Dick Savage well enough. But—just what *was* that but? He was an idler. All her days she had been accustomed to seeing men work, have some definite purpose, some fixed ambition, in view. And certainly the goal toward which she had seen men strive had never before been the futile one of "killing time." Perhaps if he, too, had some sensible ambition—

More than once she had hinted at the subject, as the weeks and months of their acquaintance slipped by. Yet always he was ready with an answer.

"What in the world should I work for?" said he. "Money? I've enough for myself, and more. Must I take that which others want—need—away from them, simply for the sake of keeping myself occupied? Really, that doesn't seem to be right. Do *you* think it would be?"

Whereupon Winona, silenced, but unconvinced—also feminine enough to want the last word—usually sent him home, her manner anything but cordial.

And, of course, West, the confidant of

all that Savage thought and did in the affair, had to be drawn into the matter to give his opinion as to what she was "driving at," *et cetera*. Over and over the doctor would be compelled to listen to it all, until it was a wonder he did not remove the source of his perpetual earache by kidnapping the girl or marrying her himself.

Puffing his pipe, he had a habit of remarking soberly and thoughtfully whenever his friend finished talking:

"She's a fine woman—mighty fine!"

And once Savage retorted:

"That sounds well, coming from you!"

West put down his pipe.

"Eh?" said he. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you're the only man around these parts," Savage answered, "who isn't tagging at her heels. You're about the exception that proves the rule that every Tom, Dick and Harry who sees her is plumb off his head over her."

West said nothing.

"How the deuce is it, Dud," the other went on after a pause, "that you haven't been smitten?"

"Why do you suppose?"

Savage shook his head.

"Give it up," he declared.

"Can't even guess, eh?" smiled his friend.

"Unless you're lying about your opinion of her as a 'mighty fine woman'—"

"That's what she is," interrupted West.

"The man that wins her gets a great deal more in value received than he'll ever be able to realize—even after she's his. But, you chump, *you're* out to get her, aren't you? Well, that lets me out!"

"You mean—?" said Savage softly.

The doctor nodded.

"Of course," he said, picking up his pipe again, "I haven't any idea of elbowing in on anything of yours. Neither would you if the case were turned around. You know that."

The other, rising, clapped his shoulder.

"You bet I know it!" said he. "What a friend you are, Dud! If anything could ever by any possible chance come between us, I'd say the thing would have to be this girl—Winona. She'd almost be worth the price of a friend. But even she can't muddle us up, eh?"

West smiled.

"Good old boy!" murmured Savage.

He walked restlessly across the one room of their cabin and back again. Nervously



he filled his own pipe, lit it, and exhaled a huge cloud of smoke. He thrust his hands deep in his pockets.

"Er—by the way," he blurted out, "I want to ask you something. Suppose I hadn't been the first of us two to start out to win her? That is, say I hadn't been in the way with any prior claim?"

The other did not look around.

"Well?" he suggested.

Savage puffed furiously.

"Well—how would you have felt—acted—under those circumstances?"

West threw back his head and laughed.

"I see," he said. "You're 'way off, old man. It wouldn't have been a bit different than it is now. So far as my camping on her trail is concerned under any conditions—never!"

"Why?"

"Well, perhaps in your present state," answered the other, "you won't understand it. But this is why. I've come to feel myself married to my profession; since I've been up here it's loomed up as the biggest thing on earth to me. I don't know what I've been thinking of all these years, that I didn't plunge into it heart and soul long ago. I want nothing better than to go on, a bachelor, doing the work that suits me. Because work, Dick—work is the grandest little old thing in the world, once you've been properly introduced to it! Just take my word for that!"

Savage gave a sigh of relief. He threw himself down in a chair with a cheerful grin.

"H-m," said he, "if you people don't all stop driving that thing into my head pretty soon, I'll get up on my ear and really show you what work *is*!"

West considered him seriously.

"I wish, Dick," said he, "that you might have to show us all—and yourself, too—what you could do with your hands and head. Honestly, I wish you might be forced through circumstances actually to go to work some time!"

His friend grimaced.

"Tommyrot!" he scoffed.

Yet all the same, had he not been blind to what was going on around him, through an habitual indifference to affairs outside of his own immediate concern, he would surely have noticed what a change hard work had wrought in his chum. Since pitching into his profession after his father's death, and more particularly now that he

had come here to Alaska, West was a different man—an immeasurably better one.

Witness the manner in which he was looked up to by the men with whom he came in contact. Where he had been indifferently liked back home by a few acquaintances, here he was sincerely admired and respected by every last one in the settlement; there was nobody who had not a good word and heartfelt praise for "the doc."

And, you may believe, if he hadn't deserved their respect and esteem, these men would not have been the sort to give it. His cheerful willingness to undertake and perform any service, however taxing, whenever called upon, had justly earned their regard, and they were the kind to give it only when honestly won.

Making a twenty-mile tramp alone, through a strange country, in order to save a miner whose name he had never heard, upon whom he had never laid eyes, from an attack of blood-poisoning which, had he not gone to his aid, would surely have proved fatal—this was but one of the many things he was able to do now that once he would have faltered over even contemplating; and it was to efforts of the kind that he owed his huge popularity in the district. All as a result of taking some definite purpose in life, sticking to it, and becoming toughened by it into the strong fiber of a real man.

But, little though Savage knew it, his time was coming: the crisis which was to determine whether he, too, could be made over into a being worth while was even then on the way. And, three weeks after his talk with West, the knowledge that he was facing the turning point in his life was brought stunningly home to him.

It came in the form of a familiar, legal-looking envelope, delivered from the last steamer to make the run in from the States.

"My remittance," Savage remarked to West, slitting it open. "I welcome it with open arms and grateful heart. That last lot of hunting tackle I bought pretty nearly did for me in the way of ready cash, coming, as it did, on top of the prices we've been gouged into paying for food and so on. This will come in handy—very—"

He stopped short.

West, looking up at the break in his words, saw him staring at the single sheet of paper that had come out of the envelope, his face ghastly gray.



"What is it?" he cried.

Slowly the other straightened. He stood creasing and re-creasing the sheet, with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall in a blank stare. Without altering his attitude, he raised his hand and handed the letter to the doctor mechanically.

"Read it," he said.

West scanned the few lines of typewriting. It laid bare the old, old story. The trustees who had been administering Savage's estate had been injudiciously speculating with it and other funds in their charge (so the receiver appointed by the firm's creditors announced), and now the concern was bankrupt, its principal officers gone to parts unknown to extradition treaties, and out of the wreck those who had been victimized would be lucky to realize a cent on the dollar when the muddled affairs of the house were finally straightened out.

"Why—that means you're ruined!" West exclaimed, lowering the letter. "Dick—old man, I can't say I'm sorry and not have you understand how deeply I mean it, can I?"

Savage dropped into a chair.

"Not even the check for this last quarter," he mused dolefully. "They might at least have sent me that. They—they might have taken into consideration that I'm just about strapped."

West crossed and gripped his shoulder.

"But what will you do?" said he.

His friend shrugged.

"Wait till I get my breath," he answered, "and then maybe I can tell you how little idea of what there is for me to do I've got."

The doctor confronted him.

"Look here," said he. "I suppose I've got to make a confession to you. You know you've never ceased puzzling over why I leaped into that 'M.D. racket,' as you called it, after my dad died. It's been your idea that I didn't have to work for a living. Well, that's where you've been dead wrong from the start.

"While I wasn't left exactly as bad off as you've been through this dirty crooks' deal, I was far from being well-fixed financially when father's estate was wound up. He'd been a poor manager, the governor. There was only a little left for me when he passed on. I *had* to work to keep myself. You never knew—well, for the reason that you, being rich, might have felt

some restraint at chumming about with me if you'd thought I wasn't on an even footing with you financially. You know what I mean: things wouldn't have been precisely the same. So I never let you in on the secret, but bluffed you along into thinking that I was as well-to-do as ever.

"That's why I wanted to come up here to Alaska. My practise back home was too small to pay me even a moderate living. Something had to be done. And the stories we both heard of this region were the faint pipings of a slim hope for me. Perhaps if I came up here, in a land where doctors weren't quite so numerous, I'd make a good thing of it. That was my idea.

"Well, you see how it's working out. I am making good. But just yet I haven't got to the point where I can offer you a free hand into my purse to help you over this hard luck. I'd like to put you back on your feet in style, if I could. However, whatever I've got you know you're welcome to share half and half—"

"Quit it," broke in Savage. "You'll do me the favor of cutting out any and all references to that old helping-hand stunt between us now and in future."

"But—"

"I don't expect to graft from you," went on the other. "You old, cross-eyed goat, don't you suppose I know what you'd do for me if I'd let you? I tell you, nothing doing. I'll fight it out for myself. And thanks, just the same."

West reseated himself.

"But, look here," said he. "Your case and mine differ a good deal. When the blow fell on me as it has on you, I had my profession to bolster me up. What have you got? Not a thing. What could you do to earn a living? Nothing. You haven't been trained for anything but idleness. Do you honestly believe, if you were put right up to it, you could earn carfare back in the metropolis we came from?"

Savage gnawed his lip.

"No," said he, "I don't suppose that I could do even that."

West leaned forward.

"Dick," he said, "you told me not long ago that you'd get up on your ear one of these days and show us all what real work really meant. I told you, if you remember, that I wished you could somehow be put to the necessity of doing just that. Well—the necessity has come. Will you carry through your end of it?"



The other clenched his hands on his knees.

"Show me the way," he began.

Then he stopped.

"Hold on," he cried, straightening up. "I see it myself. What in the world do I need to be bothering my head for over what I could or couldn't do back where we came from? That's rot. I'm here. Men all around me, equipped no better than I, are making fortunes. All they do to get them is to slave for sixteen hours or so a day at picking gold out of the ground. By Jove, if they can do it—"

He broke off, springing to his feet.

"I'll show you, Dud!" he promised. "This is my chance to put in some real licks for the first time in my life. I'm going to work. The blow has fallen on me just at the time when I can meet it best—while I'm right here on the ground, in as good a position as any other man to fight my way up before I'm counted down and out. Well—you'll see!"

He lifted his powerful arms above his head and stretched the muscles in fine exhilaration.

"I'm going after the gold!" said he. "The gold that's to be had for the taking!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TEST.

WEST loaned Savage enough money to file a claim at the government office on a small piece of ground which, to their ignorant eyes, looked good as a prospective Golconda. The doctor also supplied the funds necessary to purchase a modest mining outfit. Consenting to be aided by his friend to this extent, Savage was most determined upon one point in connection with the matter.

"This is only a loan, Dud, remember," he said seriously. "I hope it'll be all you'll have to lay out for me. I'll do my best to make it so. But, whatever you do, from now on, we'll both treat as a strictly business proposition, first, last and always. You'll be paid back every penny you invest in Dick Savage, Unincorporated."

West protested, seriously at first, at having his efforts to help his chum treated in any such coldly matter-of-fact fashion. But, when he saw that the other was really sincere about the thing, he yielded half-humorously.

And then Savage set to work. He learned within the passage of a single twenty-four hours how misguided he had been in considering the task of picking gold nuggets out of the ground, or washing dust from the earth through a hand-sluice, an easy chore for any man of normal endurance and strength.

Back-broken, aching in every limb as though drawn on a rack, at the close of the first day's work on his claim he was ready to admit that the job was the toughest in existence. But he lay down to rest with his mind on the morrow when, so he thought, he would be able to accomplish twice as much with half the exertion and attendant aches and pains.

Again he was disappointed. The next day proved a worse ordeal than the one preceding it. His unaccustomed muscles had stiffened up over night; every move was torture; he had to grit his teeth till the enamel gave before he could force himself to stick out the morning. Then he laid off—quit cold.

This, too, in the face of an audience which had assembled from every corner of the camp to see "the doc's dude pard," as the majority of them with whom he was not warmly friendly had christened him, go through his paces. "Kidding" him unmercifully as he worked with bungling and anguished slowness, they were overjoyed to see him give up at length. The news spread to those who had not been on hand to witness the "show" that he was a rank quitter. And down went his stock with the crowd.

But they did not know their man. He was not made of such yielding stuff as they thought. Back at the claim he took up his self-imposed labor again next day. This time he worked less energetically at the start, conserving his efforts so as to spread his strength over the full day's work. And, though he accomplished little, he finished out that day from sunrise to dusk without a break.

From then on he learned rapidly. And as rapidly as he picked up the points of how to wield his tools to best advantage, his body hardened and kept pace with his gathering skill. So it was that, at the end of three months, he had become a not inexperienced miner—able to do his work with any of the men around him.

But long before then his joy in the novelty of the game had petered out. This was not because of any vacillating streak in his



character; under ordinary circumstances he would have cheerfully gone about the working of his little claim, and kept his interest in it keenly alive month after month.

Yet the harshest of his critics and deriders, in the time when his name had been held up in the camp as a by-word for weak-spined inability to stick to a thing, would have admitted that he did not labor under ordinary circumstances.

Such luck as his was unknown to the oldest "sourdough" in the vicinity. The tiny claim that he had at first staked out and filed on, failed to yield him the cost of his food in return for his time and toil—it was utterly worthless, barren of dust or sufficient nuggets to support a canary bird in strict training.

At the end of three months he borrowed the price from the doctor and took another claim, this time one that his friends among the experienced miners picked out for him as likely to prove at least moderately productive. Their opinion was based on all the laws of what a bit of ground of the sort should yield; it seemed by every rule that here he would not have to work in vain to break more than even on the labor invested.

And yet this claim, also, proved as completely a fizzle as had the one before it. It seemed that the mere fact of his coming into its possession was enough instantly to turn it into a waste quarter-acre of earth, sterile of ore as a child's sand-pile.

Another, and yet another claim he staked out and purchased the privilege of working at the land office—always with the doctor's money. And again and again he was held at bay in his efforts to wring from any of the sections the least scrap of encouragement. His string of luck held; it became a thing spoken of in hushed voices among the men whenever the subject of misfortune was under discussion.

"Savage's luck"—that was the name by which any piece of ill-circumstance to any one in the settlement soon grew to be known.

As for Savage himself, the persistent harassment made him, at the end of a year, into a changed man.

Where before he had been pleasant-tempered and cheerful while basking in the sun of uninterrupted prosperity, now he was morose, crochety and sullen; one beaten by the hard knocks of continual adversity into an indigo outlook on life.

It was unfortunate that this should rebound to the discomfort of his friend, Dud-

ley West. By the strangest of all human perversions, whereby a man learns to harbor ill in his heart against the brother who has aided him, Dick Savage came to look upon the doctor as another of the enemies leagued against him. Quite impossible would it have been to find any reason for this; by no word or act had West ever acted as anything but his friend.

He had loaned him money whenever Savage wanted to file one of his many claims. Willingly he had borne all the expenses of their living; putting up for everything when food was at bankrupt prices. Besides that, he had tried to do all in his power to cheer the other through his trials—all to no avail.

Savage had turned against him. It was because of the self-hate he felt at his position; a sponge on his chum's good nature and meager capital. Despising himself, he also hated the doctor for what he had done. And thus their life together became daily harder to endure; Savage grouchy and sulking; West, the more he tried to bear with his friend and treat him kindly, only intensified the other's ill-humored dislike.

Another mistake that Savage made at this time was that he shunned the girl. Had he gone to Winona, poured out the story of his troubles, he might have been better fitted to go through with his hard lot. But that was just what he could not bring himself to do.

He was ashamed to go near her. She had wanted him to become a worker; he had given her to understand that if he should ever need to toil for his bread and butter he could do it satisfactorily; and now—look at the miserable failure he had made of the effort when the need arose!

She must despise him. Of course, she had heard what his luck had been. Competing with the men he had once looked down upon, he had been shown up for a weakling, a blundering, tenderfoot fool—he, the man who had once thought to win a woman such as she. No, he made up his mind, he would not go near her until he could come with the word that he had made good.

And, because he stayed away from Winona, he became even more difficult for West to put up with. Pining for her, he grew more sharp-tempered and unreasonable. Lacking her softening influence, his attitude hardened toward his friend day by day. And just at that time came the first snow in the Yukon.

It was a piece of luck that the doctor



had been called away on a case some twenty-odd miles to the south the morning before the blizzard struck. The two, cooped up in that small cabin alone for the three days during which no one could leave the shelter of a roof, must surely have come to an open breach due to the enforced confinement while Savage was in his present frame of mind.

Left to himself, the latter moped indoors till the storm was over. Then his idleness was interrupted by a strange occupation, forced upon him by a rule of the camp.

Once in every ten years or so a snow falls in the Yukon the like of which is unknown anywhere else on earth. Following a protracted dry spell, intensified by the lack of moisture common in that region, this snow descends in separate flakes, each one frozen solid. Piling up on the level, a fall of four, five or six feet will lie in apparent solidity on the ground; but in reality the stuff is less stable than a covering of equally thick dust—white dust; that is precisely what it is.

Of course, travel over this by foot, snowshoe or sledge is impossible. Yet travel by one of those three means is daily imperative in that section. Therefore a way to cross this snow had to be devised—was long ago worked out.

The idea is this:

As soon as the fall of snow is over, the men of the various camps in the vicinity pile out. Feet swathed in cast-off blankets, scraps of old garments, and the like, they begin their operation. A simple one it is. By cautiously tramping down the soft, dust-like flakes to the ground, a trail is made which extends from one camp to the outposts of the next, and so on.

Naturally, an economy of this hard labor is desired as far as is possible. Hence the trail is never made wider than will allow for the passage of one sledge-team. The question will instantly arise: what if two such teams meet on this trail, each bound in opposite directions?

The answer is a traffic law. By long usage it has come to be a fixed thing that travel on the trail is regulated to so many hours for the passage to the south, an equal length of time for travel to the north, and so to the man who trespasses in either direction within the scheduled hours for journeying in the proper direction. The law is stern; by strength of muscle vested in those who have the right of way upon the

trail, whenever a transgressor of its rules is encountered, the law's arm strikes.

Which means that any man, traveling the wrong way along the beaten path, is thrown off when met by a traveler in the right direction. Into the drifts at either side of the trail is the fate of the trespasser, whoever he may be.

Say that the unfortunate traveler, though, is a "good fellow." Seeing his sledge and dogs thrown into the towering snow-pile, perhaps he takes the matter good-naturedly. Then the man who has pitched his outfit out of the way turns to and helps him get his animals and traps back upon the trail again.

But the "grouch" fares ill when he has been thrown off. He is left to get his sledge out of the drift as best he can. And this is not an easy job by any manner of means.

The dogs are usually frantic and partially blinded from being cast into the swirling, stinging snow beside the path; their struggles make the sledge unmanageable in its owner's half-frozen hands; often the better part of a morning or afternoon is gone before the outfit is back on the trail. And then, if the traveler is still on the road within the time set for journeying in the opposite course, he may be thrown off again at any minute, to repeat his tortuous labors a second time, or even a third.

It was to help in the building of such a trail that Savage was drawn out of his cabin by his fellow inhabitants of Chilliho at the termination of this storm, which was one of that rare nature above described. He took part in constructing the beaten path from his camp to the one nine miles to the north.

During the two-days' work, he learned all about the law of the trail. It was explained to him by the "sourdoughs" who had been in the country, some of them, since the first trail of the sort was built. All the details of the traffic regulation were firmly impressed on his mind by the time the path was completed and the journey back to camp begun.

Just as the party arrived home, Dr. West came dashing along the finished trail from the south. He was driving a borrowed sledge on which were packed some provisions he had procured while away.

Both men were fagged out, one from the past forty-eight hours of manual labor he had just been through, the other from his exertions over the trying case from which



he had that evening returned, so each was too preoccupied with preparations for bed to pay much attention to his companion. Thus was the impending rupture between them temporarily averted.

But at midnight, fate, in the guise of a miner, came knocking at the cabin door.

Sleepily, Savage rose and shuffled across the floor.

"Well," he growled, "what's wanted?"

The gruff voice of the miner responded:

"That you, Savage? Well, Bill Podgett, he sent me up here to ask if you'd want to pick up fifty dollars. Knew you wasn't any too well fixed, y'understand, an' thought maybe you mightn't be above the job he's got in mind to pay that price for. How about it?"

A short pause.

"What's the job?" Savage demanded.

"Portage. Bill, his pardner's up the line about thirteen mile' prospectin'. He's 'bout out o' grub, an' Bill, he wants to get some supplies to him right quick. Can't go hisself, on account of his leg not bein' healed as yet from the doc's fixin' it, so he's willin' to pay you fifty if you'll make the haul for him. You've got first say—will you take the offer?"

Savage, in the darkness behind the bolted door, gnawed his mustache. Fifty dollars to make a trip that would take twenty-four hours to complete. Fifty dollars—why, he had been used to spending that much in a single evening back in the old days. He was offered that now to make a journey that would have killed him a year before to attempt, that even now would be strenuous enough to tax his strength to the limit—

"I haven't got any sledge or dogs," he objected.

Behind him the doctor stirred on his bunk. "You can take—" he began.

"That's understood," the miner's voice interrupted. "Bill, he's got his all hitched up an' loaded down, waitin' for you. All you've got to do is to take the trail. Are you goin'?"

Savage straightened. Of course, he sneered, the doctor was anxious for him to make the trip. There was to be fifty dollars in it. That would help to pay off the debt he owed West: that was evidently what the latter had been thinking as he listened to the dicker.

"All right!" he snapped. "I'll go!"

He turned away from the door.

"Better put some coffee on," the doctor suggested.

Savage bundled into his things without a word. He crossed the room and unfastened the door, still in silence. And without a syllable of farewell, he stepped out into the clear, cold night and banged the portal to behind him—a muttered curse leaving his lips as he turned to follow the miner in the direction of Podgett's shack.

"The dog!" he anathematized his friend. "The dog!—I'll pay him the dirty dollars!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### CONFLICT ON THE TRAIL.

HANDICAPPED by his lack of knowledge of how to get the most out of the dogs, Savage made slow work of the first half of his trip. Floundering along over the trail that he had helped to build, he was in far from a pleasant temper.

In the first place, he was tremendously tired and badly in need of the sleep out of which he had been awakened. It was not necessary that he start out at once on receiving the offer of this job, of course; indeed, Bill Podgett had been more than a little surprised to find him ready to leave at that early hour of the morning. But such was Savage's obstinate intention; he wanted to earn the fifty dollars and turn it over to the doctor with just as little delay as possible.

And as he plunged forward along the trail, swearing and cursing at the dogs, impeding rather than furthering their efforts by his ignorant handling of whip and guide-rope, it was this desire that filled his thoughts completely. The sooner he reached his goal, just that much sooner would he be able to reduce his debt to the doctor.

Dawn broke. Still he was pushing on along the trail. Weary to prostration now, nevertheless he kept on, on, ever on. That dull anger in his bosom, the acid bitterness of his feelings toward the doctor, kept him going as nothing else on earth could have done. He would show him—"the door!" he muttered over and over again. "The dog, I'll give him his money!"

And so he pitched, drunk from exhaustion, into the camp of Podgett's pardner at noon that day, twelve hours from the time of leaving Chillihoc. The sledge-load



of provisions delivered, the prospector wanted him to rest overnight. But Savage refused.

"I'm going," he panted, "straight back!"

He was as good as his word. Turning the dogs' heads, he flung himself down on the empty sled and rode off—a madman, in the prospector's opinion. Long the latter stood peering under his shading palm after him as he careered back along the trail. Then, unable to see him further, he turned away, shaking his head.

"Loony!" he muttered to himself. "Stark, drivelin' bughouse!"

Another might have been pardoned for thinking him so had he observed him during that homeward trip. Now that the sledge was lightened of its freight, he might have occupied it for the balance of the way and not overtaxed the dogs; resting from his previous exertions, he could have ridden back to the settlement behind the huskies in the harness, practically without setting foot on the ground again.

But such was his eagerness to get back to claim his money that he could not sit on the sledge. He had to get off and run with the dogs, fearing that even his weight would handicap their speed. Thus he charged along beside them for a space, till his strength was gone, when he collapsed upon the sled, only to rise and run again when he could steel himself to the effort.

By six o'clock that evening, he arrived at a roadhouse.

There he found a man about to set out over the trail ahead of him.

"Bound for Chilliho, ain't you?" the man inquired.

Savage nodded assent.

"If I was you," the other remarked judicially, "I'd lay up here over night. I wouldn't chance no further travelin' over the trail till mornin'."

"Why not?"

"Waal," the man replied, "don't seem to me it'd be safe. You're right green to this country, ain't you? Yes, that's how I sized you. You're some of a tenderfoot. Don't you know you've got a good way yet to go before you hit your camp? And that there's only a little over two hours left in which to travel south over this trail? S'pose you get caught on it at the wrong time?"

"How about you?" Savage asked. "You're going to beat along the same route yourself, aren't you?"

"I'm some different, mister," he explained. "Havin' spent somethin' like ten years in this region, I'm better able to travel swift. I can make Chilliho while the trail's still open to southward goin' easy enough. But you—waa, mebbe you can do it too, but I wouldn't bet much on the proposition."

"Think I'm green as that, do you?"

"Tain't nothin' you need take to heart," the other assured him. "A better man than you might not be able to make the distance within the time. I've seen the day when I couldn't do it myself."

"I'll take a chance."

The "sourdough" looked at him.

"I s'pose you know the law of the road," he said, "as to trespassers an' what they get?"

"I'll take a chance," Savage repeated grimly.

The man shrugged, turned to his sledge and cracked his whip over the dogs. They leaped forward in a cloud of snow-dust which enveloped the equipage and driver. When the spume had settled, the outfit had disappeared around a bend in the trail.

Shouting to his own dogs, Savage set off after the other. He knew he could cover those intervening few miles within the time limit, if he set himself to accomplish the task with sufficient grit. He kept his whip incessantly cracking over his team, and jogged along over the hard-packed snow which stretched in a narrow ribbon before him. He was going to make camp that night or "bust."

And, indeed, it looked as though he would gain his goal. At the end of an hour and a quarter's travel, he had covered more than half the distance. He had almost an hour still in which to make the remaining two miles. It was going to be easy, now, he told himself.

Then, with a sudden startled leap, he threw himself back upon the sledge, clutching it with both hands to stay its progress, yelling to the dogs to stop. When the team came to a halt, he scrambled to his feet and ran back a dozen yards to a point beside the trail where the drift at the right-hand side had been broken into—perhaps by the overthrow of some trespassing outfit.

What was this that had attracted his eye as he passed? This glittering patch of yellow against the surrounding whiteness—Gold!



There was no doubt of it. Surface gold—he had discovered, laid bare before his eyes, that for which he had been searching in vain for months and months. Down on his knees, clawing at the frozen earth, he verified the evidence of his bulging eyes. "Gold!" he muttered hoarsely. "It's mine—all mine—gold! gold!"

Once more he scrambled to his feet, this time wildly. Laughing, gibbering to himself, he ran to the sledge, tugging at his pocket as he went. He drew out his knife. Squatting on the frozen snow, he attacked the framework of the sledge, cutting four foot-long sticks of the light wood from it.

With these in his hands, he raced back to the location of his dazzling find. Feverishly he worked to rear the sticks at the four points of the compass around the spot. At last it was staked out—his El Dorado. *His!* He thrilled at the thought; at what it meant.

"Mine!" he babbled, giggling in the stark lunacy of joy. "I've made good now. This breaks the luck. I'm rich—rich again! They sneered at me for a poor green tenderfoot, did they? Well, *now* let them see!"

He rose and leaped to the sledge. Curling the whip over the dogs' backs, he loosed a shout at them that set the team charging off in the direction of the camp once more.

He would go immediately to Podgett's cabin, collect his fifty dollars, with that file his claim in the government office at Chillioc. Then his find would be protected to him for all time.

The doctor—at the thought of him, Savage's heart sang. Wiped clean off the slate of his memory was the ill-feeling he had harbored toward his friend; the staggering good fortune into which he had fallen had removed entirely all his former nonsensical hatred of West; he was in a hurry to reach his cabin, too, to tell his chum the glad, mad tidings of his luck.

He knew the latter would share with him his joy. Good old Dud—if it hadn't been for his help all along, Savage gratefully acknowledged, he would not have reached this happy day.

And now his spirits rose still higher. He was going to be able to go to the girl at last and prove his worth in her eyes; in the battle to win riches from the earth he had won. He could go to Winona and claim her now, unashamed.

Around an abrupt bend in the trail he

dashed; looked ahead to sight the camp which might even now be within reach of his eyes. But what was that black speck, growing larger by the minute, that appeared on the road ahead?

He watched it gather size, take form, as a man hastening toward him on foot at the lead of another sledge-team—

Why, it was West himself!

Two hundred yards farther and they met. Both drew up.

"Sorry, Dick," the doctor called, "but I've got to throw you off!"

Savage straightened, perplexed. Then he remembered. He must be traveling south on the trail at a time when the road was closed to all traffic save to the north; by his stop on the path where he had made his discovery, he had let the time limit of which he had been warned run out.

Sure enough, he was a trespasser. And in the doctor's way. The latter had a perfect right to pitch his sledge over into the drifts, if he desired. Plainly bound in the direction from which Savage had just come, there was no means by which the doctor could pass him unless his outfit was thrown out of the path.

"Lend a hand," West went on, "and we'll have this trap of yours over. Then I'll go past. After that, we can both pitch in and set the thing back in no time."

As he finished speaking he averted his eyes from Savage's face.

The latter slowly frowned. A thought had come into his mind which did not accord at all with his recent change of heart toward the doctor. And now West's evident disinclination to look him in the face drove the thought home deeper in his brain.

Where was the other bound up the trail?

It flashed over Savage who that man was who had warned him at the roadhouse against taking the trail back to Chillioc that evening. He was a miner, well-known in the vicinity as the most prosperous gold-digger who had ever come into the country; additionally, he was the very man Dr. West had risked his life in that twenty-mile tramp to save from blood-poisoning.

Hadn't that miner gone down the trail ahead of Savage? Of course he had. And—startling thought!—what had prevented him from seeing the surface gold which the former had discovered? Why, he *must* have seen it.

Suppose, then, since he had not staked it out for himself, he had come into Chillioc



with news of the treasure—brought that news straight to Dr. West, the man who had saved his life—told him to go out and take up the claim which he, being already too rich to need, was willing to give him out of gratitude?

Was the doctor bound to that spot farther up the path?

Savage stiffened at the thought. Perhaps that explained why his one-time friend had averted his eyes when he spoke of throwing his sledge off the trail and helping him put it back. Maybe the doctor had put two and two together; knew that his chum might have found the gold on his way to the south and staked it out; contemplated the treachery of pitching him off the trail and then leaving him there in the drift to get out the best way he could—which would take time.

Time? Why, it might be a good hour before he got the team and sledge out of the mess. And in the mean time—in the mean time what more simple than for the doctor to dash up the road, arrive at the location of the gold where he could tear up the other's stakes and plant his own, and then charge back to town—passing Savage in the drift—to file his claim in the land office first?

His old hatred of West flared up in his heart a thousandfold intensified as he stood there, the prey to these wretched imaginings, born of what justifiable cause he, in his sober senses, could not have told.

"You won't throw me off!" he blurted.

The doctor drew back a step at sight of the other's rage-contorted face.

"Why—man, don't be a fool!" he cried. "You're trespassing. I've the right to pitch you off, and that's what I've got to do to get by you. Are you quite mad? Come, lay hold of your sledge and help me cast it aside. You're holding me up. And I'm on important business."

Savage laughed insanely—as insane he nearly was.

"Important business!" he mocked. "Yes, I guess you are. That's what you think. But I'm going to show you how important it is—you'll find out! One thing's sure, you don't get rid of me in that drift by a long shot!"

"You fool!" rapped out the other. "What kind of drivel are you talking, anyhow? You've got to get off this trail. You understand? I can't be delayed any longer—"

Savage dropped his whip.

"Come on and put me off," he screamed. "You—"

Into a steady stream of oaths the doctor hurried. He struck out at the other, missed, and they came together with a rush. Locked in each other's arms, they rocked to and fro over the narrow path, their flying heels kicking up a head-high cloud of snow-particles around them.

A moment or two they struggled breast to breast, neither gaining the mastery. But Savage wrestled with the trebled strength of a madman; suddenly he locked his leg behind the doctor's, tore him off his balance, raised him by the waist high in air.

Then with all his force he flung him into the drift at the trail-side. Even as he fell into the bed of frozen snow, Savage had turned and was struggling with the other's sledge. Shouting to the dogs, kicking them forward, he up-ended the equipage and sent it crashing after West.

The latter was just stumbling to his feet when the off-runner of the outfit descended upon his head. It was a glancing blow, but still of sufficient force to flatten him out. And there he lay motionless, dead as a log, at Savage's feet.

He stood, panting, looking down at the senseless figure. He shook his fist at the prone form, cursing brokenly as he strove for breath. Then he turned away.

Picking up the whip he bawled at his own dogs, urging them into a run. Still swearing to himself he looked back over his shoulder at the dark blot on the snow which as yet had not stirred.

"Lie there!" he muttered. "It's where you wanted to put me—see how you like it yourself!"

On he ran, urging the dogs to better speed. Now and again he turned his head to peer over his shoulder at the break in the wall of snow beside the trail behind him where the doctor, out of sight now, was lying without movement or the stirring of a finger. Something kept brushing against the eyes of the man as he ran. It was something wet, stickily damp.

Snowflakes. It was snowing again. A blizzard was breaking. He would have to hurry, hurry to get into town— But there were the outer cabins of the camp before him now, less than a quarter of a mile off. He was safe!

As he drove by the third frame building on the way to the heart of the settlement



he pulled up. This was the general store of old man Greaves. He hurried to the door, fumbled with the catch.

Now would do as well as any other time to tell Winona the glad tidings of that wonderful claim upon which he had stumbled.

He found Greaves alone in the place. The storekeeper wore a harassed expression of which, however, Savage took no account as he closed the door behind him against the gathering storm without.

"Winnie around?" he asked.

Greaves turned.

"Hallo!" he grunted. "You're back already, are you? Must have done some hustlin'."

Savage drummed the counter impatiently.

"Where's Winnie?" he asked again.

Greaves passed his hand over his brow.

"Oh," he said dully. "You ain't heard, o' course. Well, I've got bad news. Last night come a messenger from my brother up at the roadhouse that his squaw-woman's sick, an' Winnie, she went up to see what she could do for her. 'Bout two hours ago, Ed Winton, the minin'-king, he comes pilin' in here to tell me that Winnie's been hurt—cut her foot half off with an ax while tryin' to chop some frozen kindlin' at her uncle's place. It ain't cheerful tidin's, is it? 'Speshully as Ed said she was bleedin' in a way to make her chances mighty slim unless somethin' was done for her right away. It—it sounds mighty bad."

And the old man rubbed his forehead in a dazed fashion as he shook his head. His chin, Savage noticed, was trembling in a nervous, twitching way.

As for himself, the news had swept from his brain the cobwebs of near madness which had clouded it; his head now was clear as it had ever been—the last traces of his recent insanity had fled for good.

"But—but why are you here?" he blurted. "Why aren't you doing something for her—"

"Can't leave this store," answered the older man quietly. "Besides, all that can be done is bein' done just as well without me. The doc, he left for up the trail not three-quarters of an hour ago."

Savage gripped the counter.

"What?"

He stared into Greaves's careworn face with suddenly widened eyes. He felt as though fingers of steel were twined around his throat, choking him, strangling speech.

"What—what's that you said," he gasped, "about the—the doctor? Do you mean that West has gone to her—"

"U-m," nodded the other. "He'll do all he can. I trust him. He knows his job—"

Turning on his heel, Savage walked to the door. He flung it open and strode outside. His head was ringing. And somewhere inside his breast was a lump of dull lead that he vaguely realized must be his heart—stabbed through and through with the pain of a knife-thrust.

That was the errand upon which the doctor had been bound. No wonder he had averted his eyes from his friend's face on their meeting: knowing that he was going to the woman he loved, who lay at the point of death. That had been his important business up the trail—

Savage stopped stock still.

A picture flashed before his eyes, a picture that made his breath pause in his throat. Lying on the frozen ground, a man with the bruise of a heavy sledge-runner along his temple, prone, senseless, while awaiting him lay a girl who was slowly but surely bleeding to death—

Savage brought his knuckles to his teeth.

"God!" he muttered, shaking of a sudden as with the ague. "God—what have I done?"

He looked around him, peering through the flying snowflakes. Huddled together against the break of the blizzard, stood the dogs hitched to his sledge. He plunged for them on the dead run. Snatching up the whip, he swung it with a yell. The weary animals refused to budge. He flung himself upon them, beating them into activity. Into the storm they moved at last—up the trail to that break in the drift where lay the doctor.

## CHAPTER V.

### FATE'S REBUTTAL.

"DUD—wake up! Wake up, Dud! Dear Heaven, make him stir. Dud, you hear me? You hear, old man—it's Dick! Rouse yourself!"

Down on his knees, the spume of the dry flakes from the drifts swirling about him to mingle with the falling snow of the blizzard, Savage held the senseless form of the doctor propped against his leg, while with frantic hands he chafed at his palms, rubbed his cheeks and temples and shook



his shoulders to force back some signs of life.

For a quarter of an hour he had been working thus, and so far West had given no indication of returning consciousness.

Still Savage toiled over the task of bringing him to. But as he bent over the lifeless figure against his knee, beating his hands, slapping his cheeks, he knew that the man would have to come to himself soon or all would be lost. Neither could stay out in that storm long without the risk of never finding a way to shelter; already the snow was descending in sheets that almost shut the dogs of both teams from view.

Shifting the doctor's weight, Savage let him slip off his knee. Before he could stay him, West had hit the ground and rolled half over. Something lay upon the ground near his hip. It was a flask—a flask of brandy.

Snatching this up, Savage again grasped the doctor and pulled him to a sitting posture against his bent leg. He unscrewed the top of the bottle, held it to the other's lips, and, by brute force, pushed the neck between his teeth.

The fiery liquid did its work. Scarcely half a gill had flowed down West's throat before his eyes popped open. He fixed a glassy stare on his companion.

"What—what is it?" he whispered weakly.

Overjoyed the other clasped him by the shoulders, shaking him. He brought his face close to his, and shouted:

"Dud—you know me? You're all right now? Can you get up—up on your feet? Try—make the effort, man!"

The doctor was nodding again.

Savage gritted his teeth and bent his head to yell in his friend's ear.

"What kind of a doctor are you?" he roared. "You call yourself a doctor—a doctor! A life is to be saved, and you want to sleep! Wake up!"

The call struck the proper note, as Savage had hoped it might. The professional instinct was stronger than the physical need of the moment. The doctor roused, this time sitting upright of his own accord.

"Somebody needs me?" he panted.

"It's a life or death case!" Savage shouted, following the same fortunate trend. "You're the only doctor in miles—will you come?"

West attempted to get to his feet; fell back gasping.

"Certainly," he quavered weakly. "I'll come—help me up—"

"Sit there!" the other commanded breathlessly. "And keep awake—swing your arms, keep on laying about you with them—don't go to sleep again for the love of—"

His words were lost in the storm as he got to his cramped legs and ran for the dogs. His own were worn out; they would not be able to cover the distance to the road-house, he feared. The doctor's animals were comparatively fresh, but—West's sledge was broken from its casting into the drift. What was he to do? Only one thing, and that the unhitching of his own huskies from his sledge, and the harnessing of the doctor's dogs to it.

Feverishly he set about the work, his bungling fingers provoking his oaths.

At last, however, the job was done. Running back, Savage found the doctor keeled over in the snow. Dropping to his knees beside him, he shook him awake almost at once, due to the fortunate circumstance of his having just succumbed. Lifting him in his arms, the other bore him to the sledge and laid him on it.

"I'm going to take you to your case," he cried, bending over the man. "Try to keep awake. Here—take this bottle. When you feel yourself slipping, take a swallow. If that doesn't do, call me the instant you find you can't hold off—promise you'll do that?"

The doctor nodded.

"My head is clearing," he said. "I think I'll do now. Only—you'd better get to the place quick. Winona—isn't it—cut herself with an ax? All right; hurry, Dick!"

Savage sprang to the lead-rope and slashed out with his whip. The sledge moved, gathered way, pressed on into the head of the storm.

At last they pulled up beside the road-house. Savage ran to the sledge and lifted the doctor off. Supporting him with both arms, he reeled with him to the door and fell against it with a crash that aroused those within.

The portal yielded in a moment, and they were precipitated into the warmth of a room which instantly provoked a cry of pain from both as their frost-bitten faces felt the unexpected heat, full blast.

"Where's the patient?" demanded the doctor, freeing himself from Savage's embrace and tottering forward. He had torn off his mittens and was hauling his medicine-case around on the strap over his shoulders.



They led him to an inner room where Savage was denied admittance. Slowly the time dragged away—seemingly a century of it!—while he waited for the doctor's reappearance.

At last he came.

"She wants you, Dick," said he.

Savage gripped the doctor's hand, searching his face. He failed to find there that which he had dreaded and half expected to see.

"She's out of danger now," the doctor went on, "and she can thank you as much as me for that. If you'd neglected to find me out there on that trail, where I must have tripped and fallen against something which put me out—"

Savage drew a quick breath.

"Can—can't you remember," he faltered, "what happened before I—found you?"

West shook his head.

"It seems to have gone from me completely," he said. "The fall must have jarred my memory; I don't remember a thing, strange to say!"

The other held himself up by an effort. There was hope for him, then!

"But go in," West repeated; "she's eager for the sight of you. She's missed you, Dick, she says—you know what that means, eh? Go in, my boy—your happiness awaits you!"

And he pushed him through the doorway of the other room.

"But I can't tell him!"

"No need to. Let it rest where it is. If his memory of the matter has gone, perhaps it is for the best that he never will know. I understand, dear, that you never would have harbored the suspicion that he meant to rob you of your claim if it hadn't been for what you'd gone through before. You weren't to blame. And—it's taught you a lesson you'll never forget. Hasn't it?"

"Indeed, yes," answered Richard Savage grimly.

He was walking beside the sledge on which Winona, his promised wife, was being carried by himself and Dr. West back to her father's store the next day. The doctor was wielding the whip over the dogs up in front. As Savage watched him, his face was lined with pain.

"But here's the point," he told his *fiancée*. "He's my friend. I doubted him. If he never knows it, I always shall. And that's

what hurts. That's what I'd undo if I could—if only there was some way that I could!"

Suddenly he bent and kissed her. He straightened with a glad light in his eyes.

"Wait for me," he said mysteriously.

And the next minute he was off at a run. Catching up with West, he explained that he was going up the trail a few hundred yards to investigate its condition since the storm, and clear away any obstructions encountered. Then he went on ahead, disappearing around a bend in the road.

He returned several minutes later and took his place beside the doctor on the guide-rope. They plodded along, shoulder to shoulder, talking amiably—

"Look out!" cried West.

Savage had lurched against him. As the doctor struggled for his footing, the other pushed him violently once more, and down he went—thrown into the drift a second time by his friend.

He picked himself up, spluttering. Then, as his eyes encountered the spot on the ground where the snow had been removed by his fall, he gasped. At his feet lay surface gold. He whirled on Savage.

"Gold!" blurted the other in apparent amazement. "Well, of all the lucky dogs, Dud, you take the cake! This will make you rich for the rest of your life—I congratulate you!"

The doctor leaped into the air with a whoop of joy. But, as he gripped Savage's hand, he protested:

"Oh, but half is yours, old man! If it hadn't been for your shove just now, I'd never have uncovered it. We'll have to go halves!"

The other had dropped back and taken Winona's hand beside the sled.

"No, thanks, just the same!" he smiled. His eyes wandered ahead to the four foot-long depressions in the surface of the snow which might have been left by the fall of four sticks. "You take the gold, Dud—I'll call it square with your gift to me of Winona, here, and the comfortable living that means as a partner in her father's store—providing you're satisfied!"

West advanced and clapped his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Dick," said he, "I've always known you were my friend. I know it now, a thousand times over!"

And Savage, turning to the girl, smiled in peace at last.



# The Argosy's Log-Book

By the Editor

WITH this issue the Log-Book enters upon its second year as a regular department of THE ARGOSY, and we signalize the occasion by enlarging it. While "kicks" have been received on this, that, and the other story, no one has "taken his pen in hand" to knock the Log-Book, and as it is the most unique "correspondence corner" in the magazine world, I am sure you will all be delighted to see its borders enlarged. It has been one of the saddest duties falling to my lot to be obliged to omit letters whose snappiness or strongly individualized views clamored for type. But I have kept them all, and I shall now enter upon the joyous task of sandwiching in these "left-overs" with the deluge of fresh comments, kicks, and compliments that every mail rains down upon my desk.

W. L. B., writing from Columbus, Georgia, strikes a blow at the vanity of authors in the breezy communication that follows:

You certainly have a job trying to please all the kickers that I see are writing you, trying to tell you how to run the magazine. I always turn to the Log-Book first and read them all. Sometimes I smile at the many suggestions you receive. I think the Log-Book is a great addition to the magazine, and enjoy reading it. As I say, I read it first, then start with the *last* short story and so on through the whole number to the complete novel at the first. Thus you see I read you backward, as it were. I never read the continued stories, as I am a knight of the grip and don't have time to keep up with them. I see a great many of your correspondents mention one or more of the writers they like best. Now, I have read THE ARGOSY for ten or twelve years, and, aside from the names of authors I have seen mentioned in the Log-Book, I could not tell you the name of one of your writers except Edgar Franklin. Somehow or other, I always look for his name as the author of one of the short stories, and if it is there I read his story first. So the whole thing sums up, from my point of view, to the fact that THE ARGOSY is a hummer regardless of who writes the stories. They are all good, and as long as you hold up to the present stand, and you will be a great favorite among the boys on the road. THE ARGOSY is a familiar sight stuck under the straps of from four to six grips in most any hotel you may go into. *Hawkins* may be silly, as some of the knockers say, but it is a fact that he is amusing, and that is what we want. I used to read five or six different magazines, but it seems a new one pops up every time the moon changes, and it would keep a fellow broke trying to keep up with them all, so I have cut them all out except THE ARGOSY. The short stories and the Log-Book are all I ever read of that, and I assure you I find a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction out of that.

Here is another answer to my query as to the way in which readers became acquainted with us. This one shows the value of advertising. L. N. B., of Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, starts up in sprightly fashion thus:

Replying to your question in the November Log of how I became an ARGOSY reader, my answer must be something like the story of "The House that Jack Built." I saw an *All-Story*, and bought it. It contained an advertisement of the next ARGOSY. I bought THE ARGOSY. In our family we consider subscriptions as ideal gifts. Four years my birthday was remembered by twelve copies of THE ARGOSY. This year I have been forced to become a second-hand reader by illness. I get my moth-



er's copy when she finishes it. It comes late, but it is worth waiting for. I read it over and over, even the advertisements, till the next one comes. I have no fault to find with any of the stories. My favorites are those where science and mechanics are used in working out improbable though barely possible situations. I read the serials first in the order of their completion, then the short stories, and save the novels for dessert. I'll be glad when I can have my very own copy again, so I'll be sure of getting all the serials.

If you imagine it is only men who care for tales of hair-breadth adventure, you would be convinced to the contrary did you see all the letters that come to me. For instance, note the comment on one particular story from Miss Mabel H., Wausan, Wisconsin.

Possibly I am about the youngest contributor to the Log-Book, but in spite of the fact that I am only nineteen, and that most of your contributors I judge to be men and women of greater age, still I will take the liberty of writing you my opinion of THE ARGOSY. It is, in my estimation, the greatest fiction magazine written. I have read various numbers of all the current magazines, but in the end have always returned to THE ARGOSY as the magazine which furnished the greatest amount of amusement and profit. I have read it ever since it first came to my notice about ten years ago. Of course I was at that time of too immature an age to get the full benefit of the stories, but nevertheless I enjoyed it immensely. I remember the first story I read was a complete novel. It dealt with a party of adventurers in search of gold. By accident they stumbled on a subterranean lake, and the subsequent events dealt with their escape and the perils they underwent trying to do so. There were Indians and hold-up men, and everything desirable for a thrilling story. Possibly you remember it. I did not take any notice of the book as a magazine until a little later, when I began to purchase the numbers to tide over lonesome evenings. Of course some of the numbers were not as absorbing as others, but taken as a whole I am very well satisfied with the magazine. I like the short stories and complete novels the best. Serial stories never appeal to me, because I cannot have the whole story at once. "Midnight Between Towns" is great, as are the *Hawkins* stories.

Under date August 21, a Cuban reader, A. M. V., writes from Havana, incidentally revealing the fact that his taste for the shape in which stories are served up is exactly the reverse of Miss H.'s. He says:

I began to read THE ARGOSY a year ago. I also read several other magazines, but I, with hundreds of other people, think your magazine the best one of its kind. What I like the best are the serials. The idea "War in the Cuban Canebreaks" gives of Cuba is all right, except that such uprisings in the sugar-mills do not take place. But of course you have to invent something when writing a novel or a story. What take place frequently are cane fires, most of them caused intentionally. But most of the plantations insure their cane. Also, nobody should think all Cubans are like such men as *Spinoza* and his followers. I like stories of the West and New York City, which I had the pleasure to visit this summer. P. S.—I am a Cuban student, and only know English so-so. So I'll hope you will excuse my mistakes.

The foregoing, as you will note, is very well expressed indeed. J. L. D., of Portland, Oregon, has rather a quaint way of describing stories of the future. He begins:

You want to know how we first started reading THE ARGOSY. Well, in the September issue of over four years



ago I read the first instalment of "The Jalibird," and I thought it was so good that I've read every copy from cover to cover since. I thought that story was a Jim-dandy, although I haven't seen any comment upon it in the Log-Book. A. P. Terhune is far and away my favorite, with Edgar Franklin second. The *Hawkins* stories seem to be such a bone of contention that I'd like to say a word about them. I read and enjoy them, not for the plot or their sense, but for the humor. All tragedy and no humor would make THE ARGOSY a dull book. I particularly enjoyed "Just Like Wyoming," but it didn't last long enough. I am fond of impossible stories like "At His Mercy," and anticipated yarns like "On the Brink of 2000," although I couldn't rave over "The Savage Strain." Her Hero from Savannah seemed too untrue to life to suit me. Naturally I like some stories better than others, but I have yet to strike a story in TRIN ARGOSY that I won't read and enjoy. The illustrations are a great improvement.

R. C. W., of La Center, Washington, writing last August, has had all his suggestions acted upon as it happens "On the Frozen Trail" in this issue completing the trio.

I consider THE ARGOSY better than any other magazine, regardless of price. Why don't you publish any stories about the prize-ring, about China, or stories with the plot laid among the gold-diggers? I like all war stories, African stories, and such stories as "An Up-to-Date Shipwreck," "On Treason's Track," "Fencing with Villainy," and "With His Back to the World," while such stories as "The Worst Is Yet to Come," are no good. Yours as long as THE ARGOSY is for sale.

R. K. C., Moline, Illinois, always reads the Log-Book first, "as it seems to draw the readers together like a family of cousins." Miss C. M., Wheeling, West Virginia, thinks the illustrated heads to the stories an improvement over the old way as that "told too much and you could almost guess the way the stories would end." F. E., Hillsboro, Oregon, wants more stories like "Guarding the Treasure," "The Queen's Prisoner," and "The Phantom Flier." Terhune is his favorite author, and he likes "stories of shipwreck and cast ashore upon islands infested by pirates and a pretty girl worked in." H. K. R., Sullivan, Indiana, tersely puts his opinion thus: "Back in the eighties I began reading THE ARGOSY. I have kept at it ever since. 'Nuff said."

With respect to a suggestion made by A. R., of Madison, Wisconsin, the divisions already existing on our contents page are very illuminating as to the length of the various stories. He writes:

I think that all of the stories in THE ARGOSY are good. My preference is for the ones with historical interest attached to them, but I would not care to have them all of this kind. As has been stated by others, some of the stories are impossible, some are improbable, but I know that they are all "good" stories; and, best of all, they are free from immorality, vulgarity, or suggestiveness of any kind.

A. C. L., of Baltimore, will be pleased to learn that at present the only *Hawkins* yarn I have in stock is the serial of which I spoke some months since. Also that I am planning to publish a Terhune serial all in one issue. He says:

I have been reading THE ARGOSY for almost as long as I can remember, and I sure do enjoy it. Albert Terhune is my favorite. I could never tire of him, and only wish he wrote two serials a month instead of one. "The General's Pawn" and "Russia's Black Paw" both promise to be good. I agree with J. G. S. in regard to the *Hawkins* stories. They are entirely too monotonous. I can always guess how they will end before I read them, just by reading the title. I never read them now, and sure wish something would happen to get them out of THE ARGOSY. "Why Williamsport?" "The Sign of Fear," "The Trail of the Flashlight," and "Vengeance Burned Away" are great. Publish more like them, and also some like "Her Escort," "A Submarine Enchantment," and "The Man Who Ran Away."

And here is C. W., of New York City, who

agrees with our Baltimore friend on Terhune, but differs with him *in toto* on *Hawkins*.

I consider TRIN ARGOSY's greatest author to be Mr. Albert Payson Terhune. He is without peer in the magazine world, and THE ARGOSY is particularly lucky in securing the majority of his delightful and fascinating tales. I enjoy very much the *Hawkins* stories, and you cannot publish too many of them. I do not believe in old fogies who dissect and analyze each story, bit by bit, in search of little errors, but who are blind to the humor and inventive genius displayed in the tale. *Hawkins* forever, say I, and I know there are many who unite in a cordial assent. Your recent Log-Book at the end of the magazine is a very good idea.

Apropos of clashing opinions, "Just Like Wyoming" is beginning to line up with "The Shooting at Big D," and the *Hawkins* tales as a stirrer up of strife. Note first what J. D. K., Fayetteville, North Carolina, has to say of it:

I think I have read everything published in TRIN ARGOSY for the last five or six years. It is decidedly my favorite of the many magazines now on the news-stands. Its chief attractions are the title, ARGOSY, the price, ten cents, and its full line of interesting stories. I never read a serial as it comes out. I read the short stories and complete novels each month, and preserve all old numbers until the serials are complete, then read them. I like A. P. Terhune's stories. His ideas on courage, character, and principle are great. So are *Hawkins*'s inventions. "The Swivel of Suspicion" was splendid, but please give us no more "Just Like Wyoming." It was so unusual I must class it as a typographical error in THE ARGOSY.

Then compare the remarks of W. E. A., who writes from Toledo, Ohio. He has, however, you will note, confused his authors. Edgar Franklin, who writes the *Hawkins* yarns, is the author of "Just Like Wyoming." Mr. Krog has supplied us with two of the city stories, the last one being, "Disentangled in Detroit," published in the December number. But to W. E. A.'s letter:

Having read the Log-Book for some time and enjoyed it, I will write and give you my humble opinion. "Russia's Black Paw" is very interesting as far as I have read. I started reading TRIN ARGOSY when the serial called "Block Tower Seven" began. Being an ex-British soldier and acquainted with Australia, your fine story, "Two Thoroughbreds," is a regular tear-starter, and is true to life as could be. Tell Mr. George Foxhall to write something about Algiers or the Sudanese people, or some Indian stories: I mean, of course, scenes laid in India. "The Hoodoo Fighter," so far as I have read, is as good if not better than anything Albert Payson Terhune has contributed, although "In the Name of the King" was a dandy. Fritz Krog might have done better with his story, "A Schenectady Vendetta." Why did he make the Italian finally win out and marry the Irish girl? Being Irish myself, I, as well as many others, will object to the story ending that way. I like the *Scales* stories, also the *Hawkins* tales; but, being a printer, can't you tell the author of the *Hawkins* stories to invent something in the printing line? Fritz Krog redeems himself for his failure in "A Schenectady Vendetta" by turning out a dandy story like "Just Like Wyoming." Although many people do not like it, I have read "Just Like Wyoming" through three times and still enjoy it.

Here is a letter from A. L., Winnipeg, Manitoba, under date August 22, which certainly deserves a place.

I have just finished reading the September issue, and I think it is absolutely great. My favorite stories are the serials, especially those by Albert Payson Terhune. I liked his "From Flag to Flag" and "The Spy of Valley Forge" best of all. I'm not exactly in love with *Hawkins*, but I read them just because they are in THE ARGOSY. In the September issue I can't find a short story that wasn't good. The novelette is somewhat indefinite. That is to say, what became of the crazy coons? Apparently they drifted off into space. "Why Williamsport?" is very good. So was "Helping Her Out." I think that was the best short story produced for some time. I read THE ARGOSY in this order: Log-Book, then first page to the end.

I am sorry not to be able to oblige a reader of twenty-five years standing, but I must tell M. A.,



of Dayton, Ohio, that it is quite impossible to answer questions as to the value of coins, etc., in the Log-Book. I suggest that he write to one of the firms whose announcements appear in our department of Classified Advertising. As to our consideration of stories written in longhand, it is better, of course, to have them typed, but M. A.'s writing is very easy to read, so of course that "helps some." L. A. H., Loving, Texas, likes thrilling stories like "The Tail of the Oregonian Limited," "On Treason's Track" or "In the Name of the King." "But for goodness' sake," he adds, "don't have any more *Hawkins* stories or one like "Just Like Wyoming," H. W., Wichita, has been a reader for over twelve years and never missed a copy. "This month," he says, "I bought two ARGOSIES, as my wife could not wait till I got done with it."

Out in Fulton, Indiana, we have a reader who is surely of the sort to rejoice any editor's heart. E. A. R. writes as follows:

I am not a writer, but I have been a reader and have taken THE ARGOSY since its birth. I have not missed one number, nor have I missed reading a single story in all the years I have taken THE ARGOSY. I have no choice in stories, but find them all good; some better than others, but no complaint to make. I think it the best story magazine I have ever seen, and expect to take it and read it as long as I have the price. THE ARGOSY has undergone several changes since I started taking it, but each change has been for the better. I like the Log-Book addition, and read it when the story part is exhausted, but have not had the pleasure of reading of any one who has taken it as long as I have, yet I suppose you have thousands as faithful as your humble servant.

With regard to the comment of S. L. S. (Attica, Ohio), on "The Secret in Their Captivity" the scene of the story was not Italy, but Portugal, and the deposed monarch King Manuel. From S. L. S.'s letter I quote as follows:

Several years ago I read THE ARGOSY regularly, but in some unknown way it was side-tracked, and disappeared out of my life until the fall of 1910. Now I'll have it as long as I am able to have anything. I formerly read the most interesting serials first, then started at the beginning and read everything. Now I save the magazines and read the serials when they are completed. If I have plenty of time, I devour a complete novel; if my time is limited, I read a short story. I think that "The Sign of Fear" and "The Tail of the Oregonian Limited" cannot be beaten. Terhune's historical novels like "In the Name of the King" are also favorites. I wonder how many read "Four Magic Words" from start to finish without turning back to find out what the magic words were. In "The Secret in Their Captivity" it seems rather far-fetched that one of the ladies' gowns should catch on a *barbed-wire fence* in the wilds of Italy. I think "Roy Burns's Handicap" was—to speak plainly—no good. Of course, what is one man's meat is another's poison. I also enjoy the Log-Book. I do not think THE ARGOSY could be bettered in any way except by being published every two weeks or made double in size.

From Atlanta, Georgia, I have a very welcome letter from H. M. F. He will be glad to hear that I have just been talking with the author of the "Liberator" and the "Concession" about some more stories on that order.

The Log-Book is certainly a pleasant addition to THE ARGOSY, and one may spend an interesting fifteen minutes in reading the praise, criticisms, suggestions, etc. I have been reading THE ARGOSY for about nine years, and I think this is a fairly good record, and it is with pleasure I recall two stories by Mr. Franklin, which appeared during 1904 and 1905, namely, "The Taking of the Liberator" and "The Chase of the Concession." I certainly enjoyed them, and have looked forward to more of the same kind. Have noticed that a number of THE ARGOSY contingent are holding forth quite strong as critics. This is, of course, quite natural, and in some cases just; however, I look at the matter in this light: I am an inveterate reader, to start with; a member of the Carnegie Library of this city, and have an extensive library of my own. I realize that a magazine of fiction has thousands of readers, and where there is one story that would not appeal to me, it would to

others. That is my view of the field of fiction, and, with my views based on this opinion, I have no fault to find with THE ARGOSY as a whole. I enjoy particularly stories of the West, of crime and its detection, and political stories, and last, but by no means least, stories of our old friends *Hawkins* and *Mr. Scales*; and I can truthfully say that I enjoy nothing better than an evening with THE ARGOSY. My favorite authors are Mr. Terhune, Mr. Cook, Mr. Lebar, and Mr. Franklin; and my one objection is that I read THE ARGOSY through in an entirely too short a time, resembling in this respect the Irishman who was painting his house, and, discovering that he only had about a quart of paint left to finish an entire side of the house, rushed the work in order to complete the job before the paint gave out.

Speaking of critics, F. E. L., Omaha, Nebraska, thinks he has one on Mr. Terhune, but the author of "The Hoodoo Fighter" assures me by telephone that "The Raven" was known to the world several years before it was issued in book form, having been read aloud in public assemblages and printed in various weekly papers. Besides, our readers will have discovered ere this that "the man in black" was Poe himself. F. E. L. writes as follows:

Five years ago a friend let me take an ARGOSY to read, and I was so well pleased that I have not missed a copy since. I like the class of stories you publish, and Fritz Krog, A. P. Terhune, George C. Jenks, and Bertram Lebar are my favorite authors. But there is something I would like to speak about which happens in the present serial, "The Hoodoo Fighter." The man in black recites the poem, "The Raven." Then the battle of the Alamo happens after this. In history the Alamo was fought in 1836; "The Raven" was published in 1845. Ask A. P. Terhune about this.

Last month Mr. Gorham criticized me in respect to the change of a letter in the spelling of the name of the swamp in his serial "Trembling Earth." He is now himself criticized by a Georgia reader, J. B. B., writing from Tallapoosa. In all fairness I am printing both the attack and the author's reply to it.

I have just been trying to read Louis Gorham's first instalment of "Trembling Earth," and am compelled to say he must not be much acquainted with the part of the country in which the scene of the story he is trying to write is laid. I have lived here in Georgia for two years, and have traveled in all parts of the State, and I can assure Mr. Gorham that a forest fire in Georgia is about the most harmless thing it is possible to conceive of. There is practically no underbrush in the woods, and a fire there is of so little consequence in this country that the natives do not take the trouble to try to put one out. I also venture to say Mr. Gorham could not find any woods within fifty miles of Waycross, with the exception of a few stunted pines and scrub-oaks. His description of a coon-hunt is pretty fair, with the exception of the fact that I never heard of any one going on a coon-hunt with horses; and as a matter of fact there are very few if any coons in this country, anyway. What they hunt, in something after the manner the author describes, are possums, and they are an entirely different animal from coons. Tell Mr. Gorham to come down here and study up the locality before he starts out on another story.

Herewith is the author's answer to the foregoing.

EDITOR THE ARGOSY: Dear Sir—I thank you for allowing me to reply to the letter of Mr. B. I believe I can safely say I am acquainted with the locality of "Trembling Earth." I have lived in Georgia seventeen years; of this, more than ten were spent in the immediate neighborhood of the Okefenokee. The gentleman says he has been in all parts of the State; I wonder if he has ever been in the swamp. Nothing else is like it, nor can observation of the rest of the State assist in understanding the Okefenokee. My fire scene is laid in the swamp. I can assure Mr. B. that there is much in the swamp besides "stunted pines and scrub-oaks." I refer him to Mr. Roland M. Harper, Geological Survey of Alabama, University of Alabama. This gentleman is conceded to be one of the best authorities on the Okefenokee. In an article of his published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, June, 1909, he speaks of the swamp as abounding in cypress, pine, oak, hickory, magnolia, red and white bay, white holly, ferns, shrubs, sedges, and long moss.

My hero rides out from Waycross eight miles, south and slightly west, before the supposed coon is treed. A line drawn from Ruskin to Traders Hill will locate the spot. He then rides three miles east and south until the horse smells fire, bolts, and leaves him to run on



foot one-half mile south. My fire started in the pine barrens east of the swamp. It caught from sparks from the engines of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway. The fire entered the swamp, where it had plenty to feed on, and swept a path across the northern end. I am aware of no such fire ever having taken place. I did not write a newspaper article, but a story. Under such conditions as I have described such a fire *could* take place. The climatic conditions are extraordinary, but not impossible.

As to there not being any "woods" within fifty miles of Waveross, I beg to state that the swamp comes within eight miles of the town, and the very heart of "the wilderness of vegetation," as an eye-witness describes the Okefinokee, is less than twenty-five miles from the town.

I am sorry that Mr. B. has never enjoyed the experience of a coon-hunt on horseback. I have, more than once. Such hunts do take place in the Okefinokee neighborhood, nor are they confined to that locality. I have twice hunted coons, on horseback, at night, in the "Mississippi Bottom." Coons are not as plentiful as opossums in Ware and Charlton Counties, but they are there and are hunted. When a boy I had one for a pet. It was caught on the edge of the Okefinokee Swamp.

All statements made in this letter can be substantiated.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS GORHAM.

In the subjoined letter from E. D. S., Rochester, New York, mention of *Peterson's* refers to a magazine of old standing founded in Philadelphia, which was merged in *THE ARGOSY* during the nineties. "Sid" as he signs himself, it will be noted, comes out strong for *Hawkins*.

I graduated from *Peterson's* to *THE ARGOSY*, and, outside of a few numbers missed while out of the country, have read them all, which should show what I think of *THE ARGOSY*. I read the continued stories first, then look for *Hawkins*, next begin at the front page and read right through. Regarding *Hawkins*, to myself and other mechanics the "wonderful machines" invented by *Hawkins* are a source of unending delight; and let me tell you, from a mechanical standpoint, the ingenuity shown by the author in his fanciful description of the mechanical prodigies fills one with awe, respect for his imagination, besides the healthy, hearty laughter from the operation of the inventions. By all means, let *Hawkins* flourish.

G. G. C., of Otsego, Ohio, will be glad to find "The Fadeaway" in next month's *ARGOSY*, and to know that I have several other baseball stories in stock. He writes under date of October 24:

Just cleaned up on the last *ARGOSY*. Always finish with the Log. I think it was in 1900, while I was engineer on Buckeye Pipe Line, fourteen miles from Marietta, Ohio, that I first ran into *THE ARGOSY*. I don't know how old the book was, as I could find no date on it, but remember it was published by Munsey & Co. I found it over at the office, and after reading one short story put it away until after supper, then I only let loose of it long enough to gage my tanks and check up with the station I was pumping to till I went off tour at midnight. Since then I have not missed a number. At that time I ordered three years' back numbers. I like nearly all the stories. Some are good; some better. "The Shooting at Big D" was a disappointment. "Why Williamsport?" a dandy. It costs me about thirty dollars a year for periodicals, and *THE ARGOSY* and — are my magazines for fiction. There are thousands and thousands of baseball fans. Why not more good baseball stories? Dish up Edgar Franklin a handful of pipe-line boys and let him see what he can do with them. 'Nuff said, I guess.

Another echo of the Kansas City story in the November issue! O. W. writes from Kansas City, Kansas, as follows:

I am an old reader of *THE ARGOSY*, and I don't believe there is any book any better. I read all of it, advertisements and all. I think Terhune just fine, but what I want to say is, Arnold Hofmann made a mistake in saying Kansas City, Missouri, was here first. The first town, or anything that was here, was Chateau Landing. That was in Kansas. Then the next was Westport Landing. That was in Missouri. My grandfather passed through here in 1869, and there was not a store here that had a pair of shoes to sell, and he went on to Fort Leavenworth and got them there. Let us have some more stories like "The Land of Lost Hope," "Devil's Own Island," and "The Woman He Feared." I don't much like *Hawkins*, but then you can't please everybody.

A San Francisco reader who forgot to sign his name asks us not to try to improve *THE ARGOSY*

as it suits him the way it is. He did, however, suggest a story of San Francisco at the time of the fire or one on Seattle. His wish in the last respect was gratified last month. H. K., Springfield, Massachusetts, suggests that those who kick about stories try writing one themselves. A. D., Detroit, Michigan, is of the opinion that as *THE ARGOSY* is intended primarily for a magazine of entertainment it seems absurd for people to write in and criticize the stories as if they were printed in the way of a serious educational proposition.

Still cleaning up on the October mail, I make room for Harry W. P.'s succinct expression of opinion written from Beulah, Manitoba.

I have been a reader of your interesting magazine for the last two or three years. While I was working on the Canadian Pacific Railway as express-messenger I bought a copy of it every month at book-stores, but this year I became a regular subscriber. I like the cowboy and detective stories best. At present I am reading Bertram Lebhar's serial, "A Break from Annapolis," and it is a dandy. "The Germ of the Purple Death" was excellent. I did not think much of "Just Like Wyoming." I do not care for stories in which the plot is laid in foreign countries. I prefer American stories, as I am an American myself. The *Hawkins* stories are all right, only they all turn out the same. My favorite authors are Seward W. Hopkins, Bertram Lebhar, and Albert Payson Terhune. I always look forward with pleasure to *ARGOSY* day, as I consider *THE ARGOSY* the best magazine I ever read, and would not be without it for twice the price. I advise any one addicted to the "blues" to take a year's subscription to *THE ARGOSY* as a cure for that distressing malady.

The suggestion in Mrs. F. G. S.'s postscript was anticipated in my introduction to last month's Log-Book regarding "The Amiable Aroma." Mrs. S. writes from Mount Rose Farm, Namur, Quebec, as follows:

What led me to become a regular reader of *THE ARGOSY*? Well, it was my husband. We were living a long distance apart, and he sent me a copy to see if I would like it, and I did. I started reading it when "His Handicap Mate" was just beginning. The *Hawkins* stories are all right when there is nothing better, but I prefer something a little more interesting, such as "The Swivel of Suspicion," "The Frame-Up," and Albert Payson Terhune's stories. "The Exhibit That Walked Away" was a very foolish story. I thought "The Swivel of Suspicion" a real dandy. That Mrs. Dunkle just got what she was looking for. "The Frame-Up" was all right, and I believe this Sister of Charity is a man in disguise. Miss Mathilde Byron will be saved by our "hero," the Sister of Charity. I generally read the serials first, then the complete novels, and the short stories last. Fritz Krog is a good author. P. S.—How would a guessing competition go among the readers of *THE ARGOSY* to find the hero and heroine, and how the serials will end?

Charles H. Whittin, of Bingham, Illinois, sends a most appreciative letter and asks that his whole name be printed. After explaining that *THE ARGOSY* is the survival of the fittest, out of four magazines he used to buy, he goes on:

*THE ARGOSY* is a hummer. From cover to cover, ads and all, it's fine reading for all classes, from farm-hand to statesman. In five years I have got my first dull story to read. I always read serials first, short stories and complete novels last. Get more stories like "The Swivel of Suspicion" or "Roy Burns's Handicap." They were great. I also liked "War in the Cuban Canebrakes" and "The Frame-Up" is good so far, and the way "The Hoodoo Fighter" starts out it will be a dandy. I liked "The Sign of Fear" for a complete novel, also "The Germ of the Purple Death" in the November issue. As to short stories—well, there are so many good ones that I will say that my choice is the whole bunch in all the numbers I ever read.

In his letter of October 24, Jay McC., of Cleveland, Ohio, little realized the pleasure that awaited him in the present issue's choice of an American city story. He is one of the sort who has his likes and dislikes well sorted out and labeled.



Unlike many other readers, I do not read the Log-Book first. I start in with the first story and read straight through until I come to the back cover. I am fond of stories of adventure. Print some more stories like "The Deadhead Castaways," "A Sky-Scraper Conspiracy," "Spar-Mates," "With His Back to the World," and "The Swivel of Suspicion." I do not like war stories or stories like "A Schemedeady Vendetta." I await with interest the December Argosy in order to read the next American-city story. I note that it is written by the author of "A Schemedeady Vendetta," but sincerely hope that it is a better yarn. "Kansas City and Schulz" was a crackerjack. I can appreciate it more than the others, having lived there. I also like the *Hawkins* tales.

I am wondering if Frederick A. K., who writes from Reno, Nevada, under date of November 9, after taking THE ARGOSY since he was a "kid" waited till nearly Thanksgiving before he discovered the Log-Book.

I was just glancing over your Log-Book for the first time, and I note that there are some who say that they have read THE ARGOSY, some for four years and others for three, and have wondered how it could be that they did not discover this wonderful book long before. It might surprise you if I told you that I have read it since I was a kid, when they used to put it out weekly as a five-cent book. And mind you it is just as good now as it was then, and even better. I always read THE ARGOSY the first thing, and leave all others till later. "The Swivel of Suspicion" is what I call some classy stuff. "The General's Pawn" looks good to me from the beginning, and "A Break from Annapolis" is another stunner. The short stories are always full of fire and life.

Speaking of overlooking the Log-Book, here is the closest approach to a kick for this department that has as yet come to hand. The writer is Mrs. E. E. W., of Albany, New York, who says:

I have just finished reading the November Argosy, and I must say it is the most interesting magazine I ever read. I always begin at the first, and read all through till I come to the Log-Book, which I always skipped heretofore; but as I have been a subscriber to THE ARGOSY for over twenty-five years, I thought perhaps you might add my testimony to the value of the magazine. The criticisms of Dr. J. W. K., of Emporia, Kansas, are rather severe, but still I think the same as he does about the stories. I take all kinds of stories to make a magazine, and all kinds of people to read them. So your authors cannot please everybody. That's what makes it so interesting, I think. In answer to your question, my brother brought the *Golden Argosy* (as it was then) into the house, and was so interested when reading it, and would tell us, his younger sisters, all about the stories, that we all got to reading THE ARGOSY. P. S.—My husband says all the stories are good, and it's only a difference of opinion.

Mrs. F. W. K., Centerville, Washington, will be delighted with our announcement for next month as to the new plan of publishing a whole serial as a complete novel. You will note that she votes strong for the Log-Book.

I have only been a reader of THE ARGOSY for a few years, but think there is no other magazine that can compare with it. For myself, I don't care about serial stories unless I save the whole story and then read it all. I read a few of them, but I am not going to complain. There are plenty of others that do like serials, and like them best. Don't think of stopping the Log-Book. It certainly is O. K.

A Buffalo reader sends in my query in November checked to indicate that he was first attracted to THE ARGOSY by the cover on a news-stand in Pittsburgh. Answering the same question, C. J. T., Decatur, Illinois, who signs himself "an ardent booster," writes as follows:

What first attracted my attention to THE ARGOSY, the greatest of story magazines, was when about two years ago I chanced to pick up an old copy and read an instalment of "The Catpaw." I liked it so well that I thought there must be more like it. So looked for THE ARGOSY at the news-stand, and found not only as good stories in it, but a whole lot better, and have been reading the magazine ever since. If you could see me on the 20th of each month you would think it sure had made a hit with me. Of the writers I have no favorites; they are all good.

J. B., Easley, South Carolina, has his favorite authors and declares them to be Fred V. Greene, Jr., and Albert Payson Terhune. He adds that THE ARGOSY cannot be improved. J. A. D., Baltimore, Maryland, declares that he cannot discriminate among our most excellent writers, who have given him many happy hours. V. N. B., New Haven, Connecticut, assures us that THE ARGOSY has got "all the other magazines on the run." In his opinion "The Savage Strain," "The Big Obstacle," and stories of that kind are great, and he wants more like them.

Yet another October letter! It is too bad such a valiant champion for the fair sex as John R. R., of New Albany, Indiana, should have been kept waiting so long.

THE ARGOSY is my favorite in the fiction field. I begin with the Log-Book, then the serials, as I prefer this way of publishing a story to all others. Then I read the complete novels. I take so many magazines and story papers that I can't keep up the short stories, so I cut them out entirely. I like such stories as "The General's Pawn" and "War in the Cuban Canebreaks." Why don't you publish more stories by women? I see only Lillian Thompson and Marie B. Schrader in THE ARGOSY. What has become of our old friends, Johnston McCulley and Cromwell Knox? They are both favorites of mine. I sure was glad to see Casper Carson's "Russia's Black Paw," as I always read all the Russian stories I can get hold of. I like E. V. Preston's stories, too, also Bertram Lebar. I am an old reader of THE ARGOSY, as I began in 1899, but not as old as some I see in the Log-Book. I have saved every copy, and I think each one is worth its weight in gold.

From lengthy letters written as long ago as last August by E. A. B., Weston, West Virginia, I have space for only the subjoined extracts, assuring him that I fully appreciate the deep interest he takes in the magazine.

I enjoy reading the *Hawkins* stories exceedingly, and laugh and grow fat over them. I am seventy-five, and expect to reach one hundred if I continue to read *Hawkins*. THE ARGOSY has a brilliant corps of writers. Some of them can hardly be excelled. They could immortalize themselves by writing books—Terhune, for example, Douglas Pierce, author of "Why Williamsport?" is excellent. They could run a close second to Wilkie Collins. The writers of the short stories are most of them away beyond the ordinary; a few of them are extraordinary. I judge it is more difficult to write a first-class short story than a long one.

After all the sweets contained in the foregoing letters it will do me good to "get back to earth" by printing the following "kick" sent in during November by J. A. W., of Coos, New Hampshire. I may add that what he calls "Her Angel Play" was entitled "Her Own Angel."

In a recent issue of THE ARGOSY you published "Her Angel Play," and of all the punk stories I ever read that was the limit. It was no story at all, in fact; had neither beginning nor end, no plot, or anything else. I have never written a story myself, but I know I can do a darn sight better than that. It is a disgrace to a magazine as popular as THE ARGOSY to put a story like "Her Angel Play" between its covers. Some time ago you published in THE ARGOSY a good sea story which I called fine, and which I believe was the best serial you ever published. It was "Shipmates with Horror." If you could publish a few more of that kind, and a few less like "Her Angel Play," you would certainly improve the magazine. I also take the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, which is ALWAYS good.

In reply to W. C. K.'s (Westfield, Pennsylvania) suggestion about athletic stories, let him watch the numbers following this for a brilliant series of baseball yarns, long and short. He writes:

I have read THE ARGOSY for several years, and I think it the best magazine published. I like the serial stories best. Why don't you put out a good serial on athletics? Your adventure stories just suit me. "The Trail of the Flashlight" and "Midnight Between



Towns" were certainly swell. I agree with A. L. S., of Jacksonville, that I was disappointed with "The Shooting at Big D." I don't want to find fault, and will close.

Canada, the West, and the South seem to be the sections that produce the most letters for the Log-Book. Here is a Canadian reader breaking a lance in defense of the ladies as writers. He is Arthur P., of London, Ontario, and he starts off thus:

May I venture to say that I think THE ARGOSY is the most interesting and live magazine on sale to-day? I am a sailor on the Great Lakes, and of course "An Up-to-Date Shipwreck," published some time ago, interested me immensely. "The Swivel of Suspicion," just concluded, was one of the best stories you ever published. Then some people say that women cannot write a good story. I find as a rule that their stories are much brighter and livelier than those written by men. "Why Williamsport?" is a fine yarn, while "The Frame-Up" is a coarse, badly written story. The *Hawkins* stories I consider a fine cure for the blues, and those people who write you not to publish them must have bats in their belfry. There cannot be much fun in their make-up. For the sake of the loved ones at home, don't publish any more yarns resembling "Just Like Wyoming." It is the only poor story I ever saw in THE ARGOSY. The opinions in the Log-Book are widely diversified, but they make interesting reading. "Her Own Angel" points a moral to all stage-struck people. This is the first time I have written to THE ARGOSY, and I hope this will escape the terrible doom of being devoured by the W. P. B. My favorite authors are Lillian Bennet-Thompson, Bertram Lehar, Albert P. Terhune, Fritz Krog, and Edgar Franklin.

Readers of "The Black Paw" will be especially interested in the subjoined extract from the New York Times of December 14. It shows that there really is a spy system employed by the governments of the world, and in telling fashion exemplifies the risks run by the men who are brave enough to battle for their country without any of the panoply of war to throw the glint of glamour over the perils they incur. The item was in the form of a cable despatch from Leipsic, dated December 13:

Heavy sentences were passed to-day on the English spies who were arrested in Hamburg on March 18, and who have been on trial behind closed doors before the Imperial Court for several days.

Max Schulz, an English ship-broker, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. One of his associates, an engineer named Hipsich, was condemned to twelve years in jail; another engineer named Wulff was sentenced to jail for two years; a merchant named Von Maack, and Max Schulz's housekeeper each received a sentence of three years.

Max Schulz was accused of using his profession of ship-broker as a cover for corrupting shipyard workmen and getting them to betray German naval secrets. He was for a long time closely watched by detectives during his frequent trips between Hamburg and Bremen, at which ports ten German war-ships of different types were at the same time under construction. It was said at the trial that incriminating material was found in his possession, but that this was not of an important character, although it is believed that he succeeded in getting documents of value to those who employed him. He is regarded by the German naval authorities as a most dangerous spy, connected with an institution whose activities cover all the shipyards and arsenals of Europe.

The severity of the sentences, which have to be served in a prison and not in a fortress, as is usually the case, indicates how gravely these cases of espionage are regarded.

It appears from the evidence that the engineer Hipsich was probably the lowest-salaried spy of importance on record. He received only ten dollars weekly and one hundred dollars in advance to cover his expenses.

The merchant Von Maack, according to the testimony, furnished documents showing how the steamers of the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd Line are to be used in the event of war, as well as data in reference to the Diesel motor-vessel which is now being built for the navy.

Wulff, it was stated, dealt with the question of submarines, of which even the number built and building is a secret in Germany. He also provided information concerning the battle-ships under construction at Kiel.

Here is a Chicago reader, E. H., who doesn't think THE ARGOSY as good as it used to be, but courteously offers to lay the blame on himself rather than on the editor.

As a reader of THE ARGOSY for the past fifteen years, I desire to express my opinion regarding THE ARGOSY to-day and the same magazine fifteen years ago. To speak candidly, I am not so enthusiastic over its merits at the present time as I was then. However, that could easily be explained by the fact that when I first began reading it I was a boy of seventeen, and naturally more romantic than at present, when I only read the stories of Seward W. Hopkins, whose characters are so strong and full of vigor. Allow me, then, to cast my vote for Mr. Hopkins as your best contributor. In conclusion I will state that the very best story I ever read in THE ARGOSY appeared in the February number of 1904 or 1905. It was by W. Bert Foster, and was entitled "In the Land of the Long Night." I have never seen a story in THE ARGOSY before or since which impressed me so much. I regret very much that Mr. Foster has not contributed in the past few years.

Mary E. S. writes from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to express admiration with a string to it for our Annapolis serial. She starts off thus:

I have been reading with much interest the Log-Book of THE ARGOSY. The first time I read the magazine was on the train going to the White Mountains last summer. Since then I have bought a copy each month. I am surprised that so few say anything about Lehar's story, "A Break from Annapolis." I like this story best of all. The other stories are good, but the Annapolis story beats all because it is so amusing. As if a real cadet would do any such thing! The story is good none the less because one can't help feeling sorry for the poor midshipman and his matrimonial troubles. It is really ridiculous! If there are any real good, gallant lads in this beautiful land of ours, it is certainly at the United States Naval Academy that one will find them. I think a love story about West Point would be lovely, too. I hope to see something in that line in the future.

Louise R. B., of Highlands, North Carolina, is evidently anxious to get one of our authors out of her line and see what happens. Note what she writes about Terhune:

We have been much interested in "Trembling Earth," and think that the writer's descriptive power is unusual and his psychology keen. I should like to see what Mr. Terhune can do with a serial of society or theatrical life.

Another knock for "The Shooting at Big D," this time from a Westerner now in Boston, T. R. T. Numbers containing the Deerfoot stories have been out of print for years.

I have just finished reading the Christmas number of THE ARGOSY, and think "The General's Pawn" and "The Frame-Up" are the best stories I have read for a long time. The *Hawkins* stories are fine, and would like to have more of them. I did not care much for "The Shooting at Big D." As I have been in the West for twenty years, part of the time as cow-puncher, I know something of them; but I have never met the kind that were in that story. Have read THE ARGOSY from the first, when it was called the *Golden Argosy*, with the Deerfoot stories in it. Have you got any more of them?

Here is one of those rarities, a New York City reader writing to the Log-Book. Max S. says:

Having just finished Viola Justin's story, "A Christmas Derelict," I was prompted to write for the first time my opinion of THE ARGOSY. As I read first those stories whose names I like best, such as those on baseball and prize-fighting, I picked "The Kidding of the Boob," which I think was fine. "The Christmas Derelict" was my last story, and it did not agree with me until the last few lines, which made me laugh and think more of it than any story I ever read, and I have been reading THE ARGOSY about six years. I liked "Disentangled in Detroit," as there was plenty of action and life in it. The best story I read was "The Fighting Streak," and the worst "What He Couldn't Throw Away." I don't care for serials, but am reading "The Hoodoo Fighter," which is the best ever.



## FOLLOWING THE LAUNDRY BAG

A LITTLE STORY OF A GREAT INDUSTRY THAT TURNS WASH-DAY  
INTO A HOLIDAY AND FREES ALL WOMANKIND FROM  
THE TYRANNY OF THE TUB

BY FOSTER GILROY

THIS question concerns every housewife in America:

"Do you actually *know* what happens to the contents of your laundry-bag after it leaves your home?"

In other words, have you ever thought of the conditions under which your clothes are laundered? Have you ever seen the *inside* of a modern American laundry—are you acquainted with its "spick and spanness," its

In the first place, the capital invested in the laundry business places it among the leading half dozen in the list of American industries.

Every week the American people turn over millions as the price of wearing clean linen.

It seems high time, then, that the American housewife should take a deep and abiding interest in the ultimate destination of her laundry-bag.

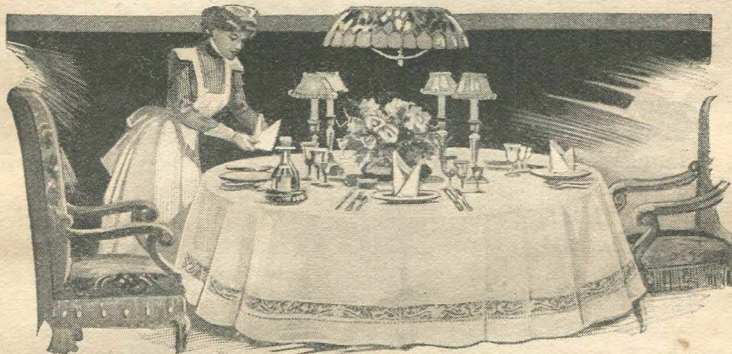


TABLE LINEN COMES OUT SNOW WHITE FROM THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE LAUNDRY

immaculate cleanliness, sanitation, and ventilation?

The old-fashioned wash-day is an echo of the past, a memory that had best be left to undisturbed forgottenness.

Question any student of economics about the leading industries of America, and he will glibly rattle off figures without end on the output of coal, iron, and steel, the manufacture of household necessities, and the ascendancy of agriculture.

Ask him about the laundry industry, and you have him stumped for reply!

Possibly he may laugh at your temerity—washing shirts and collars, indeed! How does this figure as an industry?

But it does figure as an industry, and a very important one.

To the average household the "laundry" consists of a vague establishment somewhere in the neighborhood, the chief opinion being largely influenced by the degree of popularity of the person who calls for and delivers the "wash." His semiweekly visits make of him a sort of fixture, and more importance is attached to this messenger than to the institution itself.

If the work and service are good, the driver is accordingly popular. "John" is the one who gets the credit.

"He is the best laundryman we ever had." If the work and service are bad, John gets called down for it; and if this keeps up, he probably forgets to call any more, and a new "laundryman" is engaged.

Nine times out of ten the housekeeper does

Copyright, Laundrymen's National Association of America.



not even know the street address or phone number of her laundry, much less what is done with her wash after it reaches there.

This article is written for the purpose of arousing interest in the laundry *itself*, the driver is only an incident, one small spoke in the large wheel of laundry service.

It so happens that man has been muck-raking his laundry since way back in the dim ages when time began.

It probably started in the stone age, when the fad was to cleanse the family wearing apparel by beating it between a couple of flat stones, at the edge of some near-by stream.

Only a shirt of mail could stand many trips to the primeval laundry, and one would judge that its luster must have been dimmed, rather than improved.

And so it is that modern times came honestly by its propensity to "blame it on the laundry" no matter whether that much-abused institution was at fault or not. Some one had to "catch it," so why not the defenseless laundry?

Defenseless? Let us see.

Little bodies of laundrymen began to meet here and there for the interchange of ideas. They were keen, intelligent business men. Soon they got together into a big National Association, in order that these ideas might assume a broader scope.

What is the result? The modern American laundry of the present day is representative of the highest order of thought and ingenuity of mechanical and electrical engineering; it is a science and an art combined.

It employs, in the production of its work, machines that do everything but think.

In plain English, the business of handling the "week's wash" has advanced to a point where it takes its proper place as one of the greatest industries of the age, and I doubt if any other industry has taken such enormous strides in trying to merit the trust and confidence of the public it serves.

I talked, a few weeks ago, with the proprietor of one of the leading laundries of a great city. He had just been asked to lecture, in a university course in domestic economy,

on "The Function of the Laundry."

The trustees of the university had been so impressed with the success attending the visits of the student bodies to his laundry that they invited a first-hand discussion of the question in the class-room.

But to go back to the organization of the laundry interests.

Sound thinkers in the councils of the Association said

"Let us throw open the doors of our laundries. We have no secrets. There is nothing mysterious about the simple process of washing. Let us arouse the interest of our customers in our work."

This policy of "getting chummy" with your customers is a wise one, the proof being that more of our great institutions are doing it every year and profiting by it.

You will find *your* laundry, if it is the right sort, will meet you more than half-way in order to *know you*, and have you *know it* better

Perhaps it has already started the good work by sending you little chummy chats about its business. Hundreds of them are doing it in all parts of the country.

You owe it to yourself, from a purely selfish standpoint, to take note of these things.

Most of our troubles are caused by misunderstanding the motives of the other fellow

It is becoming quite the thing, in certain cities, for women to get up parties to

visit laundering establishments. They always enjoy these trips, and I have heard many of them say that "they had no idea that a laundry was anything like what it is, and that they could have spent a whole day most enjoyably in watching the different processes."

They were surprised to see how many times a collar must be handled, and how carefully each operation must be performed. Then they wondered how all these different attentions could be given it for the modest price of from two and one-half to three cents.

There probably is no other industry in existence so splendidly organized as to turn over a profit out of so many careful han-



THE WELL-DRESSED MAN RECOGNIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS LAUNDRY—



dlings at so small a return.

The up-to-the-minute laundry presents one of the most interesting of present-day economic problems. As a bulletin reproduced elsewhere so concisely states it, laundries are "selling cleanliness."

Cleanliness means contented labor.

Restless, drifting, dissatisfied workers are not fitted temperamentally to insure that condition which tradition teaches is next to godliness.

I visited a prosperous laundry during the preparation of this article, and found the proprietor feeding collars into a dampening machine.

"I like to help out when the rush is on," he explained; and I found this same spirit of helpfulness and team-work in every laundry I visited.

In one of them a system of promotion prevails that operates as rigidly as the National Civil Service laws.

A standing rule requires foreman and superintendents to reprimand their subordinates only in private. No worker can be "called down" before his companions.

The result is obvious. Loyalty is written all over the establishment, on every package that leaves its doors.

You may ask, why this attention to what appears a mere detail? There is plenty of labor; why court its favor?

It is all a part of scientific service—the modern American laundry is a business-builder. It knows the law of success, and is working in harmony with it. It knows that "the science of business is the science of service," and that "he profits most who serves best."

Perfection in organization disarms criticism, creates cooperation or team-work, and perfection of output is the logical consequence.

The organization responsible for the readjustment of the laundry industry is known as the Laundrymen's National Association of America. More than two thousand laundries are represented in its membership. You will no doubt find in your locality one of these laundries.

They are generally known by the efficiency of their service, the quality of their output, and their interest in all matters pertaining to the general welfare of the community in which they live. These men are modest; few of them advertise the fact that they are members of the L. N. A., but prefer to let their work speak for them.

Seek out one of these plants, and you will usually find, upon inquiry, that it is a member of the National Association, and is proud of it.

Now let us see what actually happens to the clothes we entrust to the laundry.

From the time they are placed in the collection-bag to their arrival back home, they are not subjected to a single process that would tend to injure the most delicate fabric.

On their arrival at the laundry, the packages are sorted into bins, according to the nature of the work in them.

The next step in the process is performed by several clean-looking, happy-faced young women.

One of them opens the bag or package and assort its contents; another counts the pieces and records them on a printed list, with blank spaces to be filled in with the number of pieces of the different articles.

The cleaner pieces do not require so much washing as those which are badly soiled, and are handled separately. Silks and wools, as well as delicate colors, are washed by

hand in the softest of water and with the finest of soap. Nothing but white goods is ever boiled.

The best work, whether in laundering or in any other line of industry, cannot come from the dark cellar or the underground refuge. The kind of men and women who ought to care for your linen cannot be prevailed upon to work under such conditions.

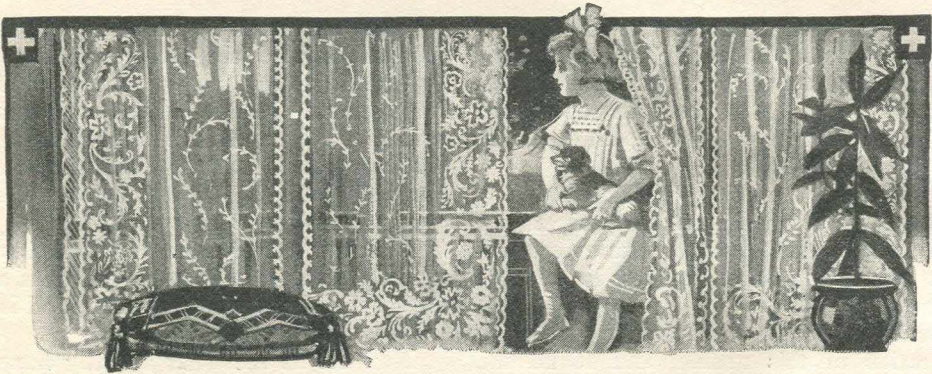
The improvement in laundry methods has meant a vast improvement in the standard of the employee.

Many large laundries have their "welfare departments," devoted to the help and advancement of the workers.



AS WELL AS THE WOMAN WHO  
TREASURES HER DAINTY  
WAISTS





THE MOST EXPENSIVE LACE CURTAINS MAY BE ENTRUSTED TO THE MODERN LAUNDRY

We will find this department in charge of a big-hearted, motherly woman who has a large sympathy in the problems of the young women under her care. The writer knows one prominent launderer whose own daughter took a special training to fit her for this humane work.

Principles of absolute cleanliness must be instilled.

A sense of responsibility or trusteeship, must be developed, that the utmost care should be taken of the property of others temporarily in their keeping.

A high standard of sanitation must be set up and adhered to.

The comfort and happiness of every employee must be secured to them, otherwise their work will not receive the careful attention it should.

All these things you should know. Women who have taken their stand upon questions of great public policies have wrought important reforms.

They have won their fight for healthful milk in clean bottles they have closed up unsanitary bakeries, they have battled successfully against the short-weight grocers.

Why should they not look to their laundry, and see that their linen is handled in a clean, light, well-ventilated establishment by men and women whose very appearance bespeaks the pride they feel in their work?

I have tried to show you that the laundries are doing their part to improve conditions.

The creed of the laundry business to-day may be summed up in three paragraphs:

That every piece of poor work that goes out of the laundry brings back its own penalty:

That inefficient, underpaid, discontented employees are a ruinous extravagance, and not an economy;

That the dirty, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, slovenly laundry should be shunned, and the clean, bright, progressive laundry patronized.

Now gentle reader, are you doing your part? Have you made it your business to find out if your laundry is the high-grade institution I have described?

The next time your laundry comes home, open your bundle yourself and examine each piece. You will be impressed with a freshness, a snow-white cleanliness, seldom found in the "home wash." Another thing that may impress you is the fact that here is an organization equipped to handle *all* of your wash. You may be sending it only part of your work, but when you find the right kind of a laundry you will have located an establishment that can handle everything washable better more carefully, more cleanly than it can be done anywhere else. If you remember

the old-fashioned Monday, the houseful of steam, the luncheon of left-overs flavored with the heavy aroma of boiling clothes, you will be quick to appreciate the part the laundry has played in the pursuit of comfort.

You can get a great deal more information by addressing the Secretary of the Laundrymen's National Association of America, 425 First Street, La Salle, Ill.

#### A REQUEST TO OUR EMPLOYEES

This Company sells cleanliness. We all make our bread and butter through it. If cleanliness is our business, we must also practise it personally, and in our work—therefore this request is made to you.

Your personal appearance and neatness will always speak for itself.

The place that you work in must be as clean as you are.

Won't you therefore see that it is, and help us to make this place what you all want it to be, as well as ourselves:—**SPOTLESS.**

Do not allow papers or rubbish to litter the floor.

Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

A good example on your part will be followed by others.

LAUNDRY thanks you beforehand for your assistance, knowing well that it will be cheerfully given.

WHAT ONE LAUNDRYMAN KEEPS POSTED  
BEFORE HIS EMPLOYEES



# Heating hopes realized

Mothers of the last generation, sitting at their drafty fire-places, dreamed of better things to come for their grand-daughters. They knew much was lacking in home-warming devices, and that improvements would come. And in the fulness of time their visions have taken form in



## AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

Nothing better has been brought out in the forward steps from fireplace, bed-warmer and foot-stove—from uncertainty to certainty—than warming a home by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They put the glow of dependable comfort in every room, and give the women of to-day more time to realize their highest ideals. Because (unlike old-fashioned heating methods) they bring no smoke, gases, soot or dust into the rooms, cleaning work is enormously reduced. Not only do they insure a clean home, but AMERICAN Radiators are themselves easy to clean. You

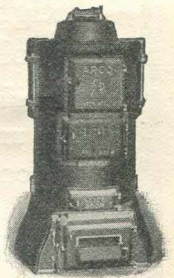
have no rusty stove-pipes to put up and take down; no stoves to "black;" no registers to throw out dust or soot.



A No. 1.25 W IDEAL Boiler and 575 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$230, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Our Radiators can be easily brush-cleaned, and all patterns for kitchens, laundries, bath-rooms, etc., can be scrubbed like a kitchen floor. They make for the "clean and simple life." IDEAL Boilers are self-acting. Kindle the fire once a year, put in coal once or twice a day, take up ashes every other day, and your rooms are automatically kept *evenly* warm. No parts to wear or burn out, warp or loosen—will outlast your building.

Our immense annual sales in America and Europe enable us to offer IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators at a cost no greater than asked for inferior apparatus—at prices now easily within reach of all. Our several factories are so located that they save heavily in freight on raw materials and on finished outfits from factory to user. We therefore offer the greatest possible value in heating outfits. Accept no substitute. Start in to-day to realize your "heating hopes" by writing for our "Ideal Heating" catalog (free). It is full of facts you ought to know.



Showrooms in all large cities

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. A 34  
816-822 S. Michigan  
Avenue, Chicago





# You Can Rise To

Position is merely a question of knowledge.

To hold a position of power you need to know more about *your particular business* than the men who work beside you.

The secret of power and success is to *know everything about something*.

Right along these lines the International Correspondence Schools train men for Positions of Power

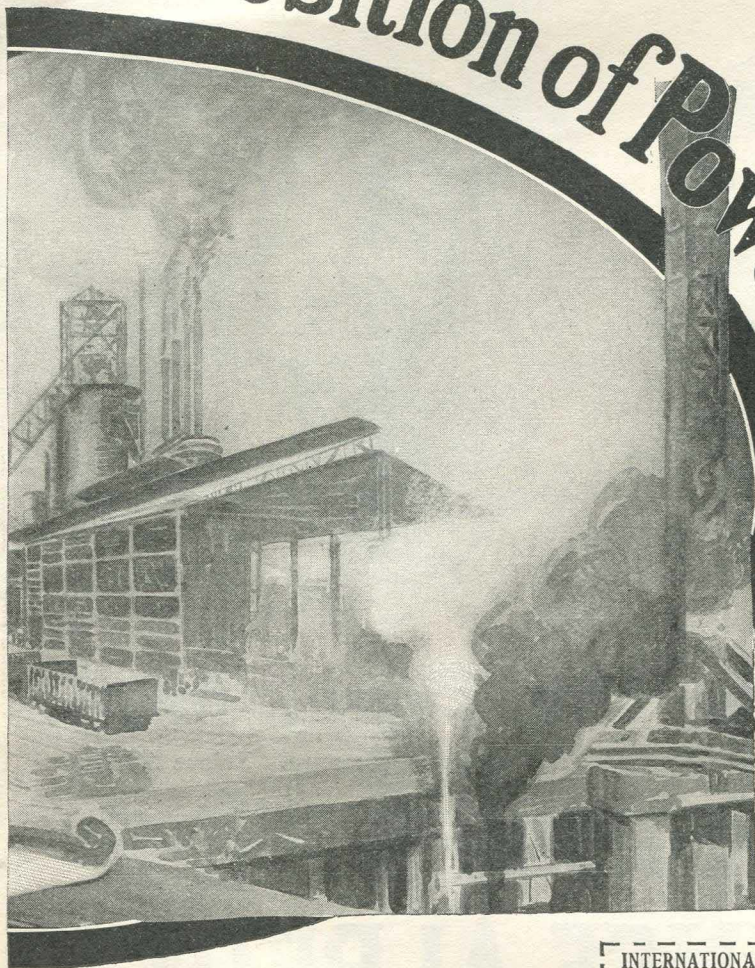
Unlike any other method of special training, you do not have to wait until you graduate before you can advance. Your rise in position comes step by step as you gain in knowledge and qualify for more and more responsible work.

By the I. C. S. method you do not have to read through volumes to pick out the essential facts. Everything is given to you in a concise manner—no more, no less than you need to become an *authority* in your chosen line of work.





# A Position of Power



The  
I. C. S.  
gives you  
“concentrated”  
knowledge—  
specialized  
training that  
enables you to  
*master* easily  
and quickly  
everything you  
need to know  
to work up to  
the Position of  
Power

If you can read and write, the I. C. S. can help you to succeed in your chosen occupation. To be convinced of this, just mark and mail the coupon—the I. C. S. will send you detailed information as to just how you can become qualified to hold a high position.

Marking the coupon involves no obligation on your part.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 858 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running  
Mine Superintendent  
Mine Foreman  
Plumbing, Steam Fitting  
Concrete Construction  
Civil Engineer  
Textile Manufacturing  
Stationary Engineer  
Telephone Expert  
Mechan. Engineer  
Mechanical Draftsman  
Architectural Draftsman  
Electrical Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.

Civil Service  
Architect  
Chemist  
Languages  
Commercial English  
Building Contractor  
Industrial Designing  
Commercial Illustrating  
Window Trimming  
Show Card Writing  
Advertising Man  
Stenographer  
Bookkeeper  
Poultry Farming

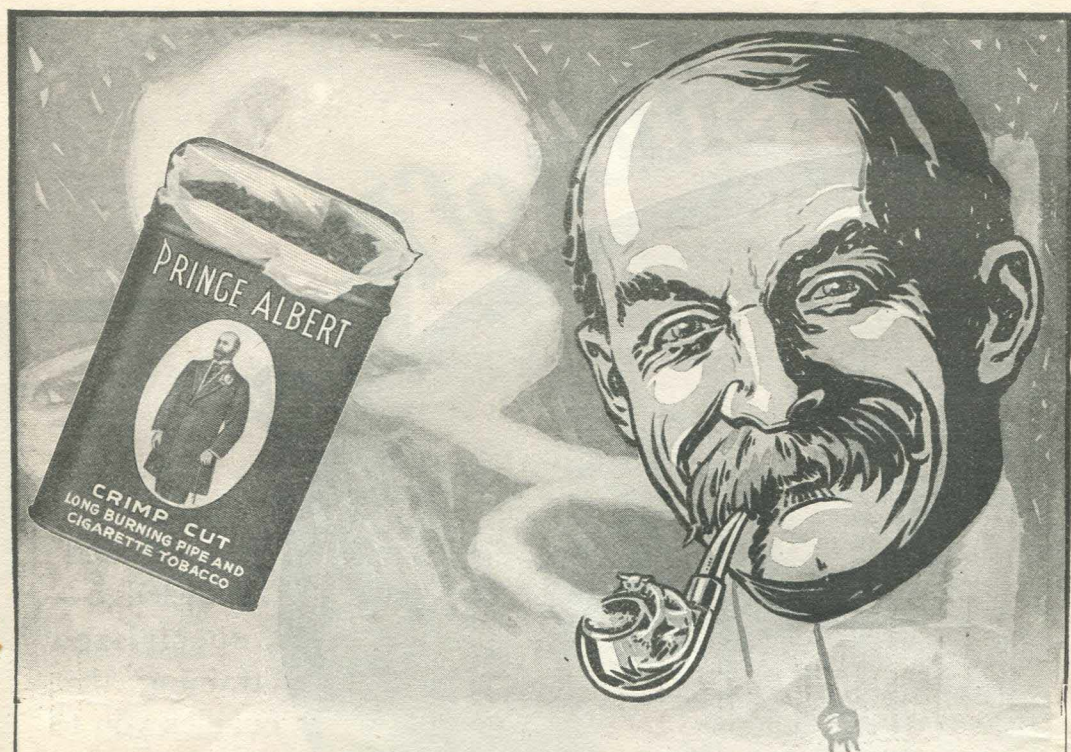
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## *Back to the Pipe, Men!*

Back to the good old jimmy for real smoking pleasure. Prince Albert shows the way.

No matter what your grouch, no matter what kick you've had—simply forget 'em. You *can* smoke a pipe, smoke it long, smoke it steady, if you load up with this *different* tobacco.

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

simply hits it right off with every pleasant idea you ever could have about a pipe smoke. Has all the mellow flavor and fragrance of real tobacco but none of the old kicks. That's why P. A. is different. The sting and the rankness and soggyiness that you used to look for in a pipe tobacco—they don't get into *this* tobacco because of our exclusive, patented process of preparation. Prince Albert CAN'T BITE YOUR TONGUE.

You can buy P. A. in any city, town, village or crossroads in America. 10c in the tidy red tin. Also in 5c bags wrapped in weather-proof paper and pound and half-pound humidors.

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



## "Wife, is this Coffee or Postum?"

It frequently happens that when Postum is made right, its fine color, delightful aroma and rich flavour lead one to believe that it is mild, high-grade Java.

Then one knows real good Postum.

It is easy to make it right—simply boil it 15 to 20 minutes after boiling begins.

When one is served well-made

# POSTUM

the change from coffee is easy and pleasant, and coffee aches and ills may be expected to disappear.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,  
Windsor, Ontario.





# ILLINOIS — the Best Watch on Earth — Now Sold on CREDIT

For the first time in history the great genuine *Illinois* Watch is now sold by mail on the easy payment plan. No man or woman need be, nor should be, without a famous *Illinois* Watch.

This is the greatest public triumph of a decade—a believed impossibility made possible. It will revolutionize the watch business. Just think of owning the world-renowned *Illinois*, and paying for it as you please! For over 40 years the *Illinois* has been acknowledged the standard—the one great conspicuous watch value—the one watch chosen and worn by the great men and women of our nation.

## A Guarantee that Means Something

Part for part—in accuracy, in wear, finish, beauty, quality of material and workmanship, and every other feature, the *Illinois* is superior to any other watch at any price. Both the makers and we stand back of this remarkable time-piece with an ironclad, legal, broad guarantee—a guarantee that means something—that protects you in every respect—that assures you of the best watch on earth.

## Largest Watch Distributors In The World

We are one of the largest direct, easy-payment, dependable watch houses in the world. For over 35 years we have sold all kinds of watches, and honestly can say that we have never seen a watch—at any price—equal in quality to the marvelous *Illinois*.

## How We Save You Money

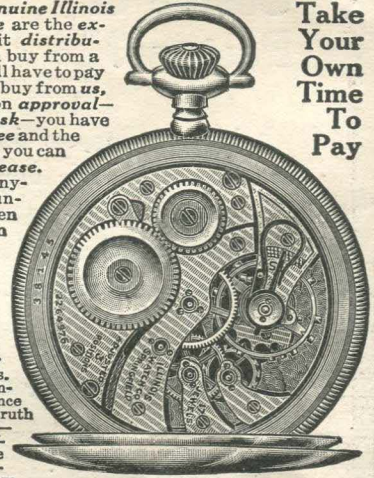
This famous *Illinois* will cost you less than inferior makes, so why not get the best for your money? This is indeed a profit sharing plan. *Nowhere* else can

you buy a genuine *Illinois* on credit—we are the exclusive credit distributors. If you buy from a jeweler, you'll have to pay cash. If you buy from us, you'll get it on approval—you take no risk—you have our guarantee and the maker's and you can pay as you please. No dealer anywhere can under-sell us even for all cash on delivery.

## Free Book

Our free, beautiful, profit-sharing book, describing this great *Illinois* watch—reproducing many handsome styles. It's worth owning. Get it at once and learn the truth about watches—learn why an *Illinois* should be in your possession—learn how you can own one on your own credit terms. Send your address.

The American Watch Company of St. Louis  
Dept. 203 St. Louis, Mo.



Take  
Your  
Own  
Time  
To  
Pay

(Pronounced)  
(High-o-me)

# Hyomei

## Breathe It For Catarrh

Breathe **Hyomei**, it is a soothing antiseptic that penetrates the folds and crevices of the membrane of the nose and throat, destroys the microbes and heals the sore catarrhal spots.

Made of pure Australian Eucalyptus combined with other antiseptics. It does not contain opium, cocaine or any harmful or habit forming drug.

To get quick relief and best results from the **Hyomei** treatment in addition to using the inhaler as directed, try this vapor treatment just before retiring.

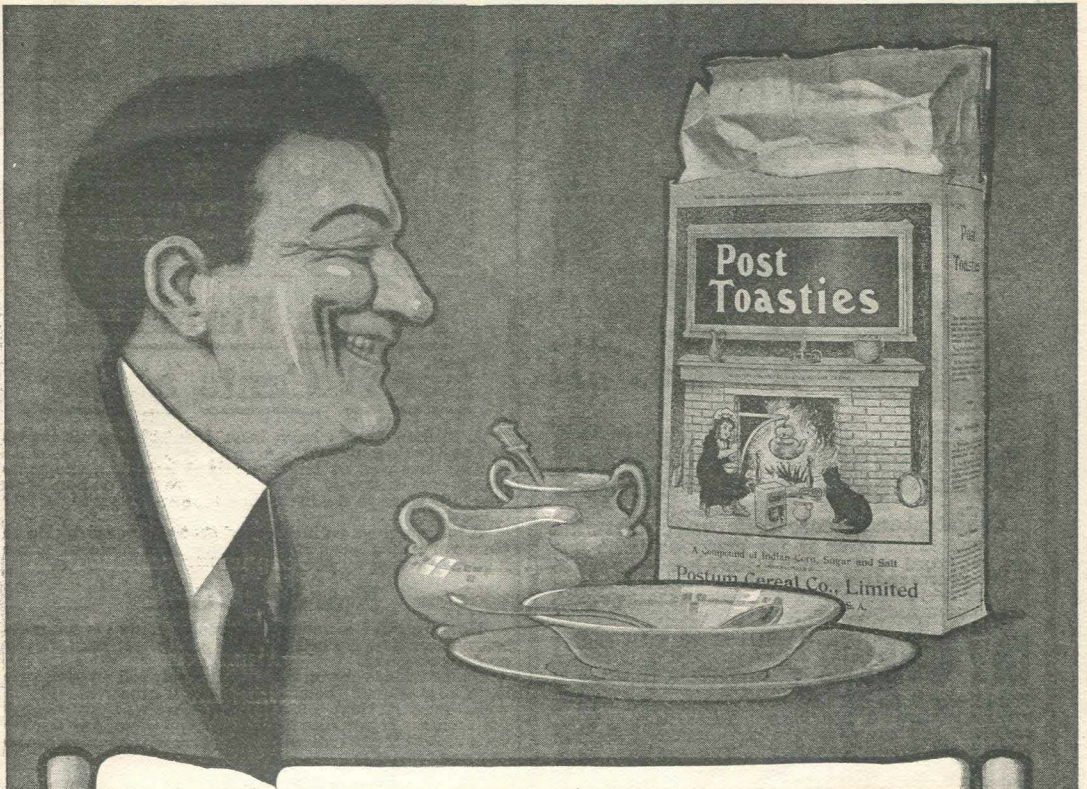
Into a bowl of boiling water pour a scant teaspoonful of **HYOMEI**; cover head and bowl with a towel and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing antiseptic vapor that arises.

Money will be refunded if **Hyomei** doesn't give satisfaction in cases of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, coughs, colds and croup. Complete outfit, which includes inhaler, \$1.00; extra bottle 50 cents, at pharmacists everywhere. Free trial bottles on request from

**Booth's Hyomei Company**  
Box G, - - Buffalo, N. Y.







After the Last Taste

*"The Memory Lingers"*

# Post Toasties

Are made of carefully selected white corn;  
rolled into thin, fluffy bits and toasted  
to a crisp, appetizing golden brown,  
already to serve with cream and sugar

***Sold by Grocers***

Postum Cereal Company, Limited  
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.  
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



**This Edison  
Fireside Model  
Phonograph  
Shipped  
FREE!**

Read This Great  
NEW Offer



**Shipped FREE!**

The latest and greatest offer on the Genuine Edison. This offer is for every one who has not yet heard our Edison in his own home—for you to hear concerts and entertainments by the world-famous musicians—just such entertainments as the metropolitan theaters are producing.

**MY OFFER**

I will send you this Genuine Edison Fireside Outfit (newest model) complete with 1 dozen Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records, for an absolutely **Free Loan**. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages—absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home.

**Why I Want to Lend You This Phonograph**

I know that there are thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. Now, there's only one way to convince people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let them actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. **That is why I am making this offer.** The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.

**All You Need Do**

All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful Fireside Edison. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of his own. If there isn't (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the least. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument.

**If You Want to Keep the Phonograph**

that is if you wish to make the phonograph your own, you may do so. Either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

**Our Easy Payment Plan**

Two dollars a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal you never notice the payments.

**FREE**

Just sign this coupon now and mail it to us. I will send you our Edison Phonograph Catalog, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records (1500 of them) and our Free Trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligations—get catalog.

**F. K. BABSON  
EDISON  
PHONOGRAPH  
DISTRIBUTORS**

Dept. 1072

Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without any obligations, your New Edison Phonograph Catalog, list of Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records and Free Trial Certificate entitling me to your grand offer, all free.

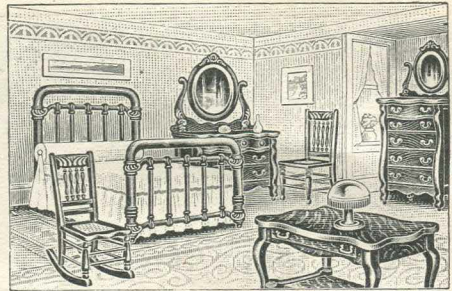
Name... ..

Address... ..

**F. K. Babson,  
EDISON PHONOGRAPH  
DISTRIBUTORS**

Edison Block, Dept.  
1072, Chicago, Ill.

Western Office: 65 Post  
Street, San Francisco,  
California. Canadian  
Office: 355  
Portage Ave.,  
Winnipeg,  
Canada.



**Homes Furnished  
For 3 Cents a Day**

A million homes have been furnished by us for as low as 3 cents per day.

The cost was at least one-third less than the same things cost in stores. The goods were sent on approval. The bills were paid a little each month—by saving a few cents daily.

A million men, on incomes of \$10 to \$16 per week, have thus furnished beautiful homes. And some of those homes are close by you.

**New-Style Credit**

Now we offer a new style credit. There is no interest, no security, no red tape or publicity. It is simply an open account.

Order whatever you want and simply tell us to charge it. The goods will be sent on 30 days' approval. If you wish to return them for any reason, we will pay freight both ways. If you like them and keep them, pay a little each month if convenient. The price will be exactly the same as for cash.

**1912 Bargain Book**

Our 1912 Book pictures 3,031 bargains. Many of the pictures are in actual colors. We have made actual comparison, and the prices will run from 30 to 50 per cent below store prices.

That is because we buy as much as a thousand stores combined. And because we sell only by mail.

The book shows everything in

|                  |                         |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| <b>Furniture</b> | <b>Silverware</b>       |
| <b>Carpets</b>   | <b>Chinaware</b>        |
| <b>Rugs</b>      | <b>Talking Machines</b> |
| <b>Draperies</b> | <b>Sewing Machines</b>  |
| <b>Lamps</b>     | <b>Washing Machines</b> |
| <b>Pianos</b>    | <b>Refrigerators</b>    |
| <b>Stoves</b>    | <b>Baby Cabs, etc.</b>  |

Just send us your name and address and this big Bargain Book will be mailed you free. Write now—before you forget it.

**SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN CO.**

1682 35th Street, Chicago

(167)

**I WILL MAKE YOU  
PROSPEROUS**



If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.

**NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.**  
112 Marden Building  
Washington, D. C.

E. R. Marden, Pres.

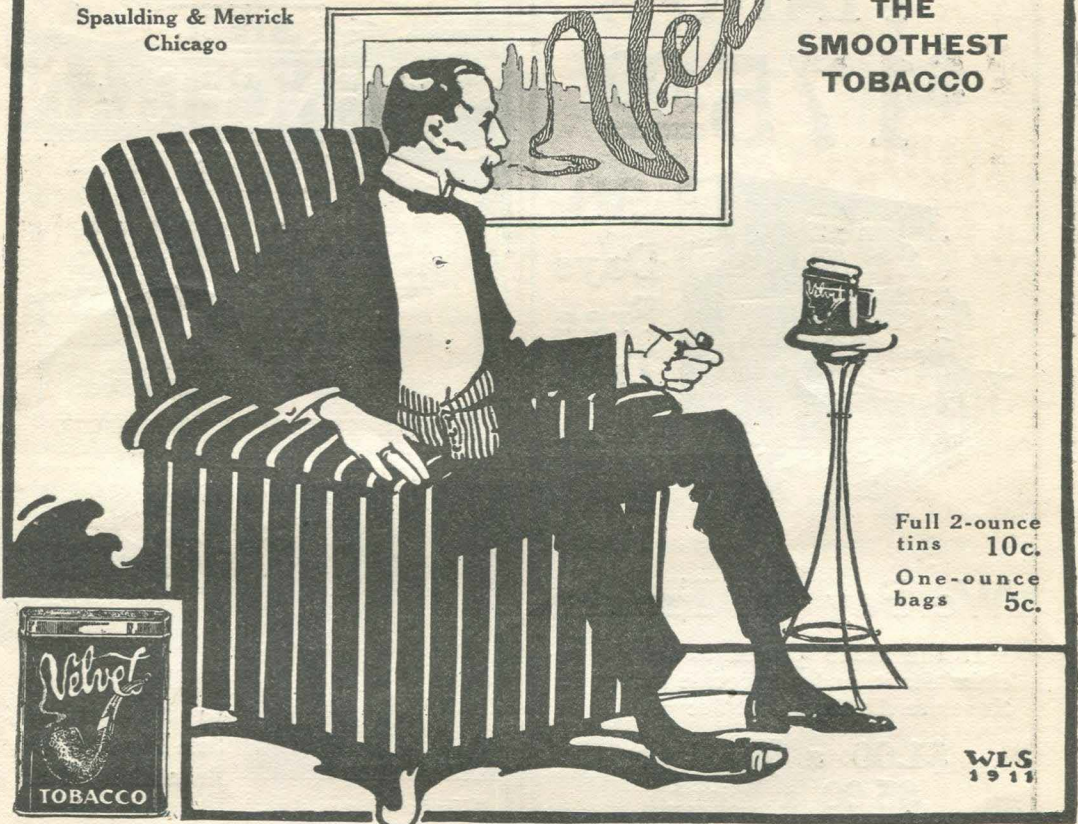


There's no greater luxury possible than what suits *you* best. Velvet is that for the smoker—every time. And all because of the two years' aging given to the good Burley leaf—only middle leaf at that.

Fill a pipe with Velvet tonight. You'll forget tobacco and taste happiness.

Spaulding & Merrick  
Chicago

THE  
SMOOTHEST  
TOBACCO



Full 2-ounce  
tins 10c.  
One-ounce  
bags 5c.

WLS  
1911

You Save over Half on

SECTIONAL  
"COME-PACKT"  
FURNITURE

and It's Honest all Through



\$15.75  
Glass Extra

We sell direct only—factory to you—saving you all dealers' and jobbers' profits, expensive packing and one-half the freight. You put the completely finished sections together. The result is handsome, substantial furniture of the highest grade at less than half the cost of commonplace.



45-in. Top  
\$17.75

54-in. Top  
\$21.50

Three Leaves, top and pedestal lock included

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 234 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O. (Formerly Ann Harbor, Michigan) (G)

Quarter Sawn White Oak—rich in beautiful flake and grain—used throughout. You see just what you get—it's Honest All Through.

Our name and guarantee back every piece—your money back any time you say.

Try our way ONCE—that's the proof.



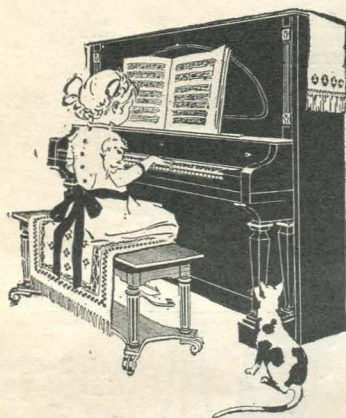
\$19.75  
Beveled Mirror, 8x30 in.



**3 Years to Pay**  
for the Sweet-Toned

**Meister**  
**PIANO**

**\$175.00**



**30**  
**Days**  
**Free**  
**Trial**

In  
Your  
Own  
Home!

**We Pay the Freight**

If the piano proves to be all we claim for it, and you decide to buy it, these are the terms of sale

**\$1.00 a Week or**  
**\$5.00 a Month**

No cash payment down, **no interest** on payments—no extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf **free**. Sold **direct from the maker to you** at a guaranteed saving of \$100.

SEND NOW FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL **FREE CATALOG**, which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed \$4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

**Rothschild & Company**  
Dept. 23N Chicago, Illinois

**For Every**  
**Hand Writing**

Your handwriting is a part of your personality and you need a pen that fits yourself. Spencerian Pens are made in styles for every character of writing and writer. Every pen is correctly shaped for proper ink-feeding, smoothly pointed and highly elastic.

**STEEL**

**SPENCERIAN**

**PENS**

Find your own pen, stick to it, and your writing will be a pleasure. To aid, we will send you a sample card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, on receipt of 10 cents.

**SPENCERIAN PEN CO.**  
349 Broadway New York



**Vapo Cresolene.**

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
Sore Throat, Coughs,  
Bronchitis, Colds,  
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

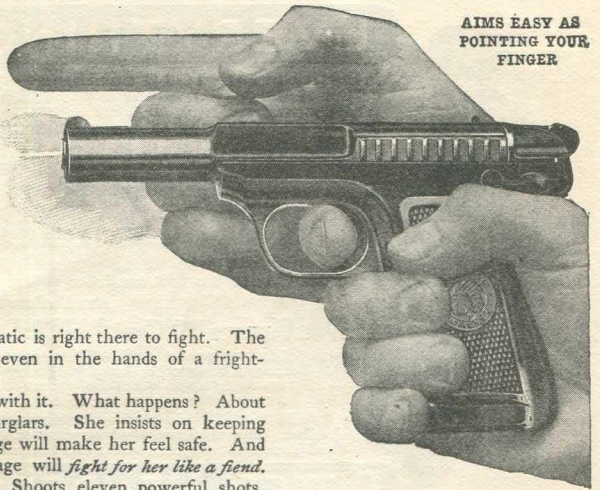
**For Sale by All Druggists**

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

**THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York**  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



# Fights for Her Like a Fiend



AIMS EASY AS  
POINTING YOUR  
FINGER

**W**HEN you want it *quick*, the Savage Automatic is right there to fight. The burglar has *no earthly show* against it, even in the hands of a frightened woman.

Let your wife have a dozen trial shots at a target with it. What happens? About the fourth shot she loses all fear of firearms and of burglars. She insists on keeping the Savage. She knows that when alone the Savage will make her feel safe. And she knows *when no one is there to protect her*, the Savage will *fight for her like a fiend*.

The Savage aims easy as pointing your finger. Shoots eleven powerful shots. Gets into action quick. Gets in the first *vital* shot. Follows up with one shot to each and every trigger pull. Reloads itself and recocks itself automatically. When empty ten more shots are slipped in in one second. Remember, burglars and footpads work in pairs, and this Savage arsenal will be needed if they come tonight.

## SEND FOR TWO FREE BOOKS

—“Banishes Fear” and “The Tenderfoot’s Turn.” One book tells all about the pleasure of shooting like a crack shot at rolling or falling objects.

Address, Savage Arms Company, 862 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

## FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send also for our handsome rifle catalogue, which explains about the famous high power Savage rifles, and our well known line of 22 caliber arms.

# THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

## If You Are Deaf and Discouraged, Just Give THE AURIS A Test

The Auris, just recently perfected, is the lowest priced electrical hearing device made. It is also the smallest and most powerful instrument offered at less than Fifty Dollars.

The great majority of those who are hard of hearing are not extremely deaf—their ears are “asleep”—dormant—and to this great majority we say.

We are so sure that The Auris will make you hear clearly and distinctly, that we invite and urge you to call at one of our many offices, if possible, give The Auris every test you please, and see if it meets your requirements.

If not, you will not be asked or even be permitted to purchase—75% of our sales are influenced by satisfied customers, and we cannot afford to have an instrument in the hands of any one who is not pleased.

If at too great a distance to call, write and we will tell you how you may give it a thorough test at home.

Examine our competitor’s instruments too! Compare The Auris, priced at \$20.00, with any hearing device selling at less than Fifty Dollars, and we’ll be glad to abide by your decision.

Cut out our addresses now, while this is before you, as a reminder, and call or write at your convenience. Booklet and many interesting particulars on request.

## THE GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.,

116 Beaufort St.,

Jamaica, N. Y. City.

Offices: 1265 Broadway, N. Y. City; 1808 Commonwealth Bldg., Philadelphia; 1116 Blake Bldg., Boston; 1423 Masonic Temple, Chicago; 1514 Keenan Bldg., Pittsburgh; 554 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco; also Cincinnati, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Omaha, Rochester, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., Toronto, Can., London and Paris.

**Smallest  
Lightest  
Cheapest**





# EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **our 1912 catalogue**—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the day—really a book of **204 pages, 5 colored plates and over 800 photo engravings**, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the results of over sixty-two years of practical experience.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

## Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To everyone who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** we will mail the catalogue

**And also Send Free of Charge**

### Our Famous 50 Cent "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one packet each of **Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Scarlet Globe Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Pansies and Giant Spencer Sweet Peas**, in a coupon envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our new **Garden Guide and Record**. This is a hand book of general garden information, planting tables, cooking receipts, cultural directions, etc., etc., and in all is one of the most necessary and valuable of our many publications.

**PETER HENDERSON & CO.** 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY.



### Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval** and **trial** to anyone in the U. S. and **prepay the freight**. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back and **don't pay a cent**.

**FACTORY PRICES** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest **Art Catalogue** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our **unheard of prices and marvelous new special offers**.

**IT ONLY COSTS** a cent to write a postal and **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it Now!**

**TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.**  
**MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. C-31 CHICAGO**

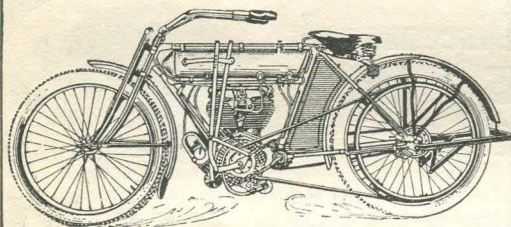


### \$7.55 Buys Best 140-Egg Incubator

Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-chick hot-water brooder, \$4.85. Both ordered together, \$11.50. Freight prepaid (E. of Rockies).



No machines at any price are better. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Write for book today or send price now and save time.  
**Belle City Incubator Company, Box 139 Racine, Wisconsin**



## The YALE For 1912

**Has All The Features That Show Real Advancement Over 1911**

Keep these 1912 YALE points in mind; they mark the great progress that has been made in comparison with 1911 motorcycles.

### You Must Demand A YALE To Get Them All

2 3/4 in. Studded Tires; Eclipse Free Engine Clutch with positive lever control; new full high Forks and Triple Anchored Handlebars; longest stroke motor yet made; Dual Oiling System; perfected Double Grip Control and Wide Mud Guards.

### YALE Motorcycles Hold The World's Records For Endurance

Write today for full information about these real 1912 motorcycles; Model 24, 4 H. P.; Model 24 M, 4 H. P. with Bosch Magneto; Model 25, 5 H. P. Twin; Model 27, 7 H. P. Twin.

**THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO.**

1716 Fernwood Ave.

Toledo, Ohio

## Let Us Start You In Business

### FREE WRITE TODAY

Don't wait! No more need to trudge along on a salary! We will start you in a business of your own **FREE**—give you a chance to make more money than you ever thought of making before. Make it easily and quickly too. We want a good, live, energetic representative in your town, and we will pay you big money—give you the exclusive agency in your territory. **WRITE TODAY.**

### This Handsome Suit FREE!

Yes, free! A nifty, handsome suit to your special order made of the finest fabric—a suit that will make your friends want to get one like it. And when others see your suit you will simply be flooded with orders. Every order means dollars in your pocket. Send a post card today for our nifty line of samples and all accessories for taking orders. Start in to make money **RIGHT NOW**

**BE YOUR OWN BOSS.** Why work for someone else? You can make more money in business for yourself. **BE INDEPENDENT.** There's plenty of money to be made, and we'll help you get your share. You don't invest one cent.

**EARN \$30 TO \$50 A WEEK.** Earn it easily and quickly. No trouble at all to take orders for our nifty up-to-date line of fine fabrics and snappy styles. The prices are right too. You can keep your present position and earn from \$50 to \$85 per month on the side.

**WRITE TODAY.** Don't delay. Write for full particulars **AT ONCE.** Get our **FREE SUIT** offer. Send a post card or letter **NOW.**

**THE FIDELITY TAILORS**  
651 S. Fifth Ave. Dept. 1072 Chicago, Ill.







# POWER for YOU!

Power from within!  
Strength that is *more*  
than mere muscular  
strength—the strength of  
perfect health, abundant  
nerve force—now within  
your own reach through

**Vibration!** Nine people out of every ten  
are only *half alive!* Are you? Listen—

## All the Exhilarating Joys of Life-Strength-Youth

may be returned to you through **Vibration.** For  
**Vibration is Life itself.** It will chase away  
the years like magic. Every nerve, every fibre in  
your whole body will fairly tingle with the force of  
your own **awakened power!** Stagnation simply  
cannot exist. You are made over new from  
head to foot. **All the keen relish, the pleasures of youth,**  
fairly throb within you. Your blood is sent humming along through  
every vein, artery and tiny capillary. All  
the poisonous matters in your system are  
**washed away.** Every organ is put in  
**perfect working order.** Your  
self-confidence—**your self-respect**  
are increased a hundred fold. Yes, **Vibra-**  
tion will do all this, and more, **much**  
**more.** And it is within your reach.

You can enjoy its wonder-working  
powers right at home, right in the  
privacy of your own room. You  
can give yourself the same identical  
treatments which you would  
receive in the offices of the  
world's most famous special-  
ists—all without extra charge.



### The White Cross Electric Vibrator

is the result of years of work and experi-  
ment. It is absolutely perfect. If you  
have your house wired for electricity,  
you can connect it up as easily as an  
electric lamp; if not, it will run per-  
fectly on its own batteries.

### Special Offer for a Limited Time

For a short time only we are  
making a remarkable Special  
Introductory Offer on the  
White Cross Electric Vibrator  
—amazing discounts—actual  
rock-bottom prices direct if  
**you act at once.**

### FREE BOOK

FREE book telling you all about the  
marvels of **Vibration.**  
Read what scientists say about it.  
Post yourself on what it will  
do for you. Learn all about  
the **White Cross Elec-**  
**tric Vibrator** and our  
limited offer. You are  
under no obligations  
at all—all you need to  
do is to send the coupon  
**today**—you can send a  
postal card or a letter, but the  
coupon will do just as well.

Sign the coupon and mail it to  
us today. Get our splendid big  
book of **Vibration.**

SEND FOR  
THIS  
BOOK

Lindstrom,  
Smith Co.  
218 S. Wabash Av.  
Dept. 1072  
Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligations  
on my part, please send  
me, free and prepaid, your  
free book on **Vibration**, full par-  
ticulars of the White Cross Vibra-  
tor and your Special 60-Day Offer.

Lindstrom-Smith Co.

218 S. Wabash Av.  
Dept. 1072

Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

WRITE PLAINLY

## Queen Quality Tobacco

*is the stuff that dreams  
are made of*

And the rosiest ones at that!

¶ Just roll a **Queen Quality**  
cigarette and hit a soft spot  
somewhere. Then a few puffs  
—and you'll be Prince of a  
Castle in Spain.

¶ **Queen Quality** tobacco is  
*all* tobacco and a *real man's*  
*smoke.* It is the finest flower  
of North Carolina—rich, *tasty*,  
and filled with tobacco tang.

¶ But no bites or bitters or  
scratches.

¶ So you like to let the *taste*  
sink into your system.

¶ **Queen Quality** is granu-  
lated—good in a pipe, but  
made specially for the chap  
who likes to roll his own  
cigarettes.

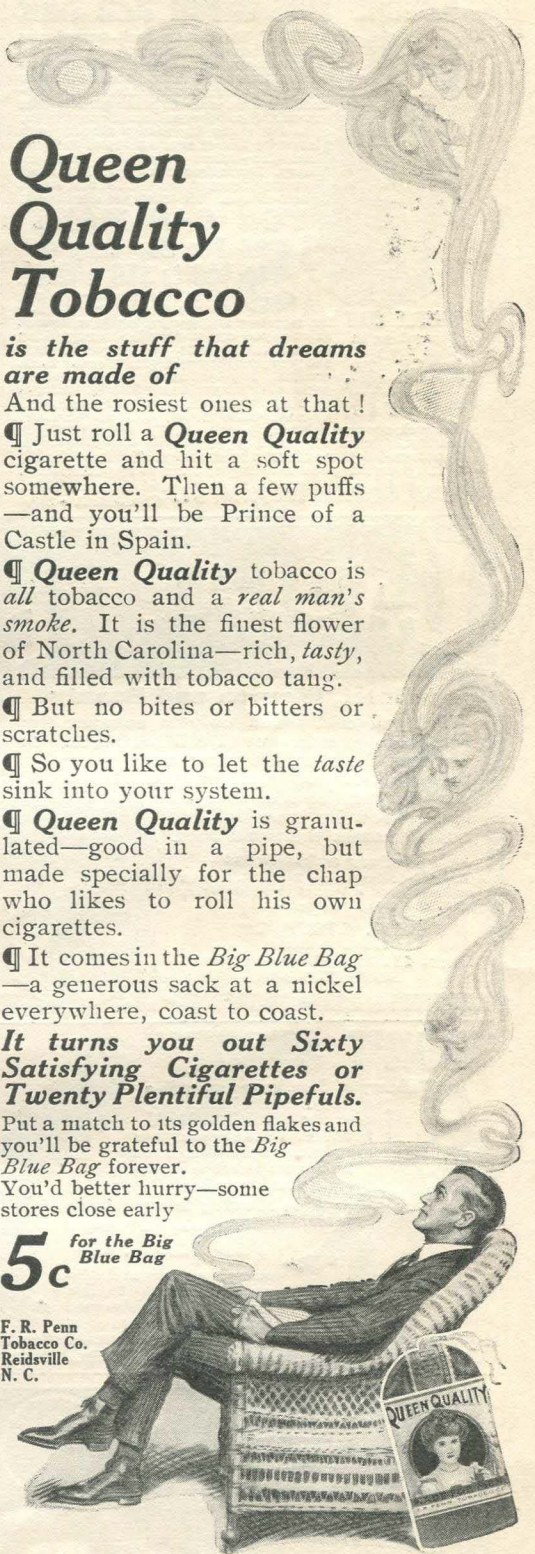
¶ It comes in the *Big Blue Bag*  
—a generous sack at a nickel  
everywhere, coast to coast.

### It turns you out Sixty Satisfying Cigarettes or Twenty Plentiful Pipefuls.

Put a match to its golden flakes and  
you'll be grateful to the *Big*  
*Blue Bag* forever.  
You'd better hurry—some  
stores close early

**5c** for the Big  
Blue Bag

F. R. Penn  
Tobacco Co.  
Reidsville  
N. C.





## Accept This Swell \$25 Suit

One of Many Styles



Yes, FREE. We start our swell-dressed sales representatives out looking right—we send our outfit free, at once, biggest and best sample books, attractive fabrics, handsomest color plates, with our new, remarkable, easy money-making offer, your extra sample suit offer as well. Swell-dressed, and backed by us, you can make big money showing our superior line of men's suits and overcoat samples—orders come thick, fast and easy. Spare time or all of it. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. We trust you absolutely.

**YOU CAN MAKE \$5 Per Day Easy or \$30 to \$50 a Week**

### SAMPLE SUIT

Everything in Just for you.

**FREE To You**

**OUTFIT**

We back one man this way in each locality. Chance of your lifetime to get swell clothes and make most money. Get in quick. No risk. Everything sent express paid. Hurry up postal today. **Great Central Tailoring Co. CHICAGO. - ILL.**

Other agents are—you can do as well or better. Exclusive territory and special inside wholesale price so you can undersell all competition and make big profit. When your friends see your suit they will gladly order these swellest, hand-tailored made-to-measure garments. They will save \$3 to \$5. Suits, \$8 up. Fit, workmanship, material guaranteed by bond. Finest for style, looks and wear. **SEND NO MONEY**

## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

### Winter, Women and Beauty

Wind and cold touch only to enhance the loveliness guarded by LABLACHE. It freshens the skin, softening away the wrinkles and conferring a youthful daintiness of complexion. Used by beautiful and refined women the world over.

### Refuse substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10cts. for a sample box.

### BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers

Dept. 41, 125 Kingston Street BOSTON, MASS.



Grace M. Cruise, Copy-right, 1911

## "DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Phone for the

### DEAF

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust

it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. **THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 752, Perry Bldg., Phila.**



705 D, MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

## You can afford Diamonds



Don't deny yourself the most beautiful of all precious gems when you can buy genuine Mexican Diamonds for 1-30th the cost. Not an imitation—look exactly like finest South African diamond, when worn side by side. Stand every test perfectly. Diamond cut and polished. Their dazzling, blue-white brilliancy is guaranteed for life. Set only in solid gold mountings. Ladies Tiffany Ring, with 1/2 ct. gem, \$8.50; special price, to introduce, only \$4.98. Same in Gents \$10 Belcher Ring, special price \$6.94. Either sent for free examination. (State ring finger size). Send for free illustrated catalog and free examination offer today. **Mexican Diamond Importing Co., Dept. M K 2 Las Cruces, N.M.**

## GREGORY'S SEEDS

Have an old-fashioned flower garden—choicest selections—90 cents' worth postpaid for 25c. in coin or stamps.

Aster, Fancy Mixture, . . . 10c. Bachelor Button, Finest, . . . 10c.  
Pansy, Fancy Mixture, . . . 15c. Petunias, Hybrid, . . . 15c.  
Coneopsis, Mixture, . . . 5c. Candytuft, . . . 5c.  
Poppy, Double Mixed, . . . 10c. Nasturtium, Dwarf, Finest Mixed, . . . 5c.  
Mignonette, Large, . . . 10c. Sweet Peas, Extra Mixed . . . 5c.

All are Gregory's Honest Seed—more than willing you should judge us by what these do for you. For Honest Seed for Flower or Vegetable Garden get our new 1912 catalog. Gets better each year. Write for copy today.



**J. J. H. GREGORY & SON**

108 Elm St., Marblehead, Mass.

## Anti-Nicotine

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison"

(TRADE MARK REG.)

40c

3 for

\$1



## Pipe

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory. Order today. Send for illustrated catalog of Smokers' Elegant Articles. **H. MENGES, The Smoker's Friend 452 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.**

## VENTRILOQUISM

ALMOST ANYONE CAN LEARN IT AT HOME

This is no special gift as you have supposed, but an art. I have taught thousands in all parts of the world. Cost small. Send to-day 2 cent stamp for particulars and proofs.

**O. A. SMITH, Room W 15 - 823 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.**



## Best Birds, Best Eggs,

Lowest Prices All leading varieties

pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls Northern-raised, healthy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for our big book, "Poultry For Profit," full of pictures. It tells you how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10 cents for the book, to cover postage. Write today.

**J. W. MILLER COMPANY, Box 228, Freeport, Ill.**



Baroda Co., Dept. A19 Ieland & Dover St., Chicago



## Get Your Motorcycle

At Wholesale

Agents' Price

\$139.65

The first man in each locality who buys a 1912 American Motorcycle or Bicycle gets it at wholesale actual factory price.

American Bicycles—the only bicycles now made by the good old hand-work. I guarantee them to wear for life. Write today for 1912 American Bicycle catalog, and be the one to get your wheel at wholesale factory price.

## American Motorcycles and Bicycles

American Motorcycle—only \$139.65—model 12—with all American superiorities in construction, complete equipment, and every up-to-date feature; this price illustrates big value given in all American Motorcycles.

Details of model 12, illustrated, on request. In writing, state whether interested in Motorcycle or Bicycle.

*A. Musickman*  
President  
AMERICAN MOTOR  
CYCLE CO., 162 American Bldg., Chicago

\$18.85



## New Typewriter \$18

In U.S.A.

A Remarkable Typewriter Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does Work of \$100 Machine. Over 22,000 in Daily Use.

## Bennett Portable Typewriter

\$18 in U.S.A.

Bennett



has less than 250 parts, against 1700 to 3700 in others. That's the secret of our \$18 price. It couldn't be better built, it's made in the famous Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory and sold on a money-back, unless-satisfied guaranty. The Bennett weighs but 4½ lbs. You can carry it for home use, business, or on trips. Send for catalog.

AGENTS—We have a splendid proposition to offer. Foreign address 75 Cannon Street, London, E. C.

A. Q. N. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York

## PRINT YOUR OWN



Cards, circulars, books, newspaper Press \$5. Larger \$18. Rotary \$60. Save Money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalogue, TYPE, cards, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.



I TEACH

BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM, 328 Minor Building, Kansas City, Mo.

## SCOTCH CALABASH PIPES

Price 50c. each or 3 for \$1, postpaid.

Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.

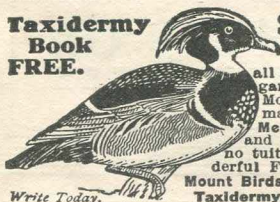
THE ROYAL PIPE CO.

212 Broad Street Nashville, Tenn.



Stamps Taken

Taxidermy Book FREE.



## Stuff Beautiful Birds.

Learn by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish and game heads, make rugs, tan skins. Mount your own specimens and make money preserving for others. Men, women and boys learn easily and quickly. Success guaranteed or no tuition. Write today for our wonderful FREE book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals. N.W. School of Taxidermy, 1072 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Write Today.



Next to a good dentist, the best friend to your teeth is a

# Pro-phy-lactic

## TOOTH BRUSH

You cannot clean teeth by brushing over them. Nor can you properly reach the back teeth with an ordinary straight brush.

The Pro-phy-lactic is the only brush that thoroughly cleanses in and around all the teeth—its curved handle and irregular tufts are designed for this purpose. The individual yellow box protects against handling. Rigid or flexible handle. Prices—25c, 35c, 40c.

Every brush fully guaranteed. We replace if defective. Our interesting booklet is yours for the asking.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.

184 Pine Street. Florence, Mass.  
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lactic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

## Are You Going to Build?

Send 25c (and 10c postage) for our big \$1 book of plans, "Low Cost Modern Homes," with houses from \$1000 to \$3000.



"PALATIAL MODERN HOMES" from \$3000 to \$10,000, price 25c and 12c postage.

"COTTAGES AND BUNGALOWS" from \$300 to \$900, price 25c and 5c postage.

J. H. DAVERMAN & SON, Architects  
312 Murray Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

# FERRY'S SEEDS

Good gardeners are those who raise good flowers and vegetables. Good flowers and vegetables come from good seeds. We produce good seeds—the inference is obvious. For sale everywhere.

1912 SEED ANNUAL

Free on Request

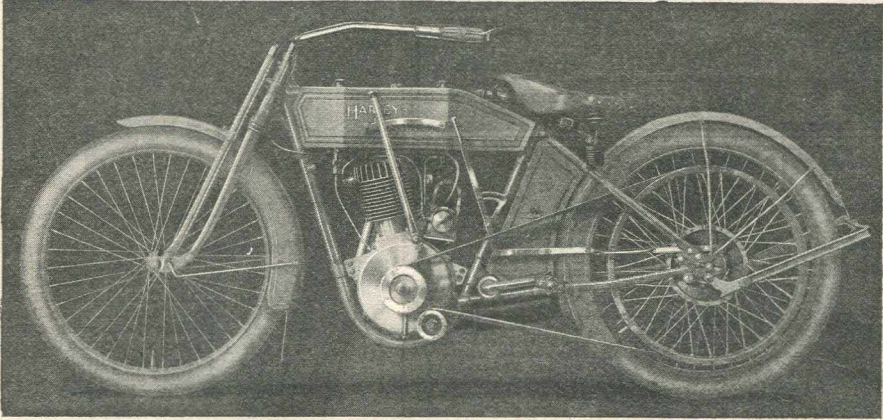
D. M. FERRY & CO.

Detroit, Mich.



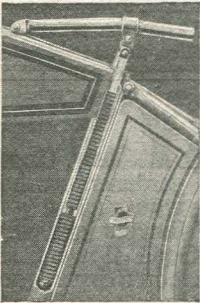
# THE NEW Harley-Davidson

"THE SILENT GREY FELLOW"



## The Motorcycle That Is Not Uncomfortable

The Free-Wheel  
Control permits  
the HARLEY-  
DAVIDSON  
to be started  
like an auto.



Sectional View  
of Ful-Floteing Seat

UNTIL the New HARLEY-DAVIDSON was produced motorcycles were more or less uncomfortable. With only the saddle springs and the resiliency of the tires to absorb the jolts, how could they be otherwise? When a motorcycle struck a 3 inch bump the tires and the saddle springs absorbed 1 inch of the shock—the rider got the rest.

Motorcycle manufacturers have long tried in vain to overcome this. They put longer saddle springs on and found that while this eliminated the hard jolts, when the machine struck bumps or crossings it added a "spring board like" action which threw the rider off the seat. This was even more objectionable than the jolts and jars and was actually dangerous. Other experiments were tried, but the problem remained unsolved, until William S. Harley, America's foremost motorcycle designer and engineer suspended or floated the seat between two springs held under heavy compression. Hence the name *Ful-Floteing* SEAT.

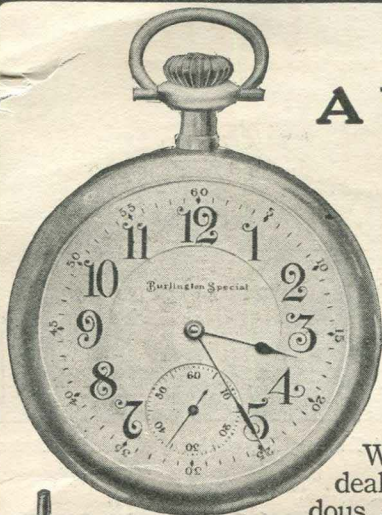
Jolts and jars were eliminated—it was like riding on air. The "spring board like" action was gone. The rider really floated over bumps and rough roads. The *Ful-Floteing* SEAT had solved the problem.

In addition to its comfort, the new Harley-Davidson is clean—all moving parts where oil is used are encased in oil tight cases, and the machine is so silent that it cannot be heard across the street.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.**  
221 B Street MILWAUKEE



# Startling Watch Offer



**READ!**

## A Watch Offer Without Parallel

Write for our **FREE** book on watches; a book that posts you on watches and watch values—explains reasons for our most remarkable rock-bottom-price offer **DIRECT TO YOU** on the highest grade Burlington.

**IF YOU WANT** a highest grade watch (ladies' or gentlemen's), or if you ever expect to own such a watch, write **NOW** for the **FREE Burlington book**. See coupon below.

We won't "knuckle down" to selling systems among dealers, so we have decided to make such a tremendous and wonderful offer direct to the public on a first-class time piece, that no trust, no dealers under contract will or can stop us. **You too** will seize this opportunity to get the "Burlington Special" direct on this wonderful offer.

You should not buy a worthless watch just because it is cheap. Nor need you pay trust prices now for a top-notch watch. The free Burlington book explains.

**\$2.50** a Month at the Rock Bottom Price

\$2.50 a month for the world's most superb time piece? The easiest payments at the rock-bottom price—the **Rock-Bottom** price. *To assure us that everybody will quickly accept this introductory direct offer, we allow cash or easy payments, just as you prefer.*

## No Money Down

We ship the watch on approval, prepaid (your choice of ladies' or gentleman's open face or hunting case). You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent unless you **want** the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

## Get the Free Burlington Book

**THIS BOOKLET** will quickly convince you too that you **DO** want an independent watch—made in the independent factory that is fighting the trust as best it can by giving better quality and superior workmanship throughout; we will quickly convince you that the Burlington watch, on which there is only **one** rock-bottom price (the same rock-bottom price everywhere), is **THE** watch for the discriminating buyer; that it is **THE** watch for the man or woman who wants, not the largest selling brand which everybody has, but the **best** watch, the watch bought by experts, **THE** watch that is absolutely perfect in its many points of superiority—the **Burlington Watch**. **You will be posted on inside facts and prices** when you send for the Burlington Company's free book on watches.

**BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY**

Dept. 1072 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

## Now Write

for the free book. It will tell you

what you ought to know before you even examine a watch. It will tell you the inside facts about watch prices, and will explain the many superior points of the Burlington over the double priced products. Just send your name and address **today**.

**No Letter is Necessary**  
**COUPON**  
**Will Do.**

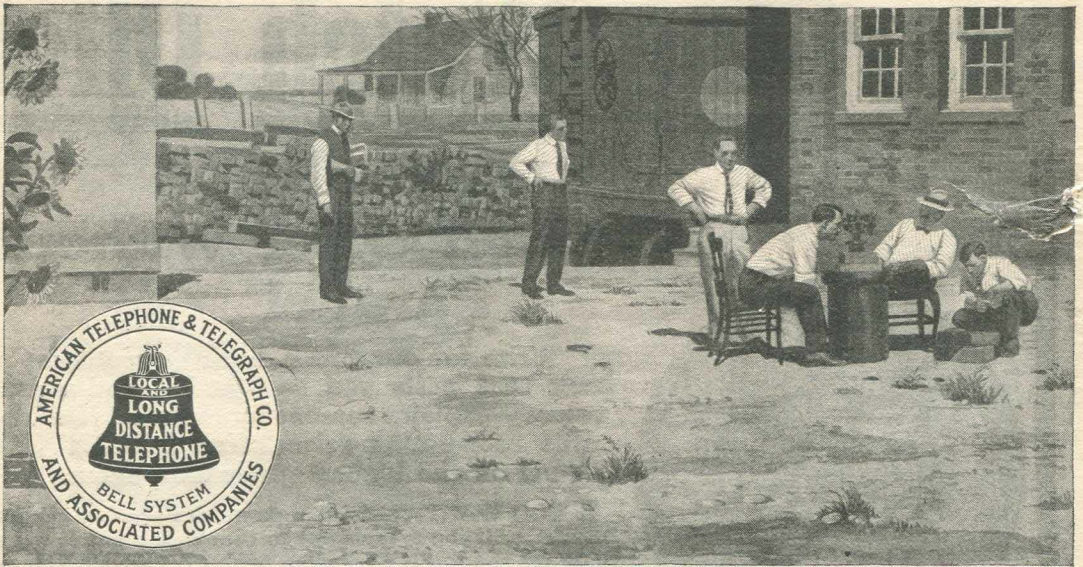
**BURLINGTON WATCH CO.**  
Dept. 1072 19th and Marshall Blvd.  
CHICAGO, - ILL.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches and copy of your \$1,000 challenge, with full explanations of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .





*From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.*

# “The Center of Population”

*A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone*

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

“If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place.”

—*U. S. Census Bulletin.*

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

It is the point which can be reached with “the minimum aggregate travel,” by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

Wherever it may be on the map, each Bell telephone is a center for purposes of intercommunication.

To make each telephone the center of communication for the largest number of people, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service for a country of more than ninety million.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy*

*One System*

*Universal Service*



Only a short time ago these men were right where you are now. They were discontented and drawing small salaries. They saw men around them holding good positions and **they** wanted good positions. They saw men drawing good salaries and **they** wanted good salaries. When the American School offered them a way to make themselves **worth more** by they jumped at the chance.

and it. In spare moments and without great effort each one acquired **knowledge and training** that made him **more valuable** to his employer. This **equipped** him to step into a better position at the first opportunity.

**SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
**CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

# Opportunity Coupon

---

## American School of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X." Argosy, 2-12

|                                 |                          |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| ....Automobile Operator         | ....Lawyer               |
| ....Brickman                    | ....Fire Ins. Engineer   |
| ....Architect                   | ....Telephone Expert     |
| ....Building Contractor         | ....Moving Picture Op'r  |
| ....Structural Engineer         | ....Bookkeeper           |
| ....Civil Engineer              | ....Stenographer         |
| ....Electrical Engineer         | ....Accountant           |
| ....Fire, Light and Power Supt. | ....Cost Accountant      |
| ....Master Mechanic             | ....Cen'l'd Pablic Ac'nt |
| ....Sanitary Engineer           | ....Auditor              |
| ....Steam Engineer              | ....Business Manager     |
| ....Reclamation Engineer        | ....College Preparatory  |

---

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....



## STICK - POWDER - CREAM

*Choice of Method  
and every shaver satisfied*

# COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

Colgate's needs no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers—working up the lather with the brush softens the most wiry beard.

The lather lasts—it retains its moisture—does not dry on one side of the face while the other is being shaved.

The delightful after-sense of coolness and comfort is in marked contrast to the "smart" you used to dread.

Antiseptic and exceptionally free from uncombined alkali.

**SOFTENING      SOOTHING  
SANITARY**

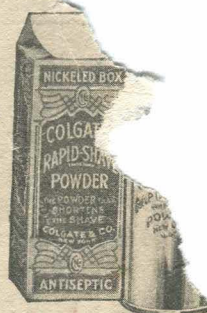
*Send 4 cents for trial size of  
Stick, Powder or Cream.*

**COLGATE & CO.**

Dept. 52 199 Fulton St.  
New York



**STICK**



**POWDER**



**CREAM**



**Page  
Missing**



**Page  
Missing**